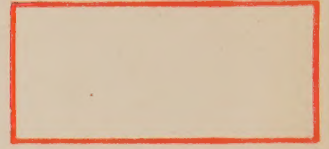


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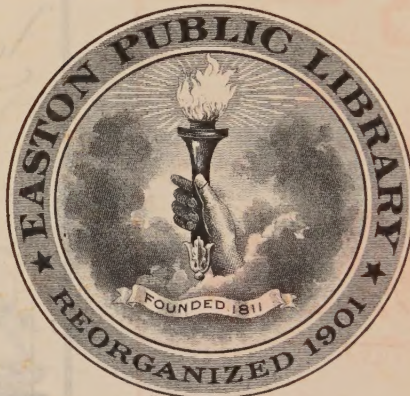
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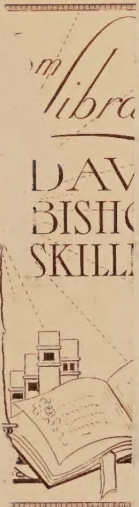
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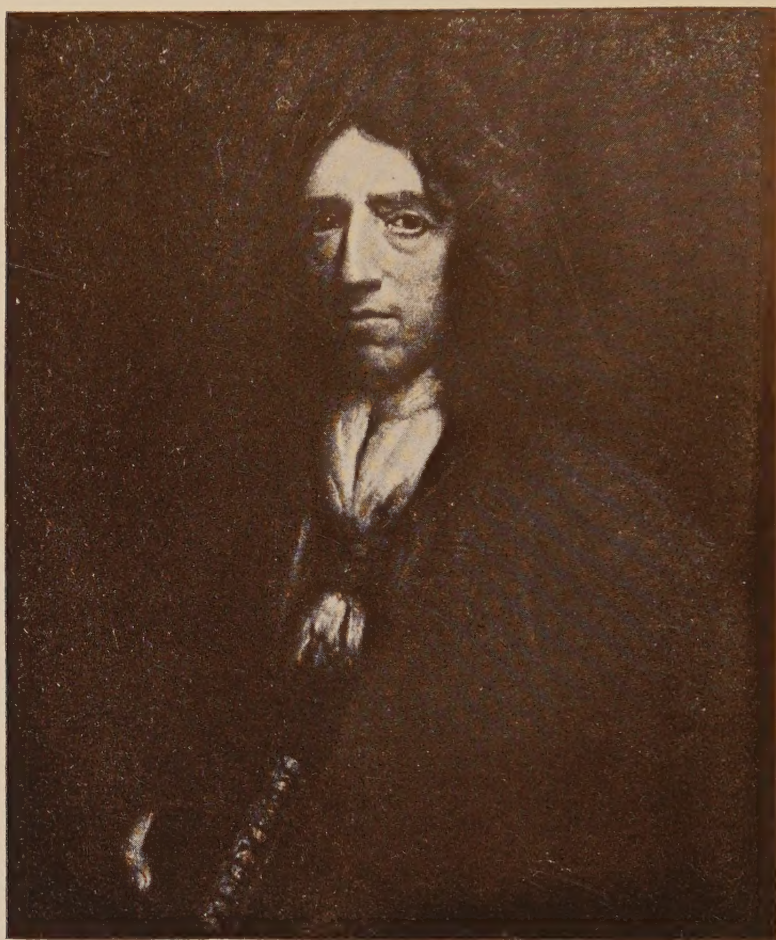
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BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC



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Captain William Dampier

From the picture by Thomas Murray in The National Portrait Gallery, London

BUCCANEERS *of the* PACIFIC

By GEORGE WYCHERLEY

*Of the Bold English Buccaneers, Pirates,
Privateers & Gentleman Adventurers, Who
Sailed in Peril through the Stormy Straits or
Pierced the Isthmus Jungle, to Vex the King of
Spain in the South Seas & the Western Pacific,
Plundering His Cities & Coasts & Preying
on His Silver Fleets & His Golden Galleons*



DRAKE MORGAN SHARP COOKE TOWNLEY HARRIS
SHELVOCKE DAMPIER FUNNELL DAVIS WATLING
COWLEY SWAN CLIPPERTON ROGERS COOK ANSON
STRADLING SAWKINS SELKIRK CAVENDISH EATON

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To
MY WIFE
CAROLYN CURTIS

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BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER I

WHO AND WHY WERE THE BUCCANEERS?

BUCCANEER MANNERS AND MORALS

ONE of the most picturesque and extraordinary lot of reckless men, and one of the most dramatic and bizarre groups of wild adventurers that ever brandished cutlass or pointed pistol with fell intent, were the famous buccaneers, who preyed upon the Spaniards along the coasts of the three Americas from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. They performed some of the most marvelous martial feats, both by land and sea, that ever illumined the pages of history with their crimson glow, or shed the alluring light of romance.

The mere recital of their curious adventures, strange cruises into unknown waters, unparalleled achievements in battle, hazardous tramps through tropic jungles to assail fortified cities, and capture vast treasure, has always fascinated men and women, as much by the novelty and barbarity as by the cruel, fantastic, romantic and profligate character of the villains and daredevils who played the leading rôles.

Adventurers from all the nations of Europe, and

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

even negroes, mulattoes and Indians were found in their armed ranks. Men from every walk of life, but principally the dregs of the great cities or the vagrants from the countrysides, were among their motley number. Profane and blasphemous ruffians, whose every other word was a shocking oath, rubbed shoulders with broken but finicky gentlemen; former citizens of decent estate and repute; runaway apprentices; outcasts from city slums; and composite characters strangely blending original sin with a certain observance of piety and religious forms, as for example Sabbath-observing Richard Sawkins, the blood-stained hero of the sea-battle of Perico, fought in sight of the weeping and terrified City of Panama.

Nothing seems stranger to us to-day than the idea that most of these pirates and buccaneers said their prayers devoutly, and about as often as peaceful folk ashore. They were indeed prone to pray for divine aid in their wholesale murder and robbery of people who had not done them personally the least harm. What especially enraged Woodes Rogers' crew and inspired them with ferocious fury, was the fact that the Manila galleon opened fire on these pious souls while they were still kneeling in prayer on the deck of their sea-rover! The Guatulco officials saw Francis Drake playing preacher and leading his gang of buccaneers in prayer. Captain Sharp washed his hands in a basin of water, like Pilate, before his enraged comrades murdered the aged Indian at Iquique.

All this seems hypocritical and paradoxical to-day—

BUCCANEER MANNERS AND MORALS

enough so to amuse even the highly sophisticated; although doubtless these prayerful pirates were quite honest about the matter, according to their lights. Pirates prayed for plenty of plunder, wine, women and rare food; dreamed of mountains of pieces-of-eight; and piously praised Providence for giving them the bloody victory over the hated Spaniard, who often sought only to protect his own property, or the honor of his women. After the taking of a town, De Lussan would not permit his murderous buccaneers to start looting until he had led them all in order to church, and there heard mass said—after which ceremony, the robbery and rapine would begin, with a clear conscience on his part; and perchance the Spaniard felt the better for being plundered by such devout Catholics.

Their life as buccaneers, with its constant sea-faring and land-marching, produced an enduring and skilful breed of mariners. Their frequent hardships, frightful dangers and continual exposure to the elements usually gave them a headlong, unreckoning courage, a contempt for heavy odds, a brute callousness to deadly peril and a deep disdain for even death itself.

Wherever the red and yellow flag of Spain streamed in the breeze, there these buccaneers sought and found their prey. Aught of gold, silver, precious stones, or other things worth money that any Spaniard owned on land or sea, the true buccaneer was convinced ought rightfully to belong to himself—and he went forth to take it, by the strong hand, with the admiring approval of his fellow-countrymen.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

Colorful pictures of the buccaneers have been left us by those pen-wielding comrades of theirs, who lay off from pirating long enough to write vivid accounts of their voyages and adventures. Esquemeling, Sharp, Rogers, Mainwaring, Dampier (the best writer of them all), Wafer the surgeon, Basil Ringrose the gentleman and many other buccaneers—reformed, or still among the unterrified—have given the world picturesque narrations of their cruises and some naive confessions concerning the characters of their mates.

SOME LEADERS OF THE PROFESSION

The buccaneers represented many types and many nationalities. There was, for instance, that engaging and courteous member of the *petite noblesse* of France, Le Sieur Ravenau de Lussan, who turned buccaneer only in order to get money with which to pay his debts—and strange to say, he not only accomplished this paradoxical feat, but lived happily ever after, in his dear France, amid fashionable friends and noble companions, who all vastly admired him for his graces and accomplishments!

Then there was Jacques de Sores, a combination of the patriotic and religious type. He was the great French Huguenot buccaneer, who in his lone small ship with its crew of but eighty men, allied himself with some escaped negro slaves, and in 1553-54 harried the whole Spanish Main, captured and looted its capital and four principal towns, and then cynically sailed away to Cuba, where he took Havana and also Santiago de Cuba, then the capital of the island.

SOME LEADERS OF THE PROFESSION

One bizarre character, of a patriotic and humanitarian type was known as Montbars the Exterminator—a fanatical Frenchman of Languedoc, who got so wrought up about the Spaniards' cruel treatment of the Indians, after reading Las Casas, that he went to the West Indies, joined the buccaneers, and satiated his thirst for revenge upon the Spaniards by slaughtering every one of them who fell into his hands—all the while breathing fervent hopes of exterminating the whole Spanish race.

Esquemeling was a curious Dutch pirate, who finally came home, reformed, got religion, and then sat down and wrote an interesting account of the unparalleled atrocities of such human monsters as Morgan, Pierre le Grand, Bat, Bartolomé Portugues, Rock Brasiliano, and that human fiend—François L'Ollonois—who tore out a man's heart and chewed it; and once stood up a row of Spaniards and beheaded them, one after the other, with his cutlass, from which he licked the blood after each decapitation!

Rock Brasiliano was really a Dutchman, born in Groningen, who was run out of Brazil when the Portuguese expelled the Dutch West India Company. He was decent, friendly and amiable enough when sober, it seems—"beloved and respected by all," says Esquemeling—although he had a very rude way of roasting Spaniards on a spit before a slow fire, when they refused to tell him the location of hog-pens where he could replenish the empty larder of his ship! Also, when drunk, he had a habit that even the pirates found annoying at times, of buying a barrel of beer, setting it out in the street, and shooting

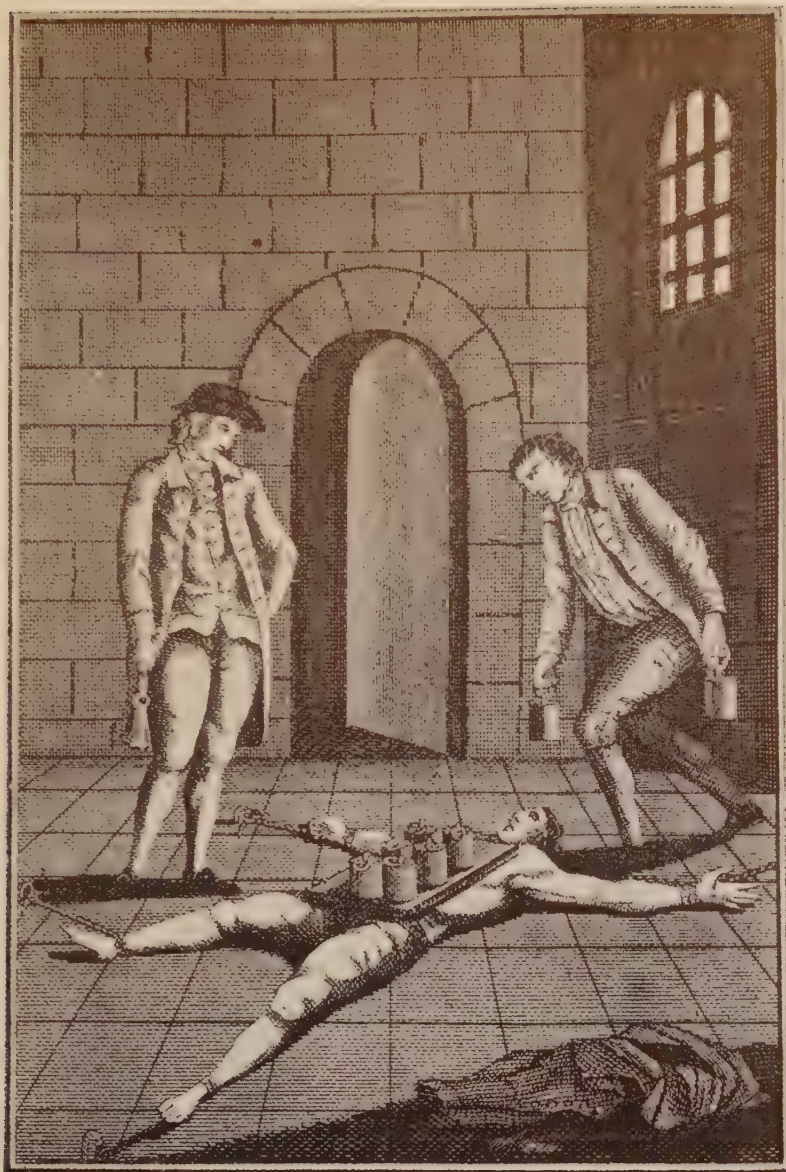
BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

any one who would not take a drink with him! Esquemeling complains that his own former master had somewhat the same habit. He would roll a pipe of wine outdoors, and threaten to pistol those who would not share his potations; or else he would take a dipper and throw the wine over all passers-by, whether men or women, greatly to their indignation.

Greaves, alias Red Legs, was famous for never robbing poor people or torturing his prisoners or maltreating women,—quite a noble sort of marine Robin Hood. He it was who got away with a vast treasure in pearls, by capturing the Spanish fleet off the Island of Margarita on the Venezuela coast, turning the fleet's guns on the forts and storming them with his buccaneers. After receiving his share of the loot, he salted down enough hard coin to enable him presently to retire from the buccaneering business, and settle down as a peaceful and respectable planter at Nevis.

Here, one day, a former companion in crime saw and recognized him and "peached" on him to the British authorities, who straightway consigned him to a dungeon, to await trial as a pirate. While he was immured in durance vile, the great earthquake of 1680 occurred; his prison burst open, and he obtained freedom just before the quake-ruined city sank beneath the sea.

Greaves got aboard a whaler; helped round up a band of local pirates; for this service was pardoned for his own past offenses, and died in the odor of piety and respectability, leaving most of his pearl-money to poor folk and worthy charities . . . and if any fiction-writer



Pressing a Pirate to Plead

From an old print

SOME LEADERS OF THE PROFESSION

can beat these cold facts of Red Leg's romantic history and be credited in literary circles, then he has accomplished a *coup de plume* beyond parallel!

As years passed, the older and more atrocious pirates died off, drank themselves to death, got killed in battle, or hanged from yard-arms; and a new breed of buccaneers came on the scene—men not so murderous or brutal. Many of them were adventurers, out for a good time, but with considerable humanity still remaining in their liquor-soaked skins. Some of them were quaint characters, such as that curious Scot, William Patterson, who had come out to the West Indies as a missionary. Once there, he soon persuaded himself—as many other English and French Protestants had done—that he would truly be performing most meritorious work for God and the Protestant religion, if he robbed and slew the Catholic Spaniards within reach of his sword and pistol. Whereupon, he at once joined the buccaneers, and there found profit, pleasure and possibly paradise, all at one and the same time!

Among the less brutal buccaneers were men like Sharp, Harris, Cooke, Davis and Dampier, some of whom were as gentle sea-highwaymen as ever scuttled ship, sacked a city, burned a town or robbed a church. Like their cruel predecessors, many of them were extremely able seamen; and some, like Dampier, Sharp and Ringrose, were extraordinarily skilful navigators of almost uncharted waters.

After the era of these men came a still milder lot of buccaneers—captains like Woodes Rogers, Shelvocke and Clipperton—who were both human and humane. Some

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

of them lightened the infamy of their calling by their explorations, by publishing reports of great value to the world, and by taking soundings and making valuable maps of the new waters and lands they encountered. Drake and Cavendish, of the earliest days, had done the marine world great service in this vital matter; and Dampier, that inveterate buccaneer and indefatigable explorer, quaint naturalist and fair cartographer, was a true maritime benefactor. So also were Woodes Rogers and George Anson.

HOW BUCCANEERING BEGAN

Who, precisely, were the buccaneers, and how did they come into existence? What did they do? What was the difference between them and pirates and privateers?—these are interesting questions asked by all who have heard of their wondrous adventures, thrilling exploits and treasure-hunting forays, afloat and ashore.

To understand how they sprang up, one must comprehend the historical facts that brought the buccaneers into being, as the Scourge of the Spaniard and the Peril of the Portuguese.

Soon after the Spaniards and Portuguese made their famous discoveries in the New World, Africa, Asia and the East Indies, the two nations began to quarrel over the division of the spoils, and their respective rights to these waters and vast territories. They therefore called in the Pope as referee to decide the momentous matter. In his capacity as the alleged Viceregent of God on earth he presumed to divide these new parts of the globe into two

HOW BUCCANEERING BEGAN

portions, one of which he assigned to Spain and the other to Portugal—excluding Britain and all the rest of Europe from the new seas, isles and continents.

However, the other nations of Europe refused to recognize so tenuous a title to the new and immense domains; and Queen Elizabeth only voiced common opinion when she said publicly that she could not and would not recognize the right of “the Bishop of Rome” to dispose arbitrarily of great seas, islands and continents that had never belonged to him; and that neither Spain nor Portugal had any right to exclude other nations from them, merely because their mariners had been the first to set eyes on them. Therefore, she claimed the privilege of sending her ships and merchants into all the Seven Seas, at will. This was one of the reasons of State that led to her encouraging Drake and Cavendish to enter the South Seas—as the Pacific was then called—and to visit any and all of the newly discovered places.

No nation had made good a claim to the main Atlantic Ocean, but haughty Spain now claimed not only the South Seas, but also all of the western Atlantic that bordered upon the three Americas. Hence, she regarded as trespassers upon her domains all ships that sailed into those waters, save her own. Nevertheless, the three great maritime nations, England, France and Holland, shared Elizabeth’s view of this vital matter; and their merchant vessels felt quite free to sail to the Americas, and there gain by honest traffic whatever they might.

The Spaniards had built cities and towns in the West Indies, in New Spain (Mexico and Central America), at

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

Nombre de Dios and Porto Bello on the Isthmus, and all along the Spanish Main—as the coast from the Isthmus to the Orinoco River was then called. Thither soon sailed English, French and Dutch ships laden with merchandise, which sought to trade peacefully with the Spanish colonists. But Spain intended to confine the monopoly of her colonial trade to Spanish merchants, and therefore had prohibited her colonists from trafficking with foreign ships. Also, she claimed exclusive possession of all seas and waters on the coasts of the Americas, and attacked, on sight, all foreign vessels entering them.

The Spanish colonists therefore had to refuse to trade with the foreigners; but as the latter's ships were armed with cannon and carried large heavily-armed crews, they forced the Spaniards to deal with them by threatening to attack and burn their settlements. This led Spain to erect forts and castles, and sternly to reiterate her order that the colonists should have no dealings with the strangers who were already playing the ruthless ruffian.

Thwarted at this hold-up game, the foreign ships took to plain piracy or outright buccaneering; seizing Spanish ships at sea or off the American coasts; stealing their cargoes; and burning, sinking, selling or stealing the peaceful Spanish merchant ships belonging to private owners. The Spaniards thought to lessen the amount of damage done them by the buccaneers by decreasing the number of their coastal and seagoing ships, but this had a still worse effect. *Facilis descensus Averni*—from sea-banditry to land-robbery is but a short step, and the foreigners took it. As that pious pirate, Esquemeling, says,

HOW BUCCANEERING BEGAN

the lessening of the number of their ships had this dire and direct result: the buccaneers, finding fewer ships at sea to plunder, planned to attack and rob the Spaniard ashore.

To this end, they banded themselves together into fleets and larger companies, landed on the coasts of Spanish America, and ravaged their settlements; capturing, plundering and burning their towns and villages; and murdering or holding to ransom the Spanish captives. Wholesale arson, rape, mayhem and other outrages were but pleasing diversions for the drunken ruffian seamen of that time.

In early days, the rulers of England, France and Holland tolerated, connived at and often shared in the booty of piratical enterprises. Some of the most prominent men in England and many of that brilliant band of sea-knights who belted the throne of Queen Elizabeth with a flame of splendid glory were actively engaged in piracies, or involved in them by supplying money or ships. French and English colonial governors not only tolerated but often participated in raids upon the Spanish ships or colonies. Englishmen served on French Huguenot pirate ships; and the Dutch and Huguenot pirates were long free to sell their loot and captured ships in English sea-ports, thanks to Elizabeth's tacit encouragement. In return, the marine Huguenots and the Dutch "Beggars of the Sea" swept the Channel clean of England's enemies, between 1565 and 1570. This enabled the parsimonious Elizabeth to avoid spending money for the upkeep of the English Royal Navy, which gradually declined

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

in ships and power during her reign, despite her unwarranted title of the Sea Queen.

In the Caribbean Sea, these European buccaneers only reflected the hostility of their own countries toward Spain, which was seeking to conquer or dominate all Europe, including Britain. The anger and jealousy of the rest of Europe aroused by Spain's rich American possessions, were increased and inflamed by her monopolistic policies and savage barbarities. Her armed sea-going *guarda-costas* attacked all European ships appearing in the Caribbean, burned the vessels and tortured or murdered or made galley slaves of their astonished crews, or else condemned them to hard labor in the mines ashore, where they soon perished from Spanish cruelty.

Intense patriotic ill-feeling was aroused also by the Spanish attacks upon the British colonies planted on the Atlantic seaboard of North America, and by the brutal massacres of French colonies established farther south along the same coast. All these national feelings found expression in the resentful brutality with which the buccaneers treated their Spanish prisoners, and the flames were fed by the fanatical intolerance of the age.

WHY "BUCCANEER"?

The origin of the word "buccaneer" may be attributed to the Spanish attack upon the settlements of the harmless *boucaniers* of Hispaniola (Santo Domingo), most of whom were French. The *boucaniers* were occupied in cultivating their little plots of ground, in raising their

WHY "BUCCANEER"?

families, and in hunting the great herds of wild cattle that roamed over Hispaniola. The meat from the cattle was smoked over wood-fires or *boucans*; and when thus cured, it became an article of commerce. The *boucaniers* had in no wise harmed the Spaniard; but when the latter laid their fields waste, cut down their orchards and slew men, women and children in their flaming cottages, he stirred up a hornet's nest indeed. Standing later in blood and tears amid the ashes of his own ruined cities and towns, the Spaniard rued the evil hour when he let loose the worst wolves that ever ravaged the sheepfolds of Spain in America.

Driven from the land, the *boucaniers* took to the sea in despair, and their terrible revenge soon made the proud Spaniard tremble at the very name of "buccaneer."

"Buccaneer" came in time to be applied to any sea-rover who preyed upon the ships and coasts of Spanish America; but at first the term was confined to these early buccaneers who had three occupations: hunting wild cattle and curing their flesh; cultivating their little plantations; and harrying and plundering the ships and shores of the Spaniard.

Some of these freebooters, in both the Atlantic and Pacific, were actually pirates, while others were merely buccaneers; but one and all of them were out to acquire booty by armed force, on both land and sea. The terms "pirate," "buccaneer" and "privateer" are often loosely used, and are apt to become confused in one's mind, especially as dictionaries are vague about the differences among these gentlemen of the high seas.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

“Freebooter” and “corsair” are terms covering both pirates and buccaneers, although freely used as synonymous with pirate; but a “pirate” is one who preys on ships belonging to nations with which his nation is at peace; and a real eighteen-karat pirate preys upon the ships of any nation under the sun, even those of his own nationality. The term “buccaneer” is properly applied to one whose principal prey was the Spaniard in America, both afloat and ashore—whether or not his country was at peace with Spain. In other seas, his prey was the Spaniard, the Portuguese or a non-European nation with which his own country was either not on friendly terms, or else had no formal treaty of peace.

“Privateers” are privately owned ships which, in time of war, are granted letters-of-marque by the rulers of the countries to which the owners owe allegiance. These letters authorize them to wage war against the ships, subjects and nation with which their own country is at war. The theory is that the privateer will do such damage to the enemy as will materially assist in winning the war for the nation; but the cold fact is, that as a rule they are and were out to acquire riches for the persons backing or owning them, by seizing ships belonging to private owners, and looting them to fill the pockets of individuals afloat or at home—and that, in its essence, is what should be termed buccaneering, regardless of whether King, Congress, or Admiralty issue and sign the commissions.

THE LIFE OF A BUCCANEER

The usual procedure among the early buccaneers was

THE LIFE OF A BUCCANEER

to lurk about the Spanish towns and steal a ship, and then recruit a crew from among their comrades. Then they would rob some cattle owner of enough stock to furnish them with food, and set out on their piratical cruise. Often the stolen vessels had no cannon, but if the sharp-shooting buccaneers could get near enough to a ship armed with cannon, their deadly musket-fire would soon pick off all the Spanish gunners and all the men upon the decks, and the buccaneers would take it without further resistance. It was this deadly small-arms fire that accounts for their ability even to row up to a cannon-armed ship in canoes, turn its decks into a shambles and capture it.

Attracted by this wild, exciting and adventurous life, great numbers joined the buccaneers. The newcomers were outlaws, half-honest men lured by the possibility of living without working, get-rich-quick gentry, broken gentlemen, wastrels, criminals and general riffraff. They were given to gambling, deadly quarrels, strong drink and general profligacy. Soon they formed pirate settlements at various places in the West Indies. Notably they made their headquarters at Tortuga Island, off northwest Hispaniola, especially after it acquired a complaisant French Governor, who was usually hand in glove with them.

The French Governors of other places besides Tortuga profited by the plunderings of pirates; and some, like those of Petit Goâve, openly sold to the buccaneers in later years blank commissions, under color of which they spread death and destruction by land and sea all over

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

Spanish America, whether or not the country whose flag they flew—if they flew any—was at war with Spain. It was the day of the Strong Hand. “No law off soundings” was the piratical code; and there was no closed season for Spaniards.

In course of time, the freebooters formed great companies and assembled into large buccaneer fleets; conducting their raids on a Big Business scale against strong Spanish cities or armadas.

One of their peculiar organizations was the “Brethren of the Coast,” which arose from each pirate’s selecting a pal with whom he swore blood brotherhood. Their mutual obligations were often duly set down in writing, to attest formally their life-and-death friendship. The Brethren formed towns on isolated isles, where they organized their forays against the Spaniard. Like Socialists, they often shared all in common; and formal articles were always drawn up, specifying just how all booty should be divided. Provision was made for slain or wounded comrades and the loss of eye or limb was paid for at a certain rate. Usually the rule was: “No prey, no pay.” And the division of the spoil was always a semi-sacred ceremony, attended with breathless interest and frequent quarrels—for honor is not an attribute of thieves.

Clad in their blood-red garments, dipped in the gore of slaughtered cattle, they left their green-bowered huts ashore, to cruise over the azure waters of the Caribbean, bent on despoiling the son of Spain, wherever found. With dirk and pistol stuck into belt, and musket on shoulder, they tramped through many a jungle to surprise and

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plunder Spanish towns. Once they had obtained the loot they craved and for which they risked their lives, they would waste it all in a few hours of gambling or drunken deviltry in their home boozing-kens or the houses of harlots.

Often, in early days, they returned to their secluded lairs laden down with pieces-of-eight, fine clothes, rare delicacies, noble wines and rare wares—all, in short, that was needed to make life joyous for an honest hard-working buccaneer, except women—of whom there was probably a deplorable lack.

Seeing this, and remembering how often the authorities of Paris were puzzled about what to do with the overplus of prostitutes, one colonial French Governor wrote home and had several shiploads of Magdalens sent out to his town, in 1665. Every woman of them was speedily annexed and wedded by the delighted buccaneers, in a grim ironic ceremony known as gun-barrel marriage, because the vows of fidelity were exchanged over the iron gun-barrel of the buccaneer's musket.

“Your past is nothing to me, for then I did not know you,” quoth the buccaneer to his unblushing but startled bride. “I acquit you of all evil, but you must pledge me your word for the future. This,” he would conclude, striking his gun-barrel significantly with his hand, “this will soon avenge me, should you prove false!”

In time, the buccaneers further organized their operations and formed regular companies—somewhat like the Free Companies of mercenary soldiers during the Middle Ages in Europe—each having its own elected captain and

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special gaudy banner, under which it marched, alongside of other companies of scalawags and villains. A regular code of conduct was gradually evolved, the most popular one being known as the Jamaica Discipline, possibly because one of the favorite resorts of pirates back from a cruise was Port Royal, Jamaica; in whose brothels and dram-shops they wasted in a few evil hours of revelry the money they had stolen from the Spaniard. Esquemeling says that some pirates spent two or three thousand pieces-of-eight in a single night of drink and debauchery.

Strange and curious were many of the formal customs of the buccaneers, especially that of drinking stately toasts to one another's companies, amid cheers, volleys of musketry and salutes with cannon—and grim enough, to the Spaniard, were some of those toasts, foreboding flaming ships and plundered towns from which arose to heaven the cries of ravished women and the yells of tortured men. Treachery was rife among these scoundrels; so much so that few large pirate fleets hung together for long. Generally, after a joint raid, each ship went its own wicked way.

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As time passed life was not so easy for the buccaneers of the Spanish Main; for gradually the Spanish towns were formidably fortified; Spanish ships became rare on the Caribbean Sea; and the pickings in the way of plunder grew both lean and scarce for even the boldest. To make matters worse, English men-of-war began to appear in the waters of the West Indies; and their captains had



A Pirate being hanged at Execution Dock, Wapping

From an old print

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an unpleasant habit of summarily hanging at the yard-arm, as pirates, any found roaming about the high seas without regular commissions signed by proper authority.

The requirement of a commission could still be met by the willingness of the French Governor of Petit Goâve to sell, for a stated price, any number of blank commissions signed by himself, leaving the name of the buccaneer ship to be filled in later by the captain who wished to use it. In fact, some pirate captains kept on hand several sets of such papers, to be used according to the various perplexing occasions that might arise in their earnest well-meaning lives. But in time there were warrants out for sundry sincere buccaneers; plunder in the Atlantic was scarce; and that in the Caribbean was scarcer, more dangerous to obtain, and still more difficult to get away with—alive! Hence, the eyes of all up-to-snuff buccaneers turned toward the new and fabulously rich haunts of the Spaniard in the Pacific, especially along the western coast of South America.

The huge treasure captured there by Drake in 1579 and by Cavendish in 1588, together with that got by Morgan from his capture and sack of the City of Panama in 1671, had made the mouths of the Atlantic buccaneers water with greed and envy. Hitherto, most corsairs had been prevented from invading the Pacific Ocean by the awful dangers involved in getting their ships into its waters. Few of them dared attempt the long and perilous passage by way of Cape Horn, with the constant risk of being captured, en route, by Spaniards or Portuguese. The only unguarded passage across the Isthmus lay through

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dense jungles, devoid of food, and infested with wild beasts, poisonous snakes and still more deadly Indians.

However the time came when there were so many buccaneer ships in the Caribbean that keen competition seemed about to kill off the whole freebooting business; and British frigates were cruising around, asking embarrassing questions of hard-working buccaneers—all of which made these gentry so uneasy that a number of them determined to have a try at the safer waters and richer plunder alleged to exist in the South Seas.

This volume deals only with the piratical activities in the Pacific but most of the Pacific buccaneers had taken a post-graduate course in plain and fancy piracy in the Caribbean; so they came to their new field of endeavor, thoroughly equipped for the job and prepared to loot everything of value they could set their eyes and hands on.

Some of these picturesque picaroons risked the terrors of the Straits of Magellan and Le Maire. Others, with wonderful courage and almost superhuman endurance of heat, hardships and hunger, forced their way through the dense tropical jungles of the Isthmus, to the heads of the streams that emptied into the Pacific Ocean; and there embarked in fragile canoes furnished them by the Indians, or hollowed out of trees. Floating down the rivers in their frail craft, they reached the sea, and cruised along its shores until they encountered a Spanish coaster, which they would promptly assail and usually capture without resistance; for practically none of the vessels along the Pacific coasts was armed, owing to their previous immunity from attack at sea.

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Once aboard a captured ship, the buccaneers would square away, and make prize of all vessels that they met, sometimes attacking and plundering the towns along the coast, and performing many brilliant exploits that seem almost incredible.

Luring them all on, were those grand prizes of the pirates of the Pacific—the golden galleons from Manila and the silver fleets of Peru—each ship of them worth millions in gold, silver and precious stones or rich wares. The first to garner these were Drake and Cavendish, who both brought home vast wealth to merry England, to the great joy and cynical mirth of laughing Queen Bess, who smiled approvingly on courtly Cavendish and, in addressing letters to Drake, called him “My deare Pyrat.”

No wonder that the thronging buccaneers finally burst into the Pacific. English, French and Dutch sailed thither or tramped across the Isthmus, all athirst for the piles of silver bars, the stacks of gold ingots, the fairy bushels of magnificent pearls into which one could thrust his arm up to the elbow, the caskets of gleaming precious jewels, and all the incalculable wealth that came from up and down the Pacific coasts of the Americas to the guarded bottle-neck of Panama, there to be sent across the Isthmus to the treasure-fleets of the King in the Caribbean Sea.

English, French and Dutch—and indeed men of many other nations—flocked to the treasure lure. And tall stories are told of them all. But our concern in this volume will be with the English.

CHAPTER II

THE GOLDEN GALLEONS AND THE SILVER FLEETS

THE MANILA TREASURE-SHIPS

FOR more than two vivid and romantic centuries, the coasts of the Californias witnessed the annual passage of the stately Manila Galleons, sailing along our seashore southward to Acapulco in Mexico; and beheld many a famous deed of high emprise and desperate derring-do in the historic sea-fights that took place between the bold buccaneers and these picturesque treasure-ships of Spain.

For these golden galleons were veritable argosies of treasure, often worth from two million to ten million dollars each, with their costly cargoes of gold and silver, precious stones, silks, spices, musk, ivory, amber, perfumes and other very valuable commodities. Small wonder, then, that the outlaws of the ocean, the valiant conquistadors of the deep sea, foregathered off the coasts of the Californias, in desperate endeavors to win such rich and noble prizes.

Drawn by the glamour of glory that leads men on, fascinated by the dazzling lure of glittering gold, and the irresistible fascination of both fame and fortune, there came over the highways of the ocean that valorous array

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of fierce sea-captains, whose buccaneering pioneer was no less a famous personage than Sir Francis Drake.

Bluff British buccaneers, dogged Dutch pirates and other remorseless freebooters in strange craft coasted along California's shores, flying the red flag of dauntless courage, chasing Spanish caravel or golden galleon amain, taking grim toll by land and sea, and (who knows?) perchance ending their venturesome cruise in unknown waters, some wild and stormy night, upon unseen reefs such as the fatal Bishop Rock of Cortes Bank, southwest of San Clemente Island!

As soon as Spain had discovered and seized the Philippine Islands, she opened up direct sea communications with Mexico. At first several small ships—some of them only forty to eighty tons each—sailed across the Pacific each year, past the California coasts to Acapulco; but after 1571, only one ship a year was allowed to sail, usually a great galleon that soon became celebrated throughout the seafaring world as the *Manila Galleon*.

Quaint and most extraordinary were the great galleons: broad of beam, round of bow and square of stern, with both poop and prow towering grandly up into the air like castles, and a four-storied deck-house abaft that gave a unique and very impressive appearance. Some of these ships were almost as high as they were long, which increased their bizarre resemblance to seagoing fortalices. Most of them had bulwarks three or four feet thick, through whose mighty walls there peered four or more wide-mouthed cannon—the polished brass carronada. They carried also a medieval armament of certain curi-

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ous catapults and an armory of muskets to aid the Spanish men-at-arms.

Yet, withal, there was a certain stately grandeur about the great galleons, with the armorial escutcheons emblazoned on their lofty deck-houses, their woodwork glittering with gilt insignia and elaborate carvings, their sculptured figureheads, the queer, tall, octagonal lanterns perched atop the painted posts on the poop, and the castled banner of haughty Spain streaming in the wind, with many a proud pennon and flaunting pennoncel floating from the strange mast and weird rigging.

They were slow of pace, hard to manage in rough weather, and almost helpless against head winds, taking months to cover distances that our own famous American clipper ships traversed, centuries later, in almost as many weeks.

Early in March of each year, Chinese junks and other alien craft were wont to visit Manila, where their precious wares were purchased by the merchants and other Spaniards. The authorities obtained a large share of these valuable goods from the Orient by bartering for them such native products of the Philippines as had been paid in for taxes. The "State Nao," as the galleon was officially termed, was laden with these official wares, to be sold later in Mexico, and the money thus obtained was placed to the credit of the Royal Treasury. The captain and the crew were allowed to ship a certain amount of goods on their own account; after which the rest of the shipping space was given up to the Consulado, a close corporation of merchants, the value of whose annual ship-

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ment was at first limited to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on which amount they were permitted to make one hundred per cent. profit. This export amount was gradually increased to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the restrictions as to both this and the percentage of profits were often evaded, usually with the connivance of the authorities.

The Manila merchants were permitted to trade in all the varied and valuable goods brought by foreign craft to the Philippines from Persia, India, China, Japan, Siam, the Moluccas and other tropic isles; and both rare and rich was the cargo with which the great galleon was deeply laden.

Gold, both in coin and ingots; precious stones, especially splendid sapphires and rubies and magnificent pearls; amber, ambergris, ivory, musk, fine jewelry, brocades of gold and silver, silks, velvets, fine muslins, carpets, wondrously carved beads, perfumes, gilt vases, smart screens, lacquer work, lovely laces, birds that talked and sang, rare preserved fruits, stuffs and cloths of all kinds and colors; carved caskets, seats and furniture; fine porcelain, cushions, marvelous needlework, cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves, ginger, pepper—all of which brought enormous prices in that early age of commerce, when safely landed in Europe—these were the precious loadings of the Manila galleon.

On or about the twentieth of June each year, the galleon took its departure from Manila, after many quaint rites and religious ceremonies had been performed. Hung with flags and decorated with cloths and draperies, the

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“State Nao” was blessed by the chanting friars, who marched about its deck in solemn procession, while the glittering carronada fired resounding salutes to saints (and also to sinners in the guise of local dignitaries). Many a deep toast was drunk, and at night the rigging bloomed into Mardi Gras life with Chinese colored lanterns and exploding fireworks.

With lilting music, the sibilant sound of sea-pipes, and gay dancing, the lumbering ship swept past Corregidor. After the year 1584 it steered northward until it met the Japan current—“a very hollow water,” in the quaint language of the day—and sailed along with this ocean stream until opposite Cape Sestos in the Japanese Islands, where it turned its gilded prow eastward and made across the Pacific to America.

So slowly did these unwieldy galleons sail that sometimes the voyage took seven long and weary months; and often long before the California coast was sighted by the distraught mariners, many of the crew and passengers had died or were disabled by dysentery, beri-beri or scurvy, which resulted from the poor food and lack of medical care. Sometimes the food or water, or both, ran low or gave out, entailing death and suffering aboard the luckless craft. Scurvy, due to lack of fresh fruits or vegetables, was the dread disease that crippled the ships of all seafaring nations in that age; and the loss of the galleon’s crew often averaged about fifty per cent. of its original strength.

Worn from their arduous voyage across the vast ocean and their frequent battles with violent storms, and wasted



A Spanish Galleon under full sail during an engagement, circa 1580

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with blighting disease, the crew of the toiling galleon found in truth a joyous hour when they first sighted the *señales* (indications) of California. In early days, the first landfall was made just below Cape Mendocino; the region near Monterey was usually sighted later; and when the Santa Lucia Mountains were sighted, the galleons generally changed their course and steered direct for Acapulco.

In January, 1734, the galleon put into Lower California for the first time—at San Bernabé—as it was in need of water and its crew were crippled with scurvy, to cure which the Mission San José del Cabo sent them fresh meat and fruit. Encouraged by this visit, the galleon sent a landing party ashore next year at Cape San Lucas, but it was set upon and thirteen of the party slain by the Indians who were just then in open revolt against the rule of the missions, due to the padres forbidding the age-old practise of polygamy.

If the galleon safely ran the gauntlet of the buccaneers who lay in wait for it off the coasts of the Californias, it usually arrived in autumn at Acapulco, Mexico, where its costly cargo was auctioned off at a great annual fair that lasted for thirty days. The goods it brought from the Orient fetched tremendous prices, and the legal profit of one hundred per cent. allowed on the investments of the Manila merchants and the officers and crew of the galleon was nearly always exceeded—one hundred and fifty and two hundred per cent. profit was sometimes made on other valuable commodities, and four hundred per cent. on silks! No wonder that common sailors were quite willing

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to pay for the privilege of sailing on the golden galleon, inasmuch as they had a chance to make a small fortune by a single successful voyage!

Between March first and twentieth of each year, the galleon set out on its return voyage, from Acapulco to Manila, carrying despatches, officials ordered to the Philippines, and a very valuable cargo of goods and stuffs manufactured in Spain, besides the *Real Situado* and the money derived from the sale of goods belonging to the merchants of Manila. The *Real Situado* was the Royal Allowance furnished by the Royal Treasury for the support of the Philippine Government. This money was so necessary for the islands that when it failed to arrive, through loss of the galleon by capture or disaster at sea, great distress was caused there.

Massive iron-bound chests with triple locks, usually stored below the floor of the cabin of the galleon's commander, held great treasure in the shape of pieces-of-eight (Mexican dollars) amounting to three million dollars or more—the value of the *Real Situado* and the proceeds of the sales of the Manila merchants' goods at the fair at Acapulco.

The dignified commander of the treasure-laden galleon had the military title of general, wore a splendid uniform and was granted a magnificent salary, possibly to induce him not to turn pirate and make off with his precious craft. This position was eagerly sought by local Spanish grandees, for the general usually made a fortune out of his investment, on a single trip, in addition to his princely salary.

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After leaving Acapulco, the gorgeous galleon held its course to the southwest, until it reached 13° or 14° No. Lat., then sailed due west until it arrived at the Island of Guam, where the Spaniards kept up a beacon station after 1668.

After leaving Guam, as the galleon coursed over the South Seas, the lookout stationed in its crow's-nest aloft anxiously scanned the waters for signs of the dreaded Dutch pirates and British privateers, who often lay in wait in San Bernardino Straits or off Corregidor, and might capture the galleon there, when almost within sight of safety. If the Philippine officials heard of the presence of buccaneers near by, they had beacons lighted on certain headlands, to warn the galleon to sheer off, or be on the alert to repel boarders. But if all went well, and the galleon sailed majestically into Manila Bay and cast anchor opposite the ancient walled city, the occasion was always one of general rejoicing. The church bells were rung, bands paraded the streets, and solemn Te Deums were chanted in the old stone churches.

Yet not only did many of these renowned treasure-ships fall prey to corsairs and buccaneers, but tempest and shipwreck also caused the loss of the galleon at times, entailing woe or ruin to those concerned with its valuable cargo. Sometimes two or three years elapsed between voyages, due to lack of suitable ships, or owing to peril from pirates or privateers. In 1589, the only two available galleons were destroyed by typhoons in the port of Cavite. Once, five years passed without the galleon's sailing, and the consequent lack of currency and salaries

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usually sent from Mexico caused great misery in the Philippines.

More than one galleon was wrecked on the shores of Japan and plundered by the Japanese, led by their hereditary lords; and the California coast and its southern isles had their deadly perils.

Some of the Manila galleons wasted valuable time hunting for the mythical Gold Island and Silver Island—fairy isles alleged to be fabulously rich, and to lie somewhere in the ocean southeastward of Japan—until the King of Spain in 1741 ordered that they should not be diverted from the proper sailing course, in vain searches for these *Fata Morganas*.

In 1734, the famous pilot, Cabrera Buena, printed at Manila his manual of navigation for Pacific waters, which made all future voyages of the galleons much safer. It was Anson's discovery of a copy of this invaluable work, together with maps and charts of the galleon-routes, when he captured the *Covadonga* in the Philippines in 1743, that opened to the world the whole book of Spain's carefully hidden knowledge of the Pacific.

In 1763, direct trade was opened between Spain and the Philippines by the sea route around the Cape of Good Hope, and the Manila galleon lost much of its political and economic importance, although it still continued to traverse its historic sea-roads for many years.

This early commerce had far-reaching results especially to California, our whole Pacific coast and our progress and future as a nation. Few of our historical writers seem to have appreciated its immense impor-

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tance, although the famous galleon and its route past our shores are probably directly responsible for our present possession of our Pacific coast—with all that this implies in national power and wealth

By its immensely rich cargoes, the golden galleon attracted hither the English and Dutch pirates, who for long centuries haunted these coasts. And Spain was led to explore the California shores to find safe harbors where the scurvy-stricken crews might recuperate, as may be seen in the Royal Decree of 1602, ordering the Manila galleons to put into the harbor of Monterey for this purpose. Vizcaino in 1602 had hoisted the royal standard ashore there, and standing, bareheaded, with drawn sword, under its silken folds, he formally took possession of that coast for Spain. Spain occupied and built settlements and presidios there to make good this claim, and also to forestall Russia, then advancing down the Pacific Coast with giant strides.

Mexico fell heir to Spain's province of California, which was conquered by our nation during the Mexican War, and was acquired from Mexico by treaty and annexed to the United States. Yet had Spain not planted its castled banner there, Russia, France or England would have seized and held California. The United States would to-day probably be bounded on the west by the Sierra Nevadas or the Rocky Mountains, had it not been for these golden galleons that yearly sailed for seven hundred miles along our present shores. Little did that quaint and historic argosy dream that it carried, as the most precious part of its treasures, the future fate of a

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nation whose very name was not even invented until two centuries after the first Manila galleon set out across the Pacific.

But it is certain that the crew thought deeply of its guardian angel, the celebrated image of Our Lady of Casaysay, otherwise the Virgin of Antipolo, which Don Juan Niño de Tabora, Governor-General of the Philippines, brought from Acapulco to Manila in 1626 in the state galleon. The Manila galleon was always a King's ship, owned, officered and ordered by the King of Spain. The royal standard floated from its peak, on ceremonial occasions, and its official name was the *Nao de Acapulco*.

During Governor Tabora's voyage from Acapulco to Manila, a violent tempest assailed it, and threatened to destroy the galleon, until prayers were frantically made to this image of Our Lady, whereupon a calm at once fell upon the sea, and the galleon sailed safely on and arrived betimes at Manila, thus establishing the miraculous power of Our Lady. When dying, Tabora gave the image to the Jesuits, who built a church for her Ladyship.

In 1639, an awkward galleon, with her crude sails, long lay off Cavite, quite unable to get to her port, until the Governor-General sent this image of Our Lady on board of the "Nao"—and then the sulky galleon straightway bowed her prow in acquiescence and glided into her desired port! Later on, when twelve Dutch buccaneers appeared off Mariveles and threatened Cavite, Our Lady was taken aboard the Manila galleon *San Diego* for safety's sake, and there intercession was made to her, with the highly gratifying result that the Lutheran here-

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tics of Dutch "pirates" were badly beaten, and their commander mortally wounded—all of which greatly added to the high repute of Our Lady among the galleon crews.

The *San Diego* carried off the image on the voyage to Acapulco; and brought it back in 1650 to Manila. There the Spaniards made many pilgrimages to her shrine for they were again in terror of the Dutch buccaneers, and downcast over the loss of several of the Manila galleons.

The Manilans wanted to keep the image in their midst, but the crew of the galleon *San Francisco Xavier* were afraid to sail to Acapulco without its holy aid; so overseas it went again, on this rich "Nao," which lay at anchor at Acapulco until March, 1653, when it sailed across the seas on its return trip. In mid-ocean, a fearsome storm so imperiled the galleon that it frightened half to death the ghostly fathers aboard her, including the Archbishop of Manila and his Excellency, the Governor-General—all of whom prayed so devoutly to Our Lady, that lo! a great calm fell on the sea, and all was well again!

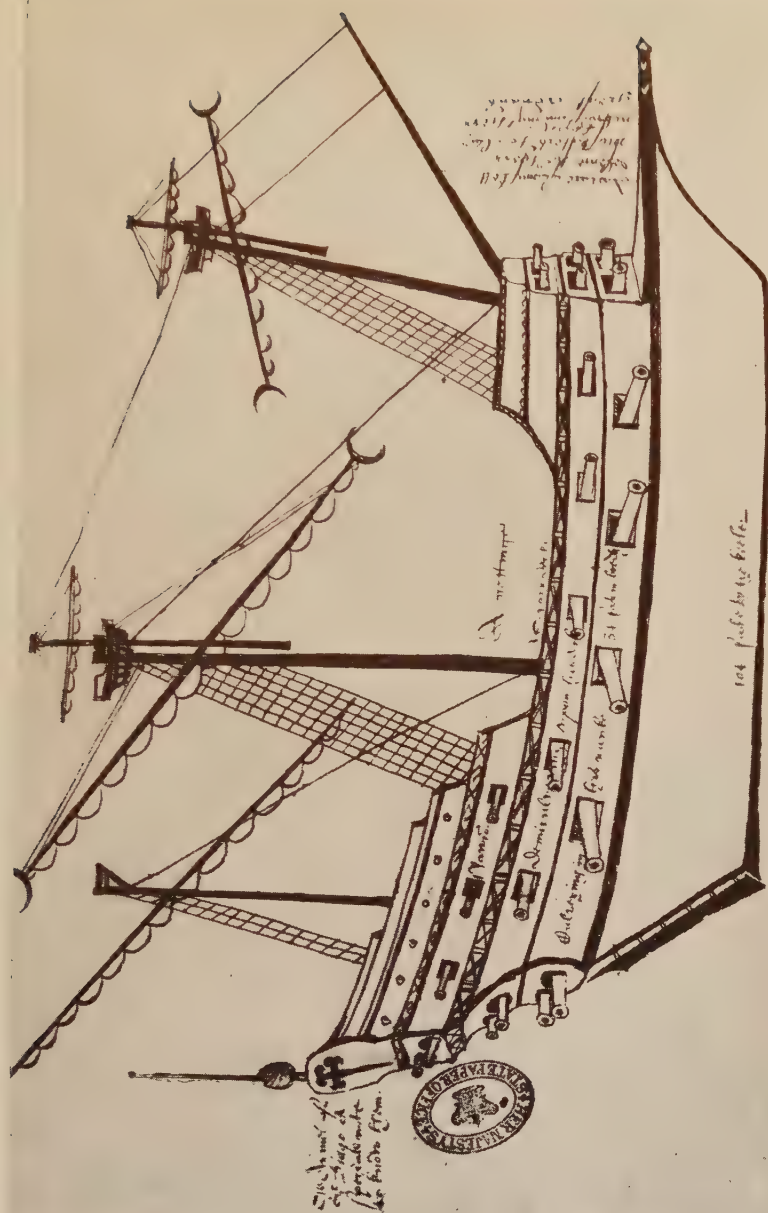
For lack of her protection, three galleons were lost; so the fourth galleon clamored for the image and got it, and sailed serenely to Acapulco and back. Hence it came about that all these golden galleons, when passing the Batangas Coast of Luzon, near Taal, on their voyages to and from Mexico, always fired a salute from their great guns, in honor of their Protectress, to whom the devout seamen prayed, loud and long, when tempests tossed and the surf roared on savage coasts near by, or the demon flags of pirates hove in sight.

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THE PLATE FLEETS OF THE PACIFIC

The Plate or Silver Fleets of the Pacific Ocean were even richer prizes than the Manila galleons, as they often carried many millions of dollars' worth of virgin and coined silver and gold from the mines of Chile and Peru to Panama. From there the precious metal was sent over the Isthmus in caravans, and delivered to the waiting Armada from Spain. These ships carried it to Havana, and there united with the silver-laden fleet from Mexico to form the far-famed flota that sailed thence for Spain. His treasure-fleets from the Indies enabled the King of Spain to support the huge standing armies with which he sought to bring all Europe under that imperial rule which now extended to Asia, to Africa, and to three Americas.

These Pacific Plate Fleets carried not only the royal fifths (twenty per cent.) due the King from all gold and silver mined in South America, but also the precious metal belonging to private persons, together with the native products exported to Spain. The value of the treasure shipped, once a year, on this fleet ran to enormous sums. Hundreds of millions in silver were dug from the mines of Potosi alone, after their discovery in 1546; and many hundreds of other rich silver mines were discovered elsewhere in Peru and Chile. Their shining store of wealth was brought to Arica or Callao in single ships, for reshipment to Panama, in the shape either of solid bars of silver, or of silver coin turned out by the royal mint at Lima in the form of pieces-of-eight (eight



A Spanish Treasure Frigate

From Richard Hakluyt's Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation Vol. X, Glasgow, Hakluyt Society, 1904

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Spanish reals), which were the equivalent and size of the Mexican silver dollar.

Vast amounts of gold were also obtained from the mines along this coast, especially from those of Chile, some of which were fabulously rich. The gold from Valdivia was especially famous for its "fynesse." Usually it was cast into wedges or ingots, and shipped in this form to Arica, for transport to Panama in the Plate Fleet, whose powerful escort of war-ships protected it from the pirates. The name "Plate Fleets" was originated by the English, from the Spanish *plata*, which means silver; as the bulk of the treasure borne by these galleons was in the shape of silver, usually in heavy bars that lay tier on tier, in their opulent holds. Yet the value of the gold ingots carried by the Plate Fleet also often ran up into vast sums.

As this treasure-flotilla was soon known all over the world, it presented an overwhelming temptation to buccaneers, whose mouths watered at the very thought of making prize of even a single ship of the fleet, which meant a large fortune for its hardy captors. For this reason, its sailing and protection were strictly regulated by royal orders, which the Viceroy of Peru carried out or changed, according to circumstances. Occasionally he laid an embargo on its departure from Peru, when buccaneers or foreign men-of-war threatened to endanger its safety. When it did sail for Panama, it was always convoyed by a strong squadron of Spanish war-ships, armed with enough heavy guns to beat off any pirates likely to assail them in the waters of the Pacific.

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Many and famous in the annals of piracy, buccaneering, privateering and honorable warfare at sea, were those who sought these golden and silver argosies in the Pacific along the shores of Chile, Peru, Panama, New Spain and the two Californias, in those early and romantic days.

Careering hither over the perilous seas, from all quarters of the globe came the restless rovers of the oceans—bold buccaneers, remorseless pirates, wild-eyed adventurers and pseudo-privateers—all of them men of the strong hand and still stronger thirst for gold, and all engaged in the desperate quest of this new Golden Fleece. And little recked they, one and all, as to just exactly whom they fleeced, or whether or not their native countries were at formal peace or war with the nation whose flag flew over the treasure-laden ships that fell into their grim clutches. All was treasure-trove and fair game to them, as they bravely swept over unknown and far-distant seas, with maybe never a map to guide them.

CHAPTER III

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, PRINCE OF BUCCANEERS

THE DEPARTURE OF DRAKE'S FLOTILLA

GREAT was the excitement ashore in the old harbor of Plymouth, in merry England, on November the fifteenth, in the Year of Our Lord 1577. Many curious craft sailed out to view the tiny fleet of Master Francis Drake, which sailed that day on one of the most celebrated and colorful cruises in all the annals of the world.

The able commander of the English flotilla was called by the frightened Spaniards, *El Draque*—the Dragon. He was the greatest seaman of his day, even in that age of great English captains, and the most daring explorer, and a fearless soldier and much besides. He was already the terror of the Spanish Main, and was now destined to spread further the dread of England over all the several seas which surged upon the resounding shores of haughty Spain's wide-spread dominions, in both the Old and New World.

Although short in stature, Drake was well made, with an open cheerful visage, light brown hair, a fair fresh complexion and the large, lively, wide-open eyes that one notices in the portraits of so many eminent men of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." Thoroughly

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conversant with both the theory and practise of nautical affairs, he had such experience and ability that he could instantly fulfill the duties of any position, from cabin-boy to master of a ship, commodore of a squadron, or admiral of a fleet. He could even act as surgeon and attend to his sick and wounded. His cool presence of mind amid deadly dangers was typically British; and this, together with his care and consideration for his men, his ability to express himself clearly and great natural eloquence, made him the ideal of maritime England. He remained the idol of his seamen, though he exercised over them an exact and punctilious discipline and required of them a rigid training, which accounted for much of his wonderful success in buccaneering ventures in the South Seas. This habit of discipline and training again came to his aid when he so dauntlessly assailed the Invincible Armada in 1588; after having "singd the bearde of the Kinge of Spayne" the year before at Cadiz, where he destroyed in one tremendous sea-fight over a hundred ships, right in the foremost harbor of that proud and haughty monarch.

So tremendous an uproar had been created in Spain by Drake's recent looting of the King's royal caravans of treasure on the Gold Road of the Isthmus of Darien, that the avowed destination of Drake's present little fleet was publicly announced as being Alexandria in Egypt. Nevertheless, the bluff and hearty English nobles, gentry, commons and seamen assembled to wish Drake Godspeed, winked at one another and jested openly among themselves, this sunshiny day, at the ruse that had been

THE DEPARTURE OF DRAKE'S FLOTILLA

adopted solely to deceive the Court of Spain, and thus prevent its taking warlike measures to obstruct the sailing and voyage of the flotilla. For well they knew that this was but another and greater buccaneering venture of Master Drake's, against the Spanish treasure-house overseas.

Right they were, at that; but no one save the Queen and a few powerful nobles (not including those who sailed with him) even dreamed of the far-reaching, vastly daring plans of Drake the bold, who was about to attempt a feat that no other man living had as yet conceived, much less essayed. In brief, it was to cross the whole north and south Atlantic, and then traverse the mysterious and almost unknown South Seas.

Few nowadays can imagine how hazardous, how almost foolhardy, his expedition was in those days of abysmal ignorance of navigation, especially in the cockle-shells that composed his tiny fleet. His largest ship, the *Pelican* (which he afterward renamed the *Golden Hind*), the "admiral-ship" of his small squadron, was only one hundred tons, and in it he himself sailed as the "Captain-General" of the expedition. The "vice-admiral ship" was the *Elizabeth*, eighty tons, under Captain John Winter, as "Lieutenant-General." The others were the thirty-ton-bark *Marygold* with Captain John Thomas; the *Benedict*, a pinnace of fifteen tons, under Thomas Moone, and another bark. Besides these little ships, they had aboard the frames and materials for four pinnaces, which could be quickly set up. This insignificant handful of small ships, with which the dauntless Drake defied the

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whole might and majesty of the most powerful empire on the globe, was manned by one hundred and sixty-four able-bodied men, including the officers—"gentlemen and sailors all," as its roster read.

A full supply of the requisite large amounts of powder and shot and arms both great and small—for all these cockle-shells were armed with cannon of various sizes—was taken along, with ample provisions and stores necessary for so long and hazardous a voyage unto distant oceans.

Brave showing, though, did bold Captain-General Drake make, on this memorable occasion, despite the seeming triviality of his quaint quintette. Such was already his fame that he had attracted to his company many gentlemen of the best families in England; and Drake was psychologist enough to have his array attired in most rich and gorgeous uniforms. Aboard his ship, almost royal state was observed—for this same purpose—and he even had with him an orchestra of expert "musitians," to entertain himself, the crew and guests.

His ship, the *Pelican*, was fitted up in grand fashion; his cabin being adorned with much silver and handsome fittings; and "all the vessels for his table, yea even belonging to the cooke-roome, being of pure silver, and diverse shewes of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civilitie and magnificence of his countrie" might be admired of all men and nations that he purposed visiting. This was his deliberate intention—to make a sumptuous impression abroad. He was the world's first national advertiser, and Queen Elizabeth herself sent him

THE DEPARTURE OF DRAKE'S FLOTILLA

sundry "dainties and perfumed waters," to help him in spreading fragrance and sweetness abroad—at the cannon's mouth!

Drake had had some difficulty in obtaining his royal commission because Spain still demanded justice against him for previous depredations in the waters claimed by His Majesty, and the time was not yet ripe for Queen Elizabeth to break openly with the mightiest power in the world. But Drake had an able advocate and patron in the Queen's cousin, Sir Christopher Hatton, then Vice-Chamberlain and afterward Lord High Chancellor; and through him, he finally secured a commission from the Queen against formidable opposition. His efforts were aided by the fact that Elizabeth, smarting from Spain's sinister plots against her life and throne, sought means both to avenge her injuries and fill her pockets; and her favorite, the Earl of Essex, had told her that Drake was the man, of all Englishmen, best suited to serve her ends against Spain. She therefore granted Drake a private interview, and urged him to make an armed foray upon Spain itself. However, seeing more blows than booty in this proposed attack upon the Spanish peninsula, Drake told the Queen that "smale good was to be done in Spayne, but thonly way was to anoy hym by his Indydes."

He proposed, therefore, a bold feat hitherto unattempted—to penetrate into the South Seas and there capture and loot the ships and towns of Spain; and also take possession of any and all lands not then owned by other Christian nations. He coolly said he would try to enter the South Seas by way of the Straits of Magellan, if he

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could locate that uncharted passage; if not, he would get into them by sailing clear around the world!

The Queen herself had even invested, very secretly, a considerable sum in this bold enterprise of Drake; and his friends supplied the remaining funds needed to equip his squadron, now that he had royal authority back of him. Privacy was maintained with the utmost care as to plans and purposes. Surprise was absolutely essential, if the enterprise were to result in success in a region so remote. Drake would necessarily have to rely wholly on himself, amid a very sea of armed enemies, who, if forewarned of his intention, would doubtless have forestalled and defeated him with an overwhelming force, before he reached the Straits of Magellan.

Thus, in brief, had it come to pass that in this year of 1577, the Scourge of Spain, as men called him—the hardy hero who the affrighted Spaniards thought was Satan himself—sailed blithely down the Atlantic toward Africa, bent on his historic cruise. We know now that he had four great and far-reaching aims: first, to break into Spain's jealously guarded and rich domains in the Pacific, capture the treasure galleons of Spain there, and despoil the Spanish towns and cities of Chile and Peru; second, to discover, claim and take formal possession of lands suitable for the founding thereon of British colonies in the Pacific; third, to discover, if possible, some new Peru, full to bursting with precious metals; and fourth, to try to discover the mythical Straits of Anian, the Northwest Passage that afforded a short-cut by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the wealth of the East Indies.



Sir Francis Drake

From the old Hondius portrait

THE DEPARTURE OF DRAKE'S FLOTILLA

The world has done little justice to these statesmanly aims of the sagacious Prince of Buccaneers. His vast plans outshone all those of his fellow stars in the English galaxy. Two hundred years before other Britons, he was planning British colonization in the Pacific. No wonder the few in the know were watching with anxious eyes this latest venture of Elizabeth's greatest seaman.

Drake had a swift passage down the Atlantic to the Barbary coast of Africa, off which he arrived on December 25, 1577; then a fifty-four day trip westward across the uncharted waters of the South Atlantic to the coast of Brazil. Off the coast of Patagonia Drake cut his five ships down to three, by removing from two of them everything of value, and then burning them. This rendered his small force more compact.

Steering southward along the coast, the voyagers anxiously scanned the western horizon for the dreaded Straits of Magellan, which they hoped to find, but whose real location was then almost unknown. Owing to Magellan's untimely death in the Philippines and Spain's deliberate policy of concealment, the famous Straits had remained wrapped in terrifying mystery.

Nautical science was still in its infancy: the instruments for ascertaining latitude were so crude as to be extremely inaccurate; and there was no way to ascertain longitude, save by dead reckoning or by making a landfall to a point whose longitude was known, and then steering due east or west along that same parallel of latitude to the spot desired. There were no chronometers, sextants, books or tables or methods of determining location at sea.

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This led the early navigators to waste a vast amount of time, wandering over the unknown waste of waters like blind men. And seamen now wonder how they ever managed to avoid shipwreck on isles, reefs and coasts that not only were uncharted but whose existence was not even suspected.

Drake was both wise and fortunate in providing his men with fresh food to stand off the scurvy; and it was his constant care for his men that so endeared him to them, despite the very strict discipline he maintained. This politic seaman knew and practised a sea-creed then almost unheard of with other captains: "Feed their bellies well—keep them hale—and busy—exercise them often at the great guns and small-arms—and they will storm the gates of Hell, when you lead them thither!"

THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE STRAITS

On August 20, 1578, Drake rejoiced to see the eastern entrance of the Straits, which his three ships swiftly entered.

The Straits are some three hundred miles long. Drake's three ships had a fairly good passage, at first, though storms and gales often rage here for weeks and months at a time. On August twenty-fourth, they came to an island where they killed three thousand penguins in one day for present and future food. In the midst of the passage, Drake changed the name of his ship from the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*, in honor of his patron, Sir Christopher Hatton, who bore a golden hind upon his coat-of-arms.

THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE STRAITS

During the passage, Drake found out the falsity of the common report that a swift, steady and constant current ran through the Straits from east to west, permitting vessels to go through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, but preventing their return. And he quickly guessed the truth: that after Magellan had discovered the Straits, Spain had deliberately promulgated this falsehood as a fact, in order to keep other countries' ships from trying to enter the Pacific by this passage, which was the only known route via South America that gave access to her possessions bordering on that ocean!

Silva, the quaint Portuguese pilot whom Drake had brought along with him, and who wrote an interesting account of the voyage as far as Mexico, says that here in the Straits "we saw fires coming out of the earth . . . [and] Fowles which could not fly." He adds that when Drake was half-way through he cut down a tree, and stored it in the hold, as ballast, saying he was going to take it to the Queen of England as a proof that he had passed through the Straits. Drake landed on an island in the Straits, took possession of it in Her Majesty's name, and called it Elizabeth Island.

Fortune kept on favoring Drake, and on September 7, 1578, the three ships passed through the western entrance and entered the South Seas. A thrilling moment it must have been to our bold buccaneers, for theirs were the first ships of England that had ever sailed on the vast Pacific Ocean.

However, Drake's adventurers were premature in their rejoicings, for the Demon of the Cape had been but toying

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with them as a cat plays with a mouse; and two days later, a howling gale from the northeast bore down on the three ships, and swept them far to the south and west.

From Cape Horn, that center of well-nigh perpetual storms, gale after gale tossed their tiny craft about, like chips on the gigantic waves that are peculiar to the southern end of the American continent, and which have appalled even the hardiest sailors in the larger ships of later centuries.

For three weeks, they could make no headway against these storms, and usually scudded before them under bare poles, as they did not dare hoist a sail. Blindly tossing this way and that on the monstrous rollers, the three tiny vessels labored heavily and threatened to burst apart. Afar, Drake glimpsed Cape Horn, where the Atlantic meets the Pacific, but it is to the Dutch that later went the honor of first doubling the Cape and proving that it was not necessary to use the always dangerous Straits of Magellan to pass from one ocean to the other.

The ships finally encountered some islands, where their desperate need made them send ashore to secure fresh drinking water. Good herbs also they found there, which helped to cure their many sick men. But another storm fell upon them; and in the darkness of the foul night of September thirtieth, the other two ships lost sight of the *Marygold*, which was driven into the Straits of Magellan, and wrecked, with the loss of every one aboard her.

The *Golden Hind* and *Elizabeth*, both now in perilous case, ran eastward to get the land; and on October seventh, they sighted the extreme southwest coast of

THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE STRAITS

South America. But that same wild night at sea Drake lost sight of the *Elizabeth*, greatly to the grief of those aboard the *Golden Hind*, already saddened by the loss of the *Marygold*, whose mysterious fate was not even guessed until Cavendish returned to England from his celebrated cruise ten years later.*

What happened to the *Elizabeth* we know from the narrative of one of her crew, Edward Cliffe, mariner, published in Hakluyt; in which he says that on the next day she again entered the Straits of Magellan, and for two days anchored in an open bay, "making great fiers on the shore that Mr. Drake might finde us."

It looks as if the feet of her Captain, John Winter, had got as cold as his own name. For, instead of sailing westward out of the Straits and looking for the *Golden Hind*, Captain Winter sailed into a sound in the Straits, and stayed there a week; while his famished crew searched the shores, and rejoiced at finding mussels fully twenty inches long—which same they promptly, gleefully and copiously consumed during their inexplicable sojourn in this hidden nook.

"We came out of the harbor November first," wrote Cliffe, "abandoning our voyage in compulsion of Mr. Winter, sore against the will of us mariners." Winter said he despaired of finding winds to take the *Elizabeth* to the coast of Peru; and also feared that Drake had perished.

So the *Elizabeth* sailed swiftly eastward, out of the Straits, and up the coast; and after many adventures

*See page 104.

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finally put in at La Rochelle, France, and secretly took on a load of gold and silver treasure, Spain said. At Belle Isle, thirty miles from this port, Winter gave himself out to be Francis Drake and fought off some French galleys. The *Elizabeth* arrived in a distressed condition at Ilfracombe, England, on June 2, 1578; and, eventually, Winter was tried for deserting Drake, on the latter's return to England, and was sentenced to be hanged. His life was saved only by Drake's intercession.

Grief and dismay chilled the souls of the crew of the *Golden Hind*, the sole survivor of the brave little squadron that had sailed forth so proudly from England; but dauntless Drake was not downhearted, in his tossing cockle-shell, with the eighty men who were all that remained to him now, out of twice that number with which he had started. Thanks to his rigid discipline, unremitting attention and able seamanship, he worked the *Golden Hind* up toward the Chile coast; and after a fearful struggle with adverse winds and ferocious gales, he finally anchored off Mocha Island, somewhat below Concepcion, on the southern coast of Chile.

ENCOUNTERS AND CAPTURES OFF SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA

The sullen Araucanian Indians here had fled to this spot to escape the cruelty of the Spaniards who sought to enslave them, but they abated their evident hatred of the white race enough to sell some roots (potatoes?) and two fat sheep to Drake, who landed with twelve men. Next day, he again came ashore, with the same number of men

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armed with muskets, and sent two of them with some vessels to secure water; but the Indians lay in ambush for these two Englishmen, and suddenly sprang out from the bushes and captured them.

Drake and his musketeers at once charged down on the Araucanians, and tried to rescue his two sailors, but his force was sore assailed with stones and arrows, nearly all being hit and hurt. Drake himself was twice wounded with arrows, once in the face and once in the head; and as he could neither rescue his men nor damage the Indians, and the latter threatened to overpower him by mere numbers, he returned to his ship. Next day they left this inhospitable spot, infested by the famous Araucanian Indians, whom Spain was never able to conquer, or even pacify. As a result of this encounter, Drake bore for the rest of his life an arrow-mark under his right eye close to his nose. Some of his men were badly wounded; one of them receiving twenty-three, another twenty-four arrow-wounds!

Sailing northward along the Chile coast Drake captured an Indian in a canoe, who, on being well treated, offered to take them to a great Spanish galleon, then lying in the harbor of Santiago, laden for Peru. Piloted by the Spaniard-hater, Drake sailed back six leagues to this harbor, later known as Valparaiso, and entered it at noon of December fifth. Here he saw the Spanish galleon, to which he quickly sent a boat loaded with eighteen English arquebusiers, archers and men with shields.

This galleon was the famous *La Capitana*, so named because she served as flag-ship when the celebrated Pedro

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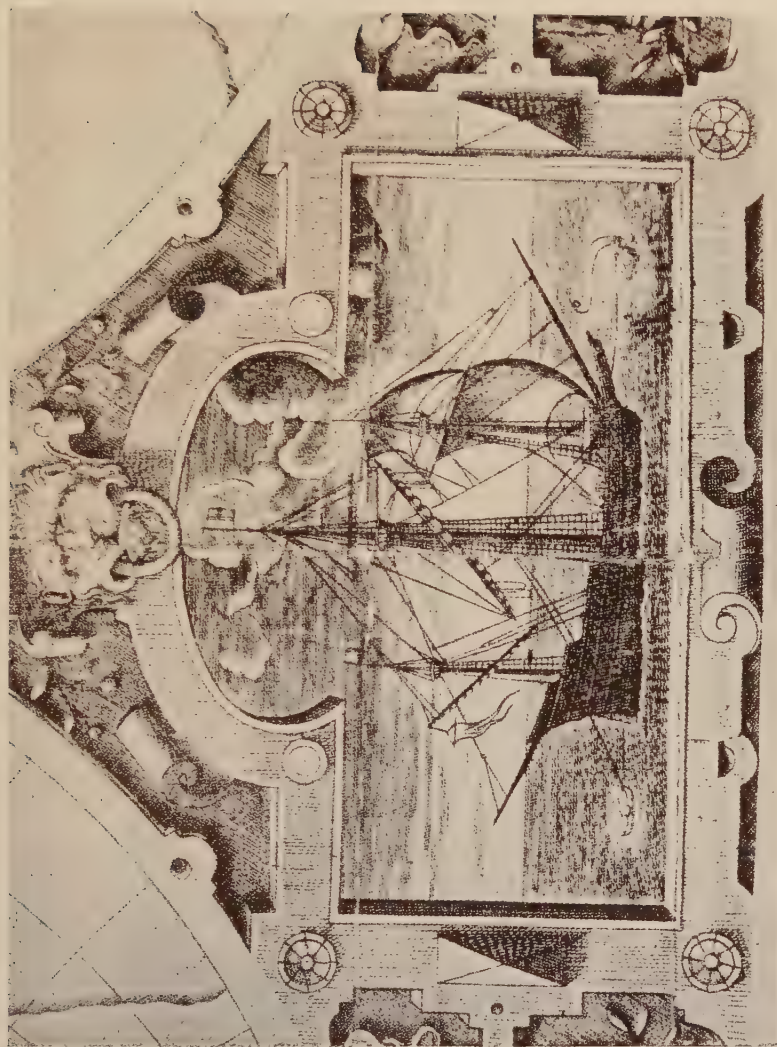
Sarmiento de Gamboa commanded her in the year 1568 and discovered the Solomon Islands.

When the galleon's crew saw the *Golden Hind*, they thought she was a Spanish ship and bravely welcomed her with beat of drum, in the quaint sea-fashion of the day. Neither they nor other Spaniards even dreamed that an enemy had penetrated into these isolated domains of the King of Spain.

Silently Drake lay the little *Golden Hind* alongside the great galleon, and his armed crew poured over the bulwarks on to the deck of the astounded Spaniards. The galleon was captured without the striking of a blow, while its men were still in a stupor of utter amazement and terror. One Spaniard, however, had nerve enough left to spring overboard and swim ashore. Noting this, Drake quickly secured the rest, and sent an armed party ashore to loot the tiny town before its people could hide or carry off their valuables.

The nine families dwelling there fled to the country, as the dreaded heretics and strangers rowed ashore and proceeded to rob the town and its chapel in true pirate fashion. From the church our buccaneers looted an altar-cloth and the communion silver—chalice and cruet—and in the deserted houses they found a moderate amount of gold and silver, cedar boards, much good Chile wine and plenty of provisions, which the English were delighted to acquire just then when their own supply was so low.

Returning to the *Golden Hind*, Drake's English made exceeding merry that evening, with a fine feast on their rich spoils; drinking many hearty toasts with great glee,



The *Pelican* rechristened the *Golden Hind*

From an ancient print

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and otherwise celebrating the noble inception of their piratical enterprise.

Taking the great galleon prize with her, the *Golden Hind* set sail northward along the coast, with intent to plunder vastly wealthy Lima, the city of the adventurous Pizarro. While at sea, Drake had the galleon thoroughly searched and found aboard her thirty-seven thousand Spanish ducats' worth of the pure gold of Valdivia, amounting in value to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, besides various valuable goods and two thousand *botijas* (jars) of Chile wine, all of which the English promptly transferred to the hold of their own ship, merrily pledging one another anew in the captured wine. The sea-charts of *La Capitana* were to prove valuable to Drake in navigating the Pacific.

Presenting their Indian pilot with ample gifts, they set the red man safely ashore, and sailed northward on their hopeful way. It was an auspicious beginning, and the same luck attended their voyage along the unarmed, undefended western coasts of South and Central America, which no enemy had before assailed, for these distant waters were long regarded as the private preserve of Spain. Of victories the English had none, in this inglorious buccaneering expedition, for they met with practically no armed resistance. They never had to do any fighting at all, save when Drake fled from overwhelming forces on land or sea.

On December twenty-second Drake anchored his ship in the Bay of Salado on the coast of Chile, and remained there for some time, unloading the frame of his pinnace,

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which he built up and launched. Then he sailed south in the pinnace to try to find the *Elizabeth* and the *Marygold*, but head winds drove him back. He now threw much of the ballast of the *Golden Hind* overboard, so that he might get his great guns out of the hold. Also, he careened his ship and spent four days painting her bottom, sides and deck with a mixture of tar, grease and sulphur. Incidentally she was nearly capsized when they started to careen her.

Arriving off Coquimbo, Drake sent fourteen men ashore to fill their casks with fresh water, but the water-party was attacked by three hundred mounted Spaniards and two hundred on foot, and driven back to their boat, with one Englishman slain. So the *Golden Hind* sailed on northward, while the talented and versatile Drake and his boy cousin, young John Drake, amused themselves for hours at a time by painting; and the orchestra of expert "musitians" marvelously cheered the crew and officers, as the ship plowed its way through the azure waters of the South Seas.

Espying a small settlement on the coast, Drake went ashore and looted it, obtaining some "three thousand pesos of silver, each being equal to a rial of eight, or Spanish dollar." This peso or Spanish dollar was equal to eight reales—a real being twelve and one-half cents—hence the so-called "pieces-of-eight" were Spanish dollars, coined in silver; and these coveted prizes of piracy were thus the coin-forebears of our own American dollar.

At the port of Tarapacá, a boat-load of Drake's men went ashore and ran across a weary Spaniard fast asleep

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under a tree, with thirteen heavy bars of pure silver, worth some four thousand Spanish ducats, lying by his side. "We took the silver and left the man," they gleefully told Drake, as, chuckling with mirth, they stole away, leaving the tired treasure-bearer to his repose under the tree, doubtless to awaken later and in his consternation curse the unknown and unterrified demons who had robbed him during his sleep!

Sailing a little farther north, another party went ashore for water; and strolling inland a bit, they encountered and promptly captured a curious procession of eight Peru sheep (llamas) with a Spaniard and an Indian in charge of these cargo-bearers, each of which had on its back two leather bags. Opening the bags, Drake's tars found a silver bar, weighing fifty pounds, in each; and jubilantly made prize of the eight hundred pounds of silver and bore the precious booty triumphantly off to the *Golden Hind*.

Now off the coast of Peru, they sailed into the small seaport of Arica, where Drake caught three small Spanish vessels at anchor, one of which was laden with Spanish wares including two hundred *botijas* of wine—which the English joyously took to their own ship. They also carried off fifty-seven bars of silver (the Spaniards said two hundred and thirty, each worth four hundred ducats) "of the bignes of a brick-batte and weighing twenty lbs. eche," which they found in another of the Spanish ships.

Drake had meant to land and loot the town, but seeing a body of Spanish horse hovering near, he did not at-

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tempt to assault it with his small force, as the bolder buccaneers of the next century would have done. From the captive Spanish sailors, Drake heard that a Spanish galleon heavily laden with silver had just passed up the coast; so he again sailed northward, after burning the ship that carried Spanish wares, and taking the others with him. Next day, they captured a small bark with a cargo of linen, of which they took what they wanted, and then let the bark go.

As they were now approaching Callao, the port of opulent Lima, and Drake wished to take the Spaniards by surprise and thus prevent them from carrying their treasures inland, he himself sailed along the Peru coast in his pinnace, using sails and oars; while the *Golden Hind* kept out of sight, sailing abreast of him, a league to seaward.

After sailing forty-five leagues in this wary guise, Drake found the treasure galleon he was looking for, anchored hard by the shore. But alas! only two hours before, she had heard the almost incredible news that an English sea-rover was in these waters, and so she had instantly landed and buried her precious cargo of five hundred bars of gold which belonged to the King of Spain. Drake dared not attempt to land and take it by force, as a numerous armed guard of Spaniards and Indians were mustered in plain sight to oppose his landing.

It seems that three Spaniards, taken by Drake in Chile and set ashore near Arica, had gone on ahead, warning the northern ports of Drake's approach; and the Span-

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iards ashore now shouted at Drake, "Go, thou thief!" and laughed at him, saying he had lost his prize by two hours. The English greatly regretted the loss of the gold wedges.

Annoyed at such perfidy, Drake took the galleon with him out to sea, removed her crew, hoisted her sails, took his own men off her, and left her and the *Capitana* to drive to certain wrack and ruin. He did likewise with the bark that he had brought with him from Arica. And then he proceeded to Callao.

Waiting until three hours after night had fallen, he silently sailed into that port, February 13, 1579, and there luckily found some twelve or more unsuspecting Spanish ships at anchor, with their sails furled, and not a watchman set on guard. In them, Drake found a chest full of silver dollars, with great store of silks and linens, some of which he took aboard his ships, along with the silver.

But the silver-laden ship which he had heard of had not yet taken aboard her cargo of seven hundred silver bars, as he learned from the Spanish crews. All of the masters and wealthy merchants were ashore that night, at some merrymaking in the town.

Disgusted, Drake had the masts of the two largest ships cut down—probably so they could not be used to pursue him later. Then he cut their cables and those of all the other Spanish ships, and let them drive ashore and wreck themselves!

As Drake was searching these ships in a vain quest for the silver, a Spanish ship just in from Panama and laden

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with Spanish goods and merchandise, sailed up and anchored alongside the *Golden Hind*. Even in the darkness, her crew could see that this stranger was armed with cannon; and having no cannon themselves, like all the Spanish ships on the South Seas they instantly took alarm, cut her cable and stood out to sea.

Promptly the English pursued her in their pinnace, and on coming up, hailed her and demanded her surrender. To this audacious summons from a small boat, the Spaniards replied with a volley from their muskets that killed an Englishman and sent the pinnace flying back to the *Golden Hind*. Drake at once set sail and after a while overtook the Panama ship, whose crew had just escaped ashore in their small boats.

It was here that Drake got word of a very rich galleon that had sailed for Payta, and straightway he announced to his crew:

“A great galleon is ahead of us. I am told she is richly laden. The first man of you who sets eyes on her will win my hearty thanks and a heavy gold chain into the bargain!”

Taking the Panama ship with him, Drake sailed out upon the sea-trail of the golden argosy he had just heard of; and it was well that he did so, for Spain's angry avengers were hot upon his own trail.

Lima, the capital of Peru, where the Viceroy of the King of Spain abode in stately magnificence—the famous City of Pizarro, whose very streets were said to be paved with silver—of course lies several miles inland from its port, Callao. When word came to the dumfounded Vice-

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roy that the Spanish flotilla there had been captured by a bold corsair, he thought it must be some Spanish vessel that had turned pirate.

He hastily summoned his armed array of Spanish horse and foot and prepared to capture the audacious freebooter. When later word bore to him the startling news that the stranger was a British buccaneer, he made even greater exertions to increase his armed levies, assembling two thousand Spanish horse and foot to be hurried down to Callao harbor.

Donning his armor, and accompanied by his standard-bearer carrying the castled banner of Spain, he rode to the public square, summoned his people by sound of trumpet, and there, with drawn sword, harangued them, bidding them arise and exterminate the brazen heretic of a sea-devil. In the meantime, a force was sent to Callao to guard the silver treasure of the King of Spain.

Dawn showed him the bold sea-rover, calmly going about his depredatory business, and looking most formidable with his cannon in those peaceful waters. Hastily the Viceroy got ready two Spanish ships that he seized as soon as Drake was off to sea; put aboard them a strong body of Spaniards from his assembled forces and bade them go forth and bring back in chains this hardy invader of His Hispanic Majesty's proud domain in the South Seas, till then untouched by other than Spanish keels.

The day before, Drake had seen a small Spanish sailing-boat, whose suspicious actions convinced him that it was a Spanish spy. Sure enough, the following day he saw two great Spanish ships bearing down on him where

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he lay becalmed. His exulting enemies, having the oncoming breeze behind them, were speedily approaching the *Golden Hind*!

To face these two strong Spanish ships with his little vessel and small crew was utterly out of the question; so Drake sent word to his men on the Panama ship, ordering them to return to the *Golden Hind*; and when they delayed in doing so, he jumped into a small boat, rowed over to them and berated his tardy seamen, as the peril was every moment increasing.

Abandoning the Panama ship, Drake hoisted all sail, including the topgallantsails and the spritsail by which the Spaniards recognized this "pyrate." As soon as the first ripples of the breeze reached his ship, he sailed off to the northwest, with the two Spanish ships in hot pursuit. The Panama ship was taken back to Callao, while the two Spaniards chased Drake.

The enemy ships were fair sailers; and now one of them, now the other, forged far enough ahead to fire ineffective musket-shots at the fleeing *Golden Hind*, which never needed her swift heels more than she did that trying and desperate day. The chase went on, hour after hour, over the deep blue waters of the Pacific, amid the wild shouts of the vengeful Spaniards, and (doubtless) the good, round, hearty Elizabethan oaths of the English mariners, who shook their stout fists in defiance at their huge foes.

Having no ballast in them, the Spanish ships were rather cranky, and their officers did not dare carry too much sail. It was a close and thrilling race for a while,

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and we can imagine even Drake, the undaunted, anxiously easting his eyes aloft to his straining rigging and praying quite devoutly, in true British fashion, that a pious Providence would look after the elect and see that nothing gave way in his tophamper!

As the breeze slackened Drake forged ahead with his great press of canvas; and at dusk he was almost out of sight of his foes, who followed him during the night. But next morning, his pursuers decided to return to Callao, which they had left in such hot haste that they had taken no food or water aboard. The Spaniards also thought it folly to tackle the *Golden Hind*, inasmuch as they had no cannon to oppose her great guns—only arquebuses; but the most cogent reason was, as the Spaniards admitted later, that “many of our gentlemen were very seasick, and were not in condition to stand up—much less fight.”

The Spanish ships therefore put about and returned to Callao on February fifteenth; but the Viceroy was so enraged at their failure to capture Drake that he would not allow the seasick gentlemen ashore for several days, and he banished or fined the chief officers.

As the Viceroy had few cannon, he gave orders to have more cast. He had two other vessels got ready, fully armed, fitted out, provisioned and manned by one hundred and twenty soldiers, besides the sailor crews; and sent them out on February twenty-seventh in pursuit of Drake; but the latter by that time had such a head start that the Spanish ships never even sighted him.

That able Spanish sailor and discoverer, Sarmiento,

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and the Spanish Admiral who commanded these two ships, wanted to "cut across lots" and sail for the Nicaragua coast, as they were sure he would go there—which he did—and had they gone there, they might have met and captured him—perhaps! But the Lieutenant-General of this squadron, Don Louis de Toledo, who had to go to Panama, en route to Spain, said that he was sure Drake would make for Panama. Toledo had his way; the squadron went to Panama; and thus Drake escaped, through the arrogant stupidity of a Spanish grandee.

Meanwhile, Drake sailed on northward along the Peruvian coast, soon capturing a ship bound for Lima, from which he took a huge lamp and a large "fountain"—both of massy silver—and then let her go; and kept steadily on, in his pursuit of the treasure galleon he had heard of in Callao. Off Payta, he learned that this galleon had sailed thence, bound for Panama; so he kept on his course after her.

Beyond Payta, he captured a ship bound for Panama, containing provisions, forty bars of silver and some gold, both metals amounting to eighteen thousand pieces-of-eight. She carried also a great quantity of cables, cordage "and other things which was for the provision of the journey appointed to the Fylipinas" for the Manila galleon of His Majesty the King of Spain. Also, from this ship he took a great golden crucifix adorned with large emeralds, some of which may have been those later set in a crown and presented by Drake to Queen Elizabeth!

Drake removed whatever ropes and tackle he needed

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for the *Golden Hind*, and went on upon his eager quest for the treasure galleon. Every one in the crew was now constantly scanning the horizon, in hope of being the first to glimpse this fabulously rich argosy, the stately *Cacafuego*, and thus win the praise of their generous Captain-General and the valuable prize of a heavy gold chain.

At three o'clock on the morning of March first, Drake's well-beloved cousin, young John Drake, rushed up to him shouting: "Yonder is the galleon," and pointed to the distant horizon. And sure enough, there lay the quaint high-poooped *Cacafuego*, a full four leagues to seaward of the *Golden Hind*.

Delighted beyond measure both with the find and the finder, Drake straightway embraced him most affectionately. Then taking off the long heavy chain of massy gleaming gold that hung about his own neck, he threw it over the neck of his young kinsman, amid the hearty hurrahs of the excited crew.

Drake did not wish the galleon to discover his nationality until it was too late for her to escape or throw her treasure overboard; so he set to slowing down his speed, with the intention of reaching her at dusk. To do this, he resorted to a common trick of the pirates—hanging from the stern of the *Golden Hind* numerous large empty "botijas, Spanische pottes for oyle," to act as drags.

Never dreaming of the presence of a foe in these hitherto uninvaded waters, the Captain of the *Cacafuego* took the *Golden Hind* for one of the ordinary Spanish coasting craft of this region, and sailed toward her, to find out

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who she was and what news she had. By six o'clock, Drake was quite close to the *Cacafuego*, which still took his ship to be Spanish and signaled him to send his officers aboard the galleon.

Laying the *Golden Hind* quite close to her huge adversary, Drake hailed her Captain and demanded surrender. The astounded officer curtly refused, whereupon Drake fired three cannon-shots at the galleon, and one of these, aimed by a skilful gunner, brought down her mizzenmast. At the same time her Master was wounded by an arrow from the bow of some bold English sea-archer, who had not forgotten the value of the longbow, as it was taught the French at Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt—now a quaint survival in the days of musket and cannon!

As, taken all unawares and unready, she was now helpless, her Master hors de combat, and further resistance useless, the great galleon surrendered. Drake sent a heavily armed party of hardy seamen aboard her and took possession.

Having doubtless learned two lessons, from his recent adventure with the Panama ship and his narrow escape from the large Spanish ships that might be following him, Drake at once clapped the galleon crew under hatches. According to Nuño da Silva, the old Portuguese pilot whom Drake had taken before he crossed the Atlantic, he sailed with both ships directly out to sea all that night, all next day and all next night; probably to assure himself that his intent pursuers would not catch up with him and interfere with his valuable operations, or get the golden argosy out of his clutches.



Fight between the *Golden Hind* and the Galleon *Cacafuego*

From Bry's *Americae Pars VIII*

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On the third day, Drake set his crew to searching the galleon, and quickly discovered that she was, in sooth, a royal treasure-ship. For aboard her, the exulting Englishmen found fourteen great chests full of coined pieces-of-eight; eighty pounds in weight of gold; a goodly quantity of pearls; and thirteen hundred great bars or wedges of silver, weighing some twenty-six tons; besides some very rich pieces of massive plate, and also "many jewels and chaynes." Some three hundred of these silver bars belonged to the King of Spain, the rest of them to sundry Spanish merchants. All this vast fortune was transferred to the *Golden Hind* by Drake's gleeful crew; a labor that took them several days, so vast was the booty which, without the jewels, amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling—or as a sovereign then was equal in value to twelve sovereigns of to-day, the present value of this amounts to three million pounds sterling or fifteen million dollars—a vast imperial loot!

One would think that such a royal treasure would amply satisfy even a wholesale buccaneer like Drake; but at that, when Drake's men found two very large gilt bowls, the private property of the Spanish pilot of the galleon, Drake eyed them greedily and said to the dignified old Spaniard:

"Señor Pilot, you have here two silver cups; but I must needs have one of them!"

The helpless pilot bowed, and then turned and promptly presented the other cup to Drake's steward—a stinging rebuke that seems to have gone unperceived by the grasping Englishman.

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This famous capture took place off Cape San Francisco of Ecuador, in 1° No. Lat., and some four hundred and fifty miles from Panama, according to Da Silva. About one hundred and fifty miles south of this Cape is the Island of Plata; and that eminent pirate, Basil Ringrose (who later came here, and afterward wrote a book), says that the island got its name from the fact that "Drake here made the dividend of that vast quantity of plata (silver) which he took in the Armada of this sea, distributing it to each man of his company by whole bowls full." But the English called it Drake's Island.

Spaniards affirm to this day that Drake took at that time twelve score tons of plate, and also sixteen bowls of coined money a man—his crew being then only forty-five men in all. They were forced to heave much of it overboard, because their ship could not carry it all!

Spanish captains then often carried much precious loading for rich owners, who bribed them well, and thus helped to cheat the King out of the royal fifth due the Spanish monarch for all gold or silver produced in his far-flung dominions in the New World. Doubtless, this renowned exploit of Drake, which made all Europe envious of his almost incredible booty, was instantly taken advantage of by the Spanish officials, who may have claimed that "El Draque, the Terror of the Spanish Main and Scourge of Spain, had captured in this luckless galleon sundry shipments of silver belonging to the King," whom they were all leagued together to try to cheat. Else, why were two hundred and forty tons of silver officially reported to the King as stolen by Drake,

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when he really got only twenty-six tons? Also, did Drake, for his part, take the disingenuous "bills of customs" back to England with him and double-cross his partners by holding out on them the difference between the official loot and the actual booty?—*Quien sabe?*

In a barbarous age, when captives were often badly treated, Drake deserves special admiration for his unvarying courtesy to officers and kindly consideration for men, taken prisoner. During his whole cruise in the South Seas, he did not shed the blood of a single Spaniard; and the worst he did, was to inflict a naval punishment common at the time, when he ducked from the yard-arm a negro youth who took some gold bars from a prize, and a refractory Spanish pilot who refused to obey his orders.

Now, he fairly showed his chivalry to the surprised prisoners of the *Cacafuego*, by making splendid presents to its commander, Anton, generous ones to the other officers of the galleon, and to each of its sailors thirty or forty dollars and some clothing. Then, after the galleon was thoroughly looted from stem to stern, Drake put them all aboard the *Cacafuego* and let the galleon proceed on its voyage to Panama. Indeed, the Spaniards ever afterward, throughout the New World, praised him for his humane and generous conduct on these raids upon their unprotected ships and seacoast.

Anton, though a native of Biscay, had been brought up in England and hence spoke English very well. He had several long talks with Drake, for whom he frankly confessed a vast admiration. Drake gave him a safe-conduct

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and told him that he had come into the Pacific for another purpose than the mere seizing of ships—hinting at the vast colonial and commercial enterprises in the back of his great brain.

Drake told Anton that he had visited Portugal and got to know its people; and showed him a map that had been made for him in Lisbon, and said it had cost him eight hundred *cruzados*, crowns. This agrees with a letter to the Council of the Indies in Spain, dated August 31, 1579, which says: "Before starting from England for the South Seas, Francis Drake spent several days in Lisbon, endeavoring to ascertain the navigation route of the Portuguese from the East Indies hither. He carries a map of the said voyage." This fact so interested the King of Spain that he sent for a copy of the map! Drake had the best of maps, always—but this incident shows how well and minutely he had planned his cruise.

Releasing the *Cacafuego*, after he had looted her of a princely fortune, he set sail directly for the coast of New Spain; and eleven days later, entered a harbor on that coast and took on water. He anchored at Caño Island, off Nicaragua, and a week later captured a coaster laden with honey, butter and sarsaparilla, all of which Drake left on her, save the sarsaparilla, which he threw ashore. He landed her crew in his pinnace.

Dismounting his cannon, he placed them on this prize and used her to guard him while he laid the *Golden Hind* ashore, careened, calked and trimmed her. This done, he wooded and watered her, remounted her guns and sailed northward on March twenty-fourth.

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That same day he took a ship, the *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, laden with maize and provisions, and brought it along with him. Among his recent prisoners was Colchero, a pilot of the route to China, who was being sent to Panama by the Viceroy of New Spain and who had with him several valuable sea-charts. He also bore important despatches from the Viceroy and the King of Spain to the Governor of the Philippines. Drake valued all these highly; so he took them and the charts showing the Manila routes and told Colchero that he would deliver them to his Queen. He questioned Colchero closely about navigating the Pacific and kept him near for some time.

The *Golden Hind* still leaked considerably, even after being calked at Caño, but Drake sailed on northward along the coast of Central America. Adverse weather thwarted his intention of anchoring at Realejo; so he sailed on, passing by Acajutla, because he saw no vessel in its harbor.

On March thirtieth, he was in 12° No. Lat., on this coast. On April fourth, when near Guatemala, north of the port of Sonsonate, he sighted the ship on which Don Francisco de Zarate was traveling. Before dawn he sent a boat with twelve of his Englishmen, armed with swords, daggers, shields and arrows, to take her. This Zarate was a cousin to the powerful Duke of Medina, and a member of the Noble Order of St. Iago, whose red cross of military valor Drake returned to him.

Drake took this ship along with him for two days; removing from it some provisions and twenty-eight half-

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loads of clothing, but doing so very courteously, says Zarate, who evidently admired him. In requital for Drake's leaving his rich attire alone, Zarate gave him "a falcon of golde, with a great Emeraud in the breast thereof." Drake apologized to him for helping himself to his Chinese porcelain, silks and linen—explaining that he wanted them for his wife! In return, Drake gave him a falchion and a silver perfume-burner.

Zarate says Drake was ruddy, very robust, had a fair beard and a fine countenance. He had an arrow-mark under one eye; and an arquebus-ball that he had received in his leg at the taking of Nombre de Dios was still in it, as he laughingly admitted to Zarate, in speaking of that famous exploit. "All Drake's men trembled before him; and when he paced the deck, they passed in front of him trembling, hat in hand, and bowing down to the ground," says Zarate. "He treated his men with affection, and they treated him with respect."

Drake dined and supped to the music of viols, played by his "musitians," and was served on silver dishes decorated with gold borders and gilded garlands, in which were his arms. On the bronze cannon in his pinnace was engraved "A Globe of the World with the North Star on it, and passing over it." Drake told Zarate that these were the arms conferred on him by the Queen when she sent him out on this cruise around the world. "Drake had with him nine or ten cavaliers, cadets of noble English families, but none of these gentlemen covered his head, or took a seat in his presence, till repeatedly requested to do so," says Zarate.

DRAKE'S ADVENTURES IN MEXICO

Drake "had his men keep their arquebuses clean, and exercised them at the great guns. His ship was new, and had a double lining; and he carried trained carpenters and artisans with him, so he could careen and repair his ship at any time." He now had with him two or three sailors who once had navigated the Pacific coasts of New Spain—one of them was recognized by an official at Guatulco—another instance of Drake's careful planning of this trip.

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Drake told Zarate, as he did many others after his capture of the *Cacafuego*, that he had come into these seas in the service of the Queen, his Sovereign Lady, whose orders he carried and obeyed; and that he came for a greater purpose than that of seizing ships. Further, Zarate affirms that Drake "is one of the greatest mariners who sails the seas, both as a navigator and as a commander"—with which history quite agrees.

Drake had recently heard much concerning the Manila galleons; and it seems that he at first intended to sail to Acapulco, burn such of these ships of His Majesty the King as were in that harbor, and then destroy the town. At least, he told his Spanish captives as much; but, on passing close to Guatulco (in Oaxaca Province, Mexico), he saw the ship *Juan de Madrid* anchored there; so he sent a landing party off in a boat to take possession of both it and the town.

The townsfolk thought that the *Golden Hind* was the

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galleon of Don Gregorio Ronquillo, "Governor of the Islands of the West" (called the Philippine Islands, in honor of King Philip of Spain), who was daily expected to arrive with the galleons from Manila and China. However, a Genoese sailor, eying the approaching boat, said that the ship seemed English to him, and bent on evil. Highly alarmed, the chief Alcalde went indoors and armed himself with sword and shield; and other citizens also secured their arms.

The boat swiftly drew near, but no one knew who the strangers were, until the Genoese sailor shouted: "The English! The English!" as the fifty Englishmen, armed with arquebuses, swords and shields, set foot on shore.

At the same moment, the *Golden Hind* fired off some of its cannon, to add to the psychological effect that Drake knew so well how to produce in a high-strung people like the Spanish, whose blood he did not wish to shed needlessly. His calculation was correct. The booming of his cannon and rushing ashore of his sailors were too much for Latin nerves in soft civilian bodies; so the entire population of the small town fled sans delay, including the valiant Alcalde, although this official, in his report to his superiors, says that he "retired little by little"—presumably at full speed—possibly larger jumps, until he reached the near-by forest!

Drake did not go ashore with his landing party, which proceeded to plunder this Mexican town, but secured only a large pot full of "rials of plate" of "about a bushel in bignes." However, Tom Moone was fortunate, as he captured at the sword's point a rich Spanish

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gentleman who was fleeing from the town and forced him to ransom himself with some jewels and a heavy gold chain that he wore.

The buccaneers thoroughly looted the church, according to the very full reports later made to the Viceroy. "A red-haired pock-marked boatswain led the fanatical English who profaned and sacked the church. . . . A tall hunch-backed Lutheran took down the bell of the church and made off with it, wearing a chasuble he took from the church." Others took from it two chalices, a silver lamp, a monstrance, a silver reliquary, a gilded canopy and the vestments, some of which they put on. They also carried off five pairs of altar-cloths, which they used either to wipe the sweat off their faces, or to drape over their shoulders, after they had hacked and cut the sacred pictures and images, greatly to the horror of the Vicar and two laymen whom the English had made prisoners.

This "small pock-marked man with a scant fair beard," the English boatswain, may have been one of Hawkins' former crew who had been horribly tortured by the Inquisition, for he certainly was venomous. He shocked the Factor by striking the head of the crucifix on the table, saying: "Here it is! Here you go!" It was this same man who took from the Vicar (then a prisoner on the *Golden Hind*) the golden image from the rosary about his neck, bit it and said to the horrified priest: "Why do you wear this? It is no good!"—and pretended to throw it overboard—but really (and secretly) pocketed it!

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The English stayed only four hours ashore this time, and rowed back to their ship, with good store of pork, hens and biscuits. From the *Juan de Madrid* they took both Spanish and native stuffs; and then cut off her bowsprit and destroyed her topsails, so she could not be used to pursue the *Golden Hind*, just as Drake did before, off Peru, on taking a ship that sailed faster than he did. He had wrapped all her sails around her anchor and thrown it overboard, giving the Spaniards some coarse linen with which to make a small sail.

One apocryphal story is that Drake went ashore here with a landing-party and found the Judge busily trying some negroes on a charge of conspiring to burn the town. With perfect impartiality, Drake made prisoners of both Judge and prisoners and carried them all off to the *Golden Hind*, where he made the Judge write a letter to the townsfolk, warning them not to resist and to keep at a safe distance while the English were plundering their town.

Drake stayed here two days, taking on water and provisions; and the official Mexican reports give us a striking picture of him, his crew, the *Golden Hind* and the religious exercises aboard her.

The English prayed twice a day and had a sermon twice a week, usually delivered by Chaplain Fletcher, although Drake himself often read the Psalms and sometimes preached.

“Every day at noon, before sitting down to eat, Drake had a table set out on the poop of the *Golden Hind*, and a small box covered with an embroidered cushion put at

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the head of the table. Then he had a very large book [the Bible?] brought out and placed on the table. Then he struck the table twice with the palm of his hand; and immediately nine bare-headed Englishmen, each with a small book like a breviary in his hands, joined him and seated themselves around him and the table. Drake, bare-headed, knelt down on the cushion on the box, crossed his hands, lifted his eyes to Heaven and remained so for a quarter of an hour. Then he read from the large book, and the others made responses, for an hour." Then four men played on viols, and Drake and the others "made lamentations" and sang together to the accompaniment of the viols.

While at Guatulco, Drake said to the Factor, after finishing his psalm-reading:

"You will be saying now—'This man is a devil, who robs by day, and prays at night in public!' Well, this is what I do; but it is just as when King Philip gives a very large written paper to your Viceroy, Don Martin Enriquez, telling him what he is to do . . . so the Queen, my Sovereign Lady, has told me to come to these parts. It is thus that I am doing, and if it is wrong, it is she that knows best, and I am not to be blamed for anything whatsoever. But I do regret to possess myself of anything that does not belong exclusively to King Philip or Don Martin Enriquez, for it grieves me that their vassals should be paying for them. But I am not going to stop until I have collected the two millions that my cousin John Hawkins lost at San Juan de Ulloa!"

Drake told the Factor that he had taken forty ships on

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this cruise, and that none in the world knew navigation better than he did. The superstitious Factor records it, as a fact of evil omen, that the very night of the day that Drake sailed from England, the comet was seen in Mexico!

The Factor recognized one of Drake's men as having been at Guatulco five years before—a William Cooke, one of Hawkins' men taken prisoner at San Juan de Ulloa (Vera Cruz) in 1569. He was made pastry-cook to the Viceroy, escaped from Mexico and got back to England, where he joined Drake, and now had returned hither, bent on revenge.

The Catholic Vicar said Drake had a large book (apparently Fox's *Book of Martyrs*) containing illuminated pictures of Lutherans who had been burned in Spain; and also that Drake spoke evil of the Pope, and said that in six years not a friar would be left alive. Also, he said: "How can it be tolerated that a prince or monarch is to kiss the foot of the Pope? This is a swindle, and St. Peter did not do this,"—which gibe greatly shocked the pious Vicar.

The little one-hundred-ton *Golden Hind* lay quite low in the water, due to her heavy load of silver and other treasure, which the Spanish prisoners aboard of her said now amounted to over a million dollars of that day. She was a strongly built, stout little ship, of French design, and very fast and seaworthy, with two perfectly finished sheathings to protect her sides and bottom. Nevertheless, she now leaked when going against the wind, although water-tight enough when sailing before it.

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“She was neither new, now, nor coppered; but she had good carpenters to repair her; and a forge and smiths to make such bolts and nuts as might be needed for repairs, etc. She had good masts, and double sails; and usually carried enough fresh water to last the crew for fifty days.”

She had seven armed port-holes on each side and carried four guns in her bow. Of these eighteen guns, thirteen were of bronze and five of cast-iron; her pinnace was armed with small bronze cannon. The *Golden Hind* still had an abundance of ammunition for both, for she had expended almost none of it.

Drake's bonhomie, savoir-faire and rather showy courtesy evoked the outspoken admiration of the Spaniards—a race that stands much on punctilios and social forms—and even the pompous Alcalde who had found it “necessary to abandon the town” of Guatulco to him says that he was a man to whom one could speak freely, and who was apt to invite you to dine with him. “The corsair was usually so liberal with those whom he made prisoners. He gave them money and silver, and left them their clothes and properties”—whereas the brutal Spaniards always immediately robbed their prisoners of all they had and stripped the very clothes off them, leaving them naked.

After his return to England, Drake's crew deposed that no Spaniard had been killed or maimed on this cruise; and that no ships had been sunk. However, they conveniently forgot that Drake had cast many vessels adrift in the open sea and thus sent them to certain

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wreck ashore, or to a watery grave. Drake showed, in this as in other deeds of his, a psychological acuteness that is most remarkable. For well he knew that to burn or sink outright these captured vessels would produce a sense of shock and horror, not only to the Spaniards but to the world at large; he achieved the same end by more Machiavellian methods.

Drake stayed at Guatulco only two days; and after looting the *Juan de Madrid*, he proceeded to seal up and calk the gun-ports on the sides of the *Golden Hind*, after dismounting the guns and storing them away in his hold, to act as ballast. On top of this he now piled his full water-casks.

He then set ashore his Spanish prisoners, as well as the Portuguese pilot, Nuño da Silva, whom he had had with him since leaving the Cape Verde Islands. "The poor man was very unwilling to have bin leftt to ye Spaniards for a praye . . . who was taken by ye Spanyards and carried to Mexico (City), where he was racked (by the Inquisition) to make him confess, and from Mexico was conveyed to Spayne, in the indias flette in anno 1582." In Spain, the King gave him some money, in requital for his treatment in Mexico; also an honorable commission at Lisbon, which secured him from molestation in that (his native) city. Silva later married an Englishwoman and lived in England; and still later seems to have piloted one or more large English buccaneering expeditions to the Atlantic coasts of the Americas, out of a double desire for revenge and profit.

CHAPTER IV

DRAKE IN CALIFORNIA AND THE WESTERN PACIFIC

THE BEWILDERMENT OF THE SPANISH

AT THREE P. M., on Holy Thursday, Drake set sail from Guatulco, and from that time vanished from the view or ken of the incensed Viceroy of New Spain and Peru, now all agog with military and naval preparations to capture this daring buccaneer, who had looted their coasts and ships with impunity, snapped his fingers derisively under their arrogant Castilian noses and sailed away laughing, bound no man knew whither.

He had purposely cast dust in every one's eyes, including those of Pilot Silva, by saying at different times that he intended sailing back to England by one route or another. For instance, he had said that he "was going to Acapulco, because he carried information that he would find there one of His Majesty's ships of two hundred tons,—one of those that go to and from the Islands of the West; and with her, another ship of one hundred tons, with a full cargo for Sonsonate."

Convinced that Drake might be seeking the Manila galleon, the Viceroy hurried troops to Acapulco. However, three Spaniards now deposed that they had told Drake that there were armed ships and many soldiers at

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Acapulco, and hence he had given up his plan of going there. And, in fact, Drake did not appear at that base-port. The Viceroy was all aflutter with alarm, vexation and wonder as to what course was now being followed by this bold sea-robber, whom they were so anxious to capture, in order to avert from themselves the dreaded anger of the King.

Silva told the Viceroy of New Spain that Drake had often told him and other prisoners that he was under orders to return by the Strait de Baccallaos (Codfish Strait), "which he had come hither to discover, and that failing to find an exit through it, he was bound to return by the way of China." Silva added that while he was at Guatulco, Drake had taken out a map and on it showed him where he must seek this "strait situated in 66° No. Lat." Silva therefore suggested that Drake would follow the coast of the Californias northward in search of this mythical strait—called by the Spaniards the Strait of Anian—which was then universally believed to exist.

Silva, however, suspected that Drake had only been hoodwinking him—and through him, the Spanish officials—for Silva said later Drake could not find this strait by following the California coast; and concluded he had gone home by way of the Moluccas. Silva felt sure, from the fact that Drake put his guns in his hold at Guatulco, that he did not intend to return to England by way of the Straits of Magellan, "but to take to the open sea, although this is a course I have hitherto never heard of any one taking." Yet, as a matter of fact, that is exactly what daring Drake actually did, after a vain search for

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the Straits of Anian, that will-o'-the-wisp of Pacific navigators.

Nothing is more amusing and interesting than the excited comments and suggestions which were now made to the Viceroy by various Spaniards, some of whom had never sailed a day on the Pacific. One Doctor Robles, a judge of the Mexican Supreme Court, set out to sea in haste to catch Drake, but soon returned, as all his men were "sore seasick." The armed Manila galleon also sailed out and joined in what proved to be a wild-goose chase, for these ships hunted for him in the wrong direction, by sailing southward toward Panama. Valverde, Licentiate to the King, wanted the Manila galleon sent to search the Gulf of Vermejo, the Vermillion or Red Gulf, now known as the Gulf of California, and also the coasts of the Californias, where he thought Drake might land and winter—which Drake really did, and might have been captured there, with his ship careened!

Valverde said that Drake's storing his guns below was only a subtle stratagem. The famous discoverer of the Solomon Islands, Sarmiento, said that once Drake reached 43° or Cape Mendocino, the southwest winds would cease, "and westerly ones prevail, upon which ships [Manila galleons] sail from the Orient to the land of Labrador. . . . A man like Francis [Drake] who knew all this, would not have wished to lose time nor risk his life and property in the tropics; but the season for going-west [winds] lasts all year around;" and he opined "Francis" would go home by "the Florida passage"!

Don Luis de Valasco, a noble don and son of the Second

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Viceroy of New Spain, urged its Viceroy to send a small ship to the Philippines with letters for the Moluccas, to warn them there of the coming thither of "the corsair," so they might be prepared to capture him; but the Viceroy said this course would be a mistake. So Don Luis, highly peeved at this curt rebuff, wrote a letter to the King of Spain, on September 18, 1579, telling his Sovereign of all this; and advising that a search should be made on the California coast for Drake, as "so expert and astute a corsair . . . must have had more desire to safeguard his rich prize than to seek ports in New Spain and await vessels to fight him."

On receipt of this letter, the King of Spain decided to ask his uncle, the King of Portugal, to order his officials in the Moluccas to intercept the buccaneer. Drake really must have guessed that he had stirred up all this commotion and have laughed at the Spaniards, bewildered by the mystery in which his skilful camouflage had involved his movements.

DRAKE'S SOJOURN IN CALIFORNIA

Drake's little *Golden Hind* now bore thirty-five tons of gold and silver alone. What with its other cargo, crew, guns, water, stores and provisions, we do not wonder that it sailed slowly and caused Drake to worry as to its future safety, for there was every likelihood that several much larger armed Spanish vessels were already hot on his track. To stay was dangerous, but it was still more dangerous for him to retreat by the course by which he had come, as the Spaniards were very likely to waylay

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him off the Straits of Magellan with a vastly superior force; also, the burden of great wealth already weighed heavily upon his shoulders, and he feared that his deep-laden vessel might not again weather the terrible and incessant storms that made the passage always perilous, and often fatal.

After some hesitation, he decided to sail homeward by way of the Moluccas, "and thence to sayle the Course of the Portugals by Cape Buena Esperanza" (Good Hope). So he boldly set forth westward into the vast uncharted Pacific Ocean, and proceeded a little way, only to find himself becalmed. "He saw that he must of necessity be forced to take a Spanish course, namely to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind"—a procedure then known to so few outside the pilots of the Manila galleons that Drake must surely have heard of it from the two pilots he had recently captured.

Setting sail north on April sixteenth, he kept steadily on this course for so many hundreds of leagues that one can hardly doubt but that he bethought himself, anew, of the fabled Straits of Anian and decided that as he had got this far north, he might just as well go on farther and try to find this Northern Passage, and sail through its unknown waters and icy seas, from the Pacific into the Atlantic; and so, quickly home!

But as he sailed on and on and penetrated the higher latitudes, his crew, but lately from the equator, shivered in icy blasts that chilled them to the bone, and their complaints grew loud when they saw plainly that he was not set for the Moluccas at all. As the cold adverse gales

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now grew daily fiercer, and the *Golden Hind* labored and tossed upon the gigantic waves of the North Pacific, Drake at last reluctantly gave up his quest for the Straits of Anian. After sailing on this course for over six hundred leagues, very likely as far north as 48° No. Lat., he seems to have put about on June third. With a howling gale behind her, the *Golden Hind* made such fast time that two days later they were five degrees to the south.

Drake bore off toward where he thought the land might be—all this Pacific coast was then unmapped, save by the galleon pilots' course—and straightway it loomed up right in front of him, greatly to his surprise, as he did not know that the continent steadily trends toward the northwest. Drake thought it was only a very large island, when he struck it, near Cape Blanco in Oregon, where he found the coast low, but growing more mountainous as he went farther southward along it, looking for a safe harbor.

Finally, he passed the large projecting promontory of Point Reyes, in Lat. 38° 30', on the south side of which "it pleased God to send us into a faire and good Baye, with a good wind to enter" into this "safe and convay-nient and fit harbour." And so, on June 17, 1579, the Prince of Buccaneers and his famous little ship came to anchor about thirty miles north of San Francisco, California, in what is now known as Drake's Bay. English eyes gazed for the first time upon the fair and fertile lands of California.

Soon after the *Golden Hind* anchored, it sprang a leak; and as that had to be attended to at once, the ship was

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moved over and moored in shallow water. Drake had his men erect a temporary fortification, strengthened with stout bulwarks, inside of which he stored his cargo, supplies and provisions, and there set up tents in which his men abode during their five weeks' stay in California. The vessel was then drawn up on the beach and careened, the leak stopped, the bottom graved and the whole ship cleaned, repaired and refitted, preparatory to the long voyage homeward.

Drake found California well populated with simple, honest, peaceful Indians, who displayed the greatest friendliness toward the Englishmen, the first white men that these tribes had ever seen. They took them to be gods, borne thither on the white wings of this awesome Great Sea-Eagle, as they called the *Golden Hind*. With great reverence they slowly advanced toward the mysterious white gods, and humbly laid at their feet bows and arrows, fine feather-work, skins of wild animals, edible roots, food-seeds, acorn-meal and highly-prized little bags of tabah—probably the native wild tobacco that grew on sandy beaches in California.

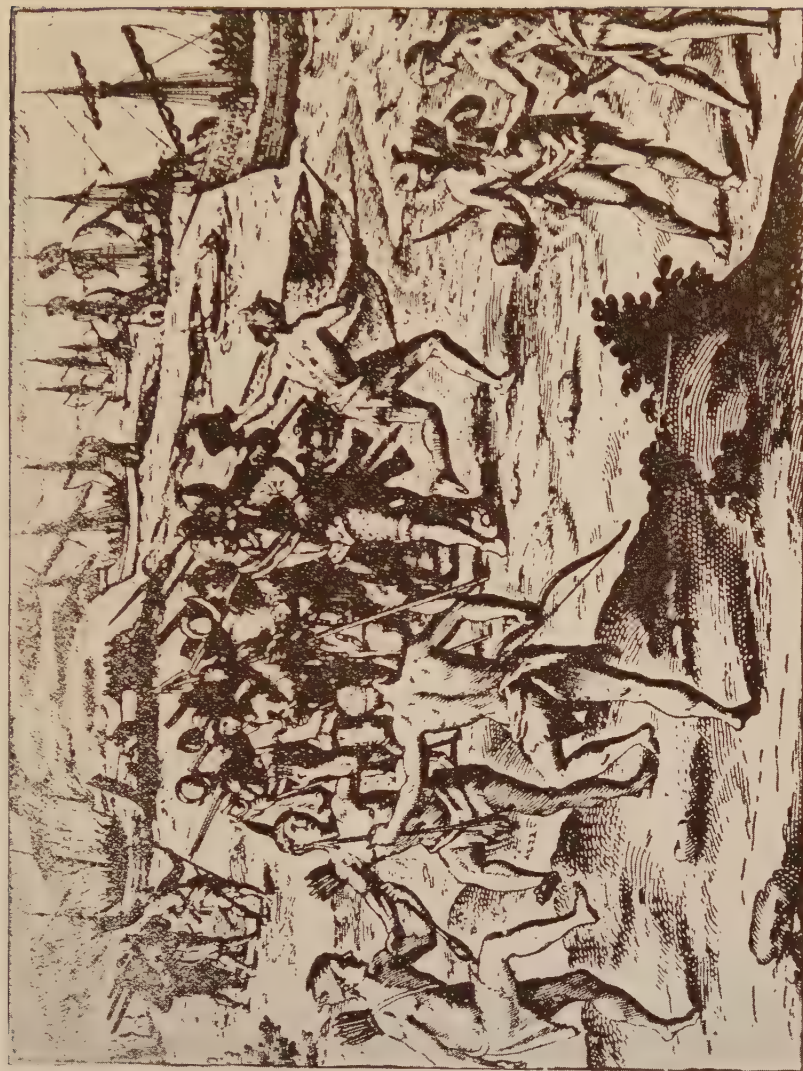
The first day, the whole Indian tribe approached Drake's fort in a body to greet the English; but not knowing exactly what their gathering foreboded, "our General gathered his men together, and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together and a general salutation being made, there was a general silence. On coming towards our bulwarks and tents, the scepter-bearer began a song, observing his measures in a

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dance, and that with a stately countenance." After a palaver, friendly greetings were exchanged, and Drake relaxed his vigilance enough to permit the chiefs to enter his fort. Preliminary peace was established.

So numerous were these red men that it behooved Drake to keep on friendly terms with them, after his bloody experience with the Araucanian Indians of Chile. He had several formal interviews with them. But the divine homage paid him and his crew, as mighty wizards and masters of magic, greatly shocked him and aroused in him the superstitious dread of his age, that ill-luck might befall him if he placidly accepted it. So straightway he summoned his chaplain, Fletcher, and had that minister perform divine services, which Drake and his crew attended with proper reverence.

That the wondering Indians might learn that the god-like palefaces were only mortal men like themselves, and as such worshiped the One and Only God of all mankind, Drake and his men knelt devoutly during prayers, and afterward joined in singing psalms—which last vastly delighted the red men. Always thereafter these simple-minded aborigines teased the Englishmen to sing for them and seemed to love any kind of song or music. That sunlit day in California, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, Protestant church services were held probably for the first time in all the Americas. This fact is appropriately commemorated by the fine Prayer-Book Cross now standing in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The Bible used by Drake on this occasion is still preserved in Nut Hall House, Devonshire, England.



Drake and the Indians
From Bry's Americae Pars VIII

DRAKE'S SOJOURN IN CALIFORNIA

These red men were quite naked, save for various designs painted on their bronze bodies in different colors, although some were quaintly clad in sundry skins. And many were adorned with feathers, worn in their long black hair; while the women usually wore only a knee-length skirt, made of bark or dressed deerskins.

They were delighted to act as guides to Drake in the several excursions that he made into the surrounding country, for he still hoped to find a new Peru somewhere in the Americas. From the Indians he learned that "it seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country." He became the first prospector who looked over our Pacific coast, and he found many likely-looking prospects.

"This country seemed to promise rich veins of gold and silver, as wherever they [the English] had occasion to dig, they threw up some of the ores of these metals. . . . There is no part of the earth to here been taken up, where there is not some special likelihood of gold and silver," Fletcher notes—a fair prophecy, when we remember that California has, since 1849, produced metallic wealth worth four billion dollars.

On June twenty-sixth, the Indians staged a long and imposing ceremony that, strangely enough, had great historical consequences in the coming centuries. A vast concourse had assembled, headed by their tall and stately chief who was accompanied by a hundred armed attendants and a bearer carrying two feather crowns and a scepter; while the women and children bore gifts for the magic strangers from oversea. The chiefs were clad in

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skins of mountain-lion and wildcat; the red commonalty were naked, and had their faces painted black, white, or both.

The scepter-bearer delivered a long oration in a loud voice, and then the whole assembly approached Drake, gravely chanting and dancing, in unison. Then the head chief took one of the feather coronets from the bearer, put it on Drake's head, gave him one of the scepters and encircled his neck with white strings of sacred shell-beads. All the Indians then bowed before Drake and shouted "Hioh!"—after which they paced about in a stately dance, while chanting their crude heroic tribal songs.

Probably the Indians were simply and solemnly bestowing on Drake the honors by which they adopted him as a chief of their tribe; but the perplexed and amazed Drake finally construed this into their making him their king and tendering him the sovereignty of their country—a conclusion quite suited to his desires, for one of the original objects of this voyage had been to find suitable localities along North America's Pacific coast, north of Spain's dominions, where British colonies might be planted, to offset Spain's power in the Pacific. He therefore now gravely accepted the crown, scepter and royal dignity, intending to use it later for the benefit of England.

Meanwhile, the work of attending to the *Golden Hind* went duly on; and in a fortnight she was shipshape once more and set afloat again; and her provisions, guns, stores and precious cargo—including the silver bars

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"eche of the bignes of a brickbatte"—were once more restored to their former places aboard her.

"Our necessary businesse being ended, our General with his company travelled up into the country to their Indian villages, where we found herds of Deere by thousand in a company, they being most large and fat of body." The English also marveled at the vast numbers of "conies" (ground-squirrels, most likely). Drake enjoyed the beauty of the land and the fineness of the climate and wrote of it: "It is a goodlie countrey, and fruitful soyle, stored with many blessings for the use of man."

Only one thing remained for the far-seeing Drake to do. He now named this new land "New Albion" for two reasons: "the firste, in respect to the white banckes and cliffes which lie towards the sea, and the other because it might have affinitie with our country in name, which sometime was so called. . . . When the time came for our departure, our General set up a monument to our being here, so also of Her Majesty's right and title to the land:—namely, a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereon was engraved Her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival, with the giving up of the province and people into Her Majesty's hands—together with Her Highnesse's picture and Arms in a silver six-pence under the plate—whereunder was also written the name of our General."

Having thus taken formal possession of California in the name of his Queen and country, Drake and his men bade a kindly farewell to the sorrowing Indians, who had grown most fond of these blue-eyed palefaces who had

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treated them so well, according to Drake's strict orders to his crew. He evinced a deliberate policy of establishing friendly relations with these red men to facilitate the future founding of a British colony here in California, beyond the inhabited domains of the King of Spain on the Pacific coast.

Religious services were held just before sailing; and on July twenty-third, the *Golden Hind* put to sea, Drake and his officers waving their hands from the deck to the grieving Indians, who woefully raised aloft their arms and built friendship-fires on their lofty hills to light their departing visitors on their way.

DRAKE'S COLONIZATION PLAN

England never forgot this early claim to California. In 1793, the British explorer, Vancouver, both amazed and amused the Spanish officials in California by calling it New Albion. And during the 1840's, amid the dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the possession of Oregon, England urged, as part of her proof of title, Drake's taking possession of the coast in 1579.

"If God spareth my life, I will return here from England, with six or seven galleons," Drake told one of his Spanish prisoners on this voyage. The Spaniards thought that he meant solely a new looting raid in the South Seas, and hence hastened to make warlike preparations against his return. Almost as soon as he got back to England and the Queen could deal openly with him, we find Drake taking steps to carry out his California-colonization project.

DRAKE'S COLONIZATION PLAN

Drake and the Queen drew up a systematic plan to found a great colonial empire on the Pacific coast, to rival that of Spain; and Drake urged that it be founded in California, on which, he said, Spain had not set foot, for the dominion of New Spain lay far southward of this favored spot; whose beauty, climate and fertility he so vastly admired and praised.

This colonization scheme was entitled "a proiect of a corporation of sooche as shall venteur into sooche domynions and countreys sytush [situate] bayonde the equynoctyall line." Drake was either to act as, or appoint, the governor of this company; and moreover was, "in consyderatyon of his great travayll and hazarde of his person in the seyd dyscoverye, to have during his seyd life a tenthe parte of the proffits of sooche commoditytes" as they would secure from there; and to Her Majesty was to be given a fifth part of the "proffyt of mynes of goold and sylver."

Startled Spain was wide awake to the danger of all this, for in 1581, the year after Drake's return to England, the Spanish Ambassador at Elizabeth's Court complained to her that he heard Drake was about to set sail with ten ships, bound for the Spice Islands; and that six other ships were to sail for Brazil and thence into the South Seas. He protested against this grand new venture of the dread Scourge of Spain, the Dragon Drake. Elizabeth was not yet ready to risk an open break with Spain, so she reluctantly laid aside Drake's project; especially as European political affairs were unpropitious just then.

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ACROSS THE PACIFIC AND AROUND THE CAPE

Drake had three books on navigation, one in English, one in French, and an account of Magellan's discovery. From his prisoners, we know that he kept a book in which he entered his own navigation; and therein also drew and painted pictures, for both he and his cousin, John Drake, painted well, and often spent hours at it. He always set down all he learned and read about the Portuguese routes to the Cape Verde Islands, to the Guinea coast, and to the East Indies; and also about the Portuguese armed strength in the Indies, both by land and sea. On capturing ships, the very first things he laid hands on were the compasses, needles, astrolabes and charts—all of which he threw overboard, save the most useful of the charts, such as those of the Manila galleons, for he knew the best routes across all of the oceans, from his long and diligent study of the accepted authorities on the entrancing subject.

Having failed to find the mythical Straits of Anian, Drake reverted to his original plan and started boldly out into the Pacific straight for the Molucca Islands. Favorable winds wafted him quickly on his way, and he had a fine voyage of it, encountering almost no storms on the long course. During the night hours of this daring trip, he did not know but that his little ship might strike some reef or island in the vast uncharted ocean and go down with all aboard. Indeed, the more one studies the perilous peregrinations of these early sea-captains—all of whom were explorers, in that they sailed distant un-

ACROSS THE PACIFIC AND AROUND THE CAPE mapped seas—the more one must admire their fearless courage and native skill.

Stout indeed must have been the hearts of mariners like Drake, whose eyes never set sight on land for three long months after leaving the shores of California. He drove doggedly ahead on his set course, but perhaps even his iron courage faltered at times; and doubtless it was with vast relief that on October thirteenth he heard once more the thrice-welcome cry from the crosstrees, “Land ho!”

The land that the *Golden Hind* had now reached in 8° No. Lat. was probably one of the Caroline Islands. Soon the ship was surrounded with numerous canoes, built with outriggers on both sides and semicircular up-turned prows and sterns inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The black-teethed natives brought loads of cocoanuts and other fruit to barter with the English, who avidly devoured them, grateful for the change from their coarse, rank, salty sea-fare.

Two days later, Drake came to other thickly populated islands which produced much cinnamon, and whose inhabitants were friends of the Portuguese. Sailing on, he fell in with the Moluccas on November fourteenth. Steering for Tidore, he arrived off the Isle of Motir, which belonged to the King of Ternate, and there met the King's Viceroy, who boarded the *Golden Hind* and advised Drake not to go to Tidore, where the Portuguese were, but directly to Ternate, as the King hated “the Portugals” and would have naught to do with Drake, if the latter had dealings with them. So Drake made for Ternate,

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and arriving off this Spice Island, he sent a velvet cloak to the King by a messenger, saying he was English, came in peace and wanted only to traffic and exchange merchandise with the King's subjects.

The King gave Drake and the *Golden Hind* a fine reception; sending out a flotilla of huge war canoes, each armed with a swivel-gun mounted in its bow, as escort to a boatload of his greatest nobles. These men were sitting under a perfumed mat awning to keep the sun off them, "divers of whom being of great age and gravity, did make an ancient fatherly show." With them, the King sent—as his proxy—his own brother, who declared his pleasure at meeting and dealing with the English, and brought them presents of rice, "hens, cloves, imperfect and liquid sugar, figo, a fruit, and sago—made of the tops of certain trees, tasting in the mouth like sour-curds, but melteth away like sugar, whereof they make certain cakes, which may then be kept for the space of ten yeeres, and yet then be good to be eaten."

Drake sent his brother to the Sultan of Ternate to return the formal royal call with great state and ceremony. This monarch had just driven the Portuguese out of his island to that of the Sultan of Tidore; and was a Prince of great power and splendor, ruling over seventy islands, and famous all over the Orient for his regal magnificence.

Here amid the great court of one thousand persons, surrounded by his officers of state and sixty grave counselors, he received the envoys, who were properly impressed. They vastly admired the splendid canopy embroidered with gold, under which sat the Oriental

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potentate, hedged by a royal body-guard of twelve fierce warriors who were armed with lances. Beside the throne stood a handsome page, waving over the Sultan's gold-ornamented head a fan two feet long and a foot broad, curiously embroidered with Arabic verses from the Koran (as the Sultan and his subjects were mostly Mohammedans), and also enriched with many splendid sapphires. To one side stood a colorful Turkish embassy, whose envoys were clad in shining scarlet robes and costly turbans.

The Sultan was dressed in cloth of gold, with gold rings in his black hair, massy double-linked gold chains about his neck, with his legs bare and his feet thrust in red Morocco slippers. His hands were fairly covered with huge and priceless jewels of many kinds: on the left he wore a big diamond, an emerald, a ruby and a turky (turquoise); on the right, in one ring a big and perfect turky and in another ring many diamonds. Everywhere about this gorgeous court was the glitter of barbaric gold, acquired by the Sultans through their monopoly of the valuable spice trade of the Moluccas.

Drake provisioned the *Golden Hind* and bartered for spices with the Sultan, who supplied him and other traders, for good hard gold and silver, with what they needed in the way of cloves, nutmegs, mace, cinnamon and pepper. The Sultan wanted Drake to come ashore and visit him, but Drake declined the honor, for his alarmed crew refused to let him entrust himself to the good faith of an Oriental monarch; for well the hardy English knew that their own surest chance of ever seeing

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merry England again lay closely compacted within the clever head of Master Francis.

While here in the Moluccas, Drake cut down his crew to sixty, probably by discharging his non-English sailors, of whom he had a large number. A Spaniard says that twelve of his original crew were "gentlemen"; among them, his brother Thomas and his cousin John Drake and his cousin William Hawkins.

Spice-laden and provisioned, Drake sailed to a little islet south of Celebes, where they careened the *Golden Hind*, graved it of the sea-growth and put it shipshape anew after its long passage through the Pacific. Occupied with this labor, they remained here twenty-six days; and greatly marveled at the huge fruit-bats, as big as poultry, and especially at the shining flies, so thick at night that the trees looked as if they were afire! Likewise, they first wondered at and then devoured the crawfish that burrowed in the ground like rabbits and were so big that one of them made a meal for four men!

Sailing from this isle of marvels, they met with a dangerous accident, on January 9, 1580, that well-nigh ended the *Golden Hind* and their own lives, when the ship suddenly grounded on a submerged pinnacle-rock, near an island. Luckily the stout little hull was not pierced and hence did not leak. Drake landed eight of his guns, three tons of cloves and many bags of meal on the adjacent isle. In terrible peril and suspense, the ship hung on the rock for eight hours, but the wind changed from starboard to larboard, "as it were in a moment, by special Grace of God"—in the pious phrase of the Chaplain!



The Island of California and the mythical Strait of Anian

From P. Goos, Zee Atlas, 1666

ACROSS THE PACIFIC AND AROUND THE CAPE

On February eighteenth, Drake fell in with the fruitful Island of Boratene (Booten), where they obtained yet other spices, and many agreeable additions to their list of provisions, especially sago. Thence they sailed to the great Island of Java, where they were very honorably entertained by the six kings who ruled it and who paid a visit to the *Golden Hind*. Here Drake heard that some large ships were not far off; so, taking no chances with such a precious cargo, he sailed directly for Cape Buena Esperanza (Good Hope) and arrived off it on June eighteenth; although he did not land there, lest he encounter the hostile "Portugals."

Drake got around the cape so easily that he discovered, and published to the world, that the "Portugals" had deliberately deceived every one, when they represented the passage as full of dreadful horrors. This lie, which had discouraged the ships of other countries from attempting it, was blood-brother to another lie of the early Portuguese about the Spice Islands, which they said were covered with perpetual mist and darkness! So Drake shattered Spain's lie about the Straits of Magellan and Portugal's lie about the Cape of Good Hope, and by thus heartening the mariners of other nations, soon sent them traversing those passages once closed by fear, and proved himself a benefactor to maritime progress.

Drake did not venture to land in Africa until he arrived, on July twenty-second, at Sierra, where he stayed for two days. His crew took on water and wood, refreshed themselves with lemons and ate oysters that they found growing on twigs along the shore.

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Sailing thence, Drake voyaged straight homeward, without further stops, eager to get out of the enemy-infested middle Atlantic. He arrived safely at Plymouth Harbor September 26, 1580, after an absence from England of two years, ten months and eleven days, on one of the world's most famous and romantic cruises. He had brought home wealth enough in his precious cargo to make all aboard the staunch little *Golden Hind* rich for life and famous for ever.

DRAKE'S HOME-COMING

Aye! vast was the sensation in Plymouth Town and Harbor, when the merry little ship sailed saucily in, and Master Francis Drake returned, once more, unto his very own. Alone he had ventured into the vast Pacific, and there in his one small sea-hawk, he had defied the whole majesty of the mightiest nation on the globe! First among navigators he had sailed clear around the world in his own ship—for Magellan had been slain in the Philippines and had not lived to complete his famous voyage.

As the story of this wonderful feat of Drake spread through England, the entire country rose up, as one man, and honored and praised and even idolized him. He instantly became a great national hero; and the pride of his country in him, in his wonderful voyage and—not least, by any means—in the vast wealth he had buccaneered off of Spain, the universal enemy, made even the little *Golden Hind* almost sacred in the eyes of Englishmen. For over a hundred years she was carefully preserved, and shown to admiring visitors as a national relic

DRAKE'S HOME-COMING

of England's earliest maritime greatness. A chair made from her timbers was given by King Charles II to the University of Oxford. There to this day, one may behold the sufficient reason for England's rise to imperial power and a memorial of enduring interest to all Americans in general, and to Californians in particular.

True, in the eternal light of the verities, Drake played the part of the Prince of Buccaneers. This cruise was more than a mere plunder-venture, albeit in the grand style—yes, even more than a grander gesture of English contempt and defiance of the hated Spaniard. It marked the distinguished inception of a world-wide maritime epoch and flung all the seas and oceans of the earth wide-open to the bold and daring nations of the world!

This English cruise gave notice to Spain, Portugal and the rest of the world that England proposed to send her ships to sail the Seven Seas despite all mandates of popes and monarchs.

Great was now Drake's fame; yet, amid England's general rejoicing in his unparalleled exploit, there were not wanting detractors, who demurred against his buccaneering actions and frankly said that his sole object was plunder, and that he had stolen from the King of Spain enough money to pay the taxes of the country for all of eight years.

Loud was the protest from outraged Spain. The Spanish Ambassador in London published red-hot memorials, excoriating Drake in extremely angry language and proclaiming him to be "the Master Thief of the Unknown World."

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Most heartily did Drake and his noble partners laugh at that picturesque epithet! They could well afford to laugh, now that he was safe in England with this royal treasure-loot. And as for his delighted Queen, Elizabeth of England—why, she was bluff King Hal's own true daughter, who, the following spring, held off the Spanish Ambassador with one hand and with the other patted Drake on the shoulder and bade him: "Arise—Sir Francis Drake!"

It was a noble and fitting guerdon to a man much greater than history generally credits him to-day. Well did he serve England in her hours of deadly peril, when he destroyed the great fleet at Cadiz and then helped crush the Armada that sought to conquer his country and make it a mere appanage of Spain!

Busy to the very last, on England's warlike business along the Spanish Main, the scene of his first triumphs, he died an admiral on his ship amid his great sea-captains.

And the blue Caribbean—the home and origin of bold buccaneers—sweeps and weeps over all that remains of the very greatest of them all, the Prince of Buccaneers.

CHAPTER V

THOMAS CAVENDISH, GENTLEMAN BUCCANEER

CAVENDISH YIELDS TO THE LURE

ALL Elizabethan England was stirred to its heart's core by Drake's dazzling fame and the vast wealth he had torn from the talons of Spain. The red blood ran strongly in the veins of England, then rising to first rank as a maritime power. Thrilled by Drake's splendid success and eager to emulate him, Englishmen of rank and means hastened to play their brilliant part in this great sea game. They secured and sent out ships and squadrons, fitted out at their own expense, and officered by their relatives, friends and other gentlemen. People of the lower classes eagerly enlisted in such adventurous enterprises, encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, who urged them and the nobility and gentry of England to seek fame and fortune upon the tossing seas, even as "her deare Pyrat," Drake, had just done.

Fired with enthusiasm, young England took to the seas like ducks to the water. Many were the great sea paladins that arose to win fame for themselves and glory for their country in that great age of romance, adventure and heroism. And Elizabeth knighted many a gallant sea-hawk, the thunder of whose guns shook the stately gal-

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leons of Spain from truck to keelson and sent its shot-torn armadas reeling down to the dark depths below.

Among these brave knights errant, second only to Drake as a daring depredator upon the King of Spain's dominions in the Pacific Ocean, was Thomas Cavendish, a gentleman of fine family, from Trimley in the County of Suffolk, England, who inherited considerable estates near the town of Ipswich, then a place with considerable sea trade. He seems to have been a lively young gallant, who cut a figure at Court and expended much of his wealth in so doing, like many another young spark.

The love of the sea in his veins was stirred to fever heat by Drake's exploits. He disposed of part of his estates as soon as he came of age and with the proceeds purchased and fitted out a staunch ship of one hundred tons, the *Tiger*, to adventure somewhat on his own account, in a colonizing enterprise of Sir Walter Raleigh. This seems to have resulted in a wild-goose chase in which Cavendish found neither loot nor reputation but gained considerable valuable experience before he finally returned to Falmouth on October 6, 1585.

Cavendish had met and conversed at length with several men who had been with Drake in his circumnavigation of the globe. He now resolved to undertake an equally daring venture, and thus both acquire fame and recoup the sums he had expended in his venture to Virginia and the West Indies. In fact, he determined to follow the trail of Drake and try to rival him both in booty and glory, by again assailing the King of Spain in the South Seas. As England was now openly at war with



Captain Thomas Cavendish

From Holland's Hweerologia

CAVENDISH YIELDS TO THE LURE

that mighty Monarch who aspired to universal dominion, the English deemed it not only excusable but quite proper for private individuals to plunder the Spaniard wherever he was found, especially where it was highly profitable to do so.

Cavendish, therefore, raised sufficient money from the rest of his estate to build and equip two small ships. In six months his little flotilla was ready and was speedily fitted out, armed with cannon and small-arms, suitable for his warlike desires to harry the haughty Spaniard, repair the losses he had incurred in his private fortune, and, in addition, buccaneer enough booty off the Dons to further greatly his vaulting personal ambition.

It was then the fashion for those who wished to advance their fortunes at Court and elsewhere, to seek to procure some powerful patron, usually an influential nobleman high in place or favor; and so, even as doughty Drake had done aforetime with Sir Christopher Hatton, Cavendish secured as his patron Lord Hunsdon, the Lord High Chamberlain and a near relative of Queen Elizabeth, through whom he presently obtained a commission from the Queen to war against Spain and her vast dominions.

The tiny squadron with which courageous Cavendish set forth to beard the Spanish lion in his distant den was composed of the *Desire*, one hundred and sixty tons, "the admiral," as seamen then called the flag-ship—and the *Content*, sixty tons. To these Cavendish now added "a barke of forty tunnes" called the *Hugh Gallant*, on which sailed, among others, an English gentleman named Fran-

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cis Pretty, Esquire, of Ey in County Suffolk, who, on his return from this celebrated cruise, wrote a fascinating account of *The Admirable and Prosperous Voyage of the Worshipfull Master Thomas Candish*, for so the name was then written.

Fully supplied with provisions for two years—all at Master Cavendish's own expense—and manned by one hundred and twenty-three officers and men, several of whom had been with Drake on his famous voyage to the South Seas, the tiny squadron of cockle-shells sailed from Plymouth on July 21, 1586, amid the hearty English hurrahs of the seamen in the harbor and with the right good wishes of Queen, Court and faithful Commons.

A very able and enterprising man always, Cavendish had taken every precaution possible to make his venture a success by securing the guidance and experience of Drake's mariners, and also by taking along with him all the maps, charts and accounts of voyages over his destined course that he could lay his hands on. A formal agreement had been made between him and his men as to the proportionate share that each should receive of all booty that they captured. Cavendish had been more than fair about this, in the vain hope that he would avoid the usual quarrels and mutinies that arose among freebooters and privateers over the division of the loot.

Sailing steadily southward in the Atlantic, they came to the River of Gold (Rio del Oro) and Cape Blanco, Africa, and thence went on along the Guinea coast, where the scurvy made such ravages among the men that Cavendish adopted the only known way to check the frightful

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disease, by putting them ashore to recover their health.

On August twenty-third, they arrived at Sierra Leone, but the hostile negro tribes assailed them and slew one Englishman with a poisoned arrow, which so angered Cavendish that he promptly burned their town. By September third, his sailors managed to catch some fish, giving their sick men a change of diet from the coarse, extremely salty sea-food of that age, which, with the lack of fresh vegetables or fruit, was the cause of scurvy, though this fact was not known until nearly three hundred years later—incredible as that may seem.

Here also they secured lemons, the finest antidote to scurvy in the world (though not then known as such); and the gaping English marveled at the African buffalo they saw ashore. A few days later, they came to the Banana Islands, where plantains were to be had in greatest abundance; and presently our mariners improved.

Leaving these fruitful isles on September tenth, they steered wildly across the Atlantic, under the guidance of the Master of the *Desire*, Christopher Hare, who had already been to St. Vincent, Brazil, in the year 1581.

Cavendish arrived off Brazil on October thirty-first, and next day landed at St. Sebastian Island (just south of Rio De Janiero). He had his smith set up his forge and there repaired his little ships and put together his pinnace. This done, they sailed south along Brazil and past the River of Silver; until they came, on November twenty-seventh, to a safe harbor, suitable for careening and graving their vessels, to which Cavendish gave the name of Port Desire, in honor of his own ship.

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Here the English encountered the warlike Patagonian Indians, who wounded two of them with arrows and then fled before retaliation could be made. One of these aborigines left a footprint eighteen inches long; and much they marveled at the monster-man who could have made such a huge track, and concluded that he must have been one of the giants that Magellan said inhabited Patagonia! Very likely the savage had slid along, on that wet ground, and thus unduly extended his footprint.

The careening and giant-hunting over, they sailed southward along the barren coast; and on January 6, 1587, entered, not without misgivings, the stormy and perilous Straits of Magellan. There they captured a Spaniard named Hernando, one of twenty-four fugitives, all that remained of some four hundred hapless Spaniards who had been stationed there three years before in a fort. "That same day we passed through the narrowest of these straits, and the aforesaid Spaniard showed us the hull of a small barque, which we judged to be a barque called the *John Thomas*."

The Spaniard said that this wrecked vessel was supposed to have been left there by Sir Francis Drake; so doubtless this melancholy wreck was that of Drake's ship *Marygold*, whose Captain was named John Thomas.* His name may still have been visible, if painted on the stern of this doomed little ship, whose fate had hitherto been a mystery. It had been cast away on the cruel rocks and lost with all on board, during that frightful storm in which it had disappeared from Drake's anxious sight.

*See page 47.



Cavendish's Men Encounter Patagonian Indians

From Twee Vermaarde Scheeps-togden van Thomas Candisch-geedan in het Jaar, 1586--Leyden, 1706

THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE SPANISH FORT

Two days later, Cavendish anchored off the Island of Penguins, where his men slew, and salted away for food, many large seals that they found there. Next day, they came to the scene of one of the greatest tragedies of the early maritime world, the deserted Spanish fort of Ciudad del Rey Felipe.

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Vastly alarmed at Drake's daring and skilful passage of the Straits and entrance into the South Seas, where he mulcted Spain of such huge treasure, the Spanish monarch had issued a decree that hereafter any discoveries made in the Americas should not be published to the world but kept a State secret. What dumfounded Spain was the comparative ease with which he had got through, whereas all the ships sent thither by Spain, Portugal and Cortés, the Great Conquistador, had ignominiously failed to effect their passage. The King, therefore, ordered that they should now be thoroughly explored by Spanish ships fitted out in Peru.

So the Viceroy sent Don Pedro Sarmiento, then esteemed one of Spain's best sailors, from the port of Lima to explore the Straits; and greatly to the surprise and admiration of all Spain, Sarmiento found them and passed through them from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. He was so delighted with this first passage of the Straits by a real Spaniard—Magellan was only a Portuguese in Spain's employ—that he kept right on going across the Atlantic to Spain, where he was highly praised for his wonderful feat by His Majesty King Philip II.

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Striking while the iron of royal favor was still hot, Sarmiento proposed to the King that he be sent to found a colony in the all-important Straits and to fortify them strongly enough to prevent all other nations from passing through them to the jealously guarded South Seas.

The proposed plan pleased the King; but Spaniards have ever been poor seamen, and it was nearly three years before Sarmiento and his colonists finally landed in the Straits of Magellan. Near the eastern entrance he built a fort and town, which he called Nombre de Jesus—the Name of Jesus.

Leaving a garrison of one hundred and fifty men in this place, Sarmiento sailed on into the Straits, about forty-five miles farther, to the narrowest part, and there built his main fortified town, which he named, after King Philip II, El Ciudad del Rey Felipe—The City of King Philip—which was reported to have been one of the best settlements ever constructed by Spain in the New World. It had a well-designed square fortress, with a bastion at each corner. Sarmiento left as a garrison for it some four hundred soldiers—colonists—along with thirty of their women and an eight months' supply of provisions; and then sailed back into the Atlantic.

The poor colonists could get nothing to grow, and the savage Indians preyed on them continually during the two years the Spaniards abode here. Their food gave out; they had to live as best they could on mussels and limpets. Disease was now added to starvation; and terrible was the toll that death took from this doomed town at the very end of the world. Hernando shivered in ter-

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ror, as he told Cavendish and the awestruck English how the Spaniards "died like dogs, in their clothes and in their houses," till the air was so tainted that those who could do so fled from the town in horror and went down to the seashore to live, those who were not too weak carrying their arquebuses and a few necessaries with them. While their comrades died by the scores, this emaciated remnant on the shores lived for the space of a year or more, on roots they dug up, on leaves, and sometimes on fowls they shot.

Finally, Hernando said, only twenty-two men and two women were left alive out of the four hundred men and the thirty women that Sarmiento had established in the town and fort. He was one of these desperate survivors who, as a last resort, were striving to make their hopeless way to the far-distant Spanish settlements on the Rio de la Plata when Cavendish came along and captured him. Cavendish might well have shuddered as he listened to this gruesome tale; and because of it, and the fact that he could not get even water or wood here for his ships, he marked the spot for ever by calling it Port Famine, a name it bears to this day.

On each bastion still stood the carriage for the large cannon with which it was armed, but the Spaniards had buried the four guns that once guarded the ill-fated City of King Philip. Cavendish had his men dig these great cannon up, and carried them off with him. After viewing the skeletons of the dead men, still clad in their clothes, as they lay in their beds within their houses, the Englishmen were glad to leave the appalling scene.

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Sailing thence on January 14, 1587, Cavendish went on westward through the Straits; and eventually came to the mouth of a good river, up which he went in a small boat for three miles. There he encountered some Indians, strong and well-made but of a brutish type, "who are said to have eaten many Spaniards [of King Philip's City], and seemed much disposed to have feasted also on English flesh!" These loathsome creatures tried to entrap Cavendish's crew, but he gave them a volley of musketry that killed some, whereupon the rest ran away pell-mell.

Cavendish went on through the tempestuous Straits, in sore distress, because of his lack of food and the severity of the weather; and at long last, on February twenty-fourth, emerged and entered the famous South Seas. Great was the joy of the crews, but little they knew of the iron nerve and cool audacity it bespoke in their fearless leader, first, even to have attempted the passage of the Straits which he and the rest of the world believed Spain had so strongly fortified; and, secondly, to dare to enter the South Seas, whither Spain had lately sent stout succor to the Viceroy, who were still furious over the Dragon Drake's exploits.

Cavendish well knew and understood the danger; but he sailed calmly northward along the Chile coast, taking notes and making clever observations on seas, tides, winds, landfalls and other maritime data in profusion, in order that English and other mariners,

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in years to come, might profit by his present experiences. He continually exercised his men at the guns and assiduously saw to it that those under him should learn all that was known of the art of navigation and the practise of seamanship. In all this and in other ways, he looked forward to the future, and conscientiously applied himself to perfect those now in his charge, that he and his country might profit therefrom. He was thus both patriotic and far visioned as is attested by the fact that a number of the men he instructed throughout this voyage later distinguished themselves at sea, some of them by navigating this same sea trail that the *Desire* now plowed through the foam-crested waves.

On March first, during a great storm, Cavendish lost sight of the *Hugh Gallant*, which sprang a leak and did not rejoin the other two ships until the latter neared the Island of St. Mary.

At La Mocha, the English went ashore in the Vice-Admiral's boat, only to be fiercely assailed by the Indians with their bows and arrows, although the red men were marvelously wary of the English calivers. These Indians belonged to the South Chile land of Araucania and took the English for Spaniards. Cavendish later ascertained that "Arauco is full of wonderful rich gold mines, yet the Spaniards never could subdue it, but always returned [from there] with the greatest loss of men. For these Indians are marvelous desperate and careless of their lives, [so as] to live at their own liberty and freedom."

Leaving this hostile land, where Drake himself had been

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beaten off and wounded by the wild Araucanians aforetime, Cavendish landed on St. Mary's Island with eighty well-armed men and found it to be a great food-supply holding of the Spaniards; and from it he stored his ships with wheat, barley, hens, hogs, potatoes and "guinea wheat" (corn) and dried dogfish! The Indians in charge of the fields, gardens and live stock here were held in such strict slavery by the Spaniards that they dared not eat even a single hen or hog in their master's absence. The Indian chief's tongue was loosened by the Englishmen's wine and his knowledge that they were not Spanish, and he told Cavendish that he could obtain immense quantities of gold from the Araucanians, if the latter knew, for sure, that his men were enemies of the Spaniards.

Two days later, Cavendish sailed on up the Chile coast and sent a party of sixty armed men ashore, who marched through that country and saw vast herds of wild cattle and horses, game and wild fowl swarming over the plains. A body of two hundred Spanish horsemen watched the English shore party but did not venture to attack it. Three of the mounted Spaniards later approached to parley with Cavendish. Two Englishmen were sent to talk with them, with Hernando to act as an interpreter, but alack! that Spanish miscreant, the rescued survivor of the Magellan fort, sprang up behind one of the Spaniards and escaped with the perfidious trio, although he had taken great oaths not to do so!

On April first, a party of Cavendish's men, under an escort, went ashore to fill their water-casks, but were

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suddenly attacked by two hundred Spaniards, who killed some of the English and captured a few. The Spaniards were immediately assailed by the fifteen armed Englishmen of the escort, who ran up, rescued their comrades and fired on the Spaniards, of whom they killed twenty-four. This made the rest of the Dons flee for their lives, although they outnumbered the armed English more than ten to one!

Victory achieved, Cavendish calmly went on with his watering, finished it in a few days, and then sailed on up the Chile coast to a bay on which were situated three small towns of the Spaniards. Cavendish landed, on May third, at one of the towns and secured some most welcome provisions; but the surf was so high that his small boats could not land at the best town.

Cavendish soon took two valuable prizes, laden with Cordovan leather, printed calicoes and provisions, worth fully twenty thousand pounds sterling (one hundred thousand dollars), if the cargoes could have been sold. Lacking possible purchasers, Cavendish took what he wanted or needed out of the two Spanish ships, and then burned them and their cargoes—in marked contrast to Drake's genial looting manners and humane procedure with his prizes. Cavendish justified himself by the fact that England and Spain were then at war with each other.

On the twentieth of May, Cavendish arrived at Payta and headed a landing party of sixty English, who skirmished with the townsfolk and drove them out of the town. The Spaniards retreated to a near-by hill, whence

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they continued to fire upon the English, until these enraged heretics stormed the hill, drove them in headlong flight and found the valuables that the townsfolk had carried thither on the approach of Cavendish's "pirates." They found twenty-five pounds weight of pieces-of-eight which they seized. They also took what they wanted out of the warehouses which they found full of goods and provisions. This done, Cavendish destroyed a Spanish bark anchored there, and then burned to the ground the two hundred houses of the town, including the warehouses full of goods.

In his progress up the coast, Cavendish attacked the Spaniards by land and sea, when he saw an opportunity of securing booty or doing material damage. In these attacks he lost some of his men, but that did not stop his depredations or alter his northward course along the coast.

Arriving in the Bay of Guayaquil, he anchored at the large island of Puná, which Pretty says is almost as big as the Isle of Wight. The inhabitants made nearly all the cables needed by the Spanish shipping in the South Seas; and the island itself was a veritable garden, with much food, fine orchards, well-cultivated fields and a sizable town. Here, in a veritable palace near the seashore, he found an Indian Cacique (chief) who was married to a Spanish woman. The Chief had hastily sent his most valuable effects to an adjacent isle; but on May twenty-ninth, Cavendish landed there and plundered them.

While he was at Puná, one hundred Spaniards arrived and attacked the English. Although they were aided by

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some two hundred Indian allies, armed with bows and arrows, Cavendish was victorious. He then laid the fields and orchards waste, burned the town with its three hundred houses and four ships that were building on the stocks.

On the first of July, Cavendish saw at a distance of four leagues from his ships, in 10° No. Lat., the coast of New Spain (Mexico and Central America). This he proceeded to harry in his usual fashion. On July ninth, he took a Spanish ship, whose pilot told him about the great ship—the Manila galleon, which would soon be due on her voyage hither from the Philippines.

After burning this captured ship, Cavendish landed at Guatulco (in Oaxaca Province), Mexico, and burned the town and its custom-house—a fine large building which held a valuable cargo of indigo (worth forty crowns a bag) and cocoa, which was valued at ten crowns a bag. These “cacaos serve among these people both as food and money, being somewhat (in appearance) like almonds—that pass in trade like small change, one hundred and fifty of them being equal in value to a rial of plate”—a piece-of-eight, or Spanish dollar.

Sailing on up the coast of Mexico, Cavendish passed by Acapulco without seeing it; and on August twenty-fourth entered the port of Navidad in his pinnace, with intent to capture a prize there; but found that she had departed to fish for pearls off the Lower California pearl-bank. At this place he found a mulatto courier in bed, who had been sent along the coast with letters warning the Spaniards of Cavendish's approach. Cavendish killed

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the courier's steed, took his letters away from him, and then burned the town and two fine new ships of two hundred tons each that were building on the local stocks.

After finding some pearls and burning an Indian village along the way, they presently came to Chacala roadstead, fifty miles from Cape Corrientes, and Cavendish sent Captain Havers and forty men some six miles inland "on a most villainous desert path" through the wilderness. Here they captured three Spanish married men, with their women and children, some Indians, a Spanish carpenter and a "Portugal." "We bound them all, and made them come to the sea side with us." There Cavendish made the Spanish wives bring him some plantains, lemons, oranges, pineapples and other fruit, which grew in great abundance. As real fruit of these ladies' labors, their husbands were released; as were all the rest, except Sembrano, the Spanish carpenter, and Diego, the "Portugal."

Three days' sailing northward brought our adventurers to the Island of St. Andrew, where they secured many fowls and seals, also "a kinde of serpents—Iguanos, with four feet and a long tail." The English sampled some of these lizards and found them to be good eating!

A fortnight later Cavendish arrived in the roadstead of Mazatlan and anchored, all the while keeping a good lookout for the oncoming Manila galleon. Then after three days he sailed to a small island three miles from Mazatlan and vainly searched it for water, of which the ships were now in dire need. Sorely perplexed, they were

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about to leave, when suddenly a compassionate Spanish prisoner of theirs, named Flores—who probably was every whit as thirsty as his captors—made motions with his hand for the English to dig at a place he indicated. Dubiously the English dug, and at only three feet from the surface, found abundant water—a boon indeed—also a great stroke of fortune, as Cavendish soon realized; for if they had not found water here, they would have been forced to go thirty or forty leagues to find a stream, “which might have been occasion that we might have missed our prey we long had waited for!”

Cavendish here rebuilt his pinnace and careened his ships and cleaned their bottoms, so they might sail more swiftly, if it became necessary to chase their prey, the Manila galleon. Here one of their Spanish prisoners escaped, while washing his shirt a little distance away from the English, by plunging into the sea and swimming over to the mainland. They rewatered the ships and abandoned the smallest of their vessels. On the evening of October ninth they sailed to attack the great galleon.

They made for Cape San Lucas “which is on the west side of the Point of California”—the southernmost tip of the peninsula of Lower California—where they intended to lie in wait. The striking resemblance of this cape to the Needles of the Isle of Wight at once attracted the attention of Cavendish, as it had that of Sir Francis Drake.

“Within the said cape is a great bay called by the Spaniards Aguada Segura: into which bay falleth a faire fresh river, about which many Indians use to keepe”;

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and here Cavendish's vessels made their headquarters, while they were waiting for the galleon. They occasionally patrolled the near-by seaways, as Cavendish had learned that the galleons, on their course to Mexico, always made in toward this Cape, and thence set their course for Acapulco.

THE CAPTURE OF THE GALLEON

On November 4, 1587, "the *Desire* and the *Content* beating up and down [off] the headland of California, between seven and eight of the clock in the morning, one of the company of our Admiral, who was the trumpeter of the ship, going up into the top, espied a sail bearing in from the sea with the cape, whereupon he cried out with no small joy, to himself and the whole Company—"A Sail! A Sail!" "

Divers others rushed up to the maintop, and there they saw the object of their long search and tedious wait bearing in from seaward, before the northwest wind, toward the headland of the Cape. Straightway they ran and told Cavendish the joyous tidings, and he "was no less glad than the cause required, whereupon he gave in charge presently unto the whole company to put all things in readiness—which being performed, we gave them chase, some three or four hours, standing with out best advantage, and working for the wind."

The galleon was the *Santa Anna*, described by Domingo de Salazar, Bishop of the Philippines, as "the richest ship to leave these isles." She was now commanded by Tomas de Alzola and had one hundred and

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ninety people aboard her, most of them passengers and some of them women. This great "State Nao" was of seven hundred tons burden, a giant compared to the two tiny British bulldogs that were flying at her throat as fast as sail could carry them, with their scanty crews hastily awork at the great guns, getting ready for the fray.

Utterly undaunted by the comparatively huge size of their fleeing foe, the little English ships cracked on every sail they could carry, and went careening madly across the tossing sea in the track of the prey they had come so far to find.

"In the afternoon, we [in the *Desire*] got up unto them, giving them a broadside with our great ordnance, and a volley of small shot; and presently laid the ship aboard, whereof the King of Spaine was owner—which was Admiral of the South Sea, called the *Santa Anna*.

"Now as we were ready on the ship's side, to enter her, being not past fifty or sixty men at the uttermost in our ship, we perceived that the Captaine of the said ship had made fights [sort of shot-proof screens] fore and after, and layd their sailes close on their poope, their midships, with their forecastle, and having not one man to be seene, [as they] stood close under their fights with lances, javelins, rapiers, and targets [shields], and an innumerable sort of great stones, which they threw overboard upon our heads and into our ship so fast, and being so many of them, that they put us off the shippe again, with the loss of two of our men which were slaine, and with the hurting four or five [others].

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“But, for all this, we new trimmed our sailes, and fitted every man his furniture, and gave them a fresh encounter with our great ordnance and also with our small shot, raking them through and through, to the killing and maiming of many of their men. Their Captaine still, like a valiant man with his company, stood very stoutly unto his close fights, not yeelding as yet. Our General [Cavendish] encouraging his men afresh with the whole noise of trumpets, gave them the third encounter with our great ordnance and all our small shot, raking them through in divers places, and spoiling many of their men.”

This spirited sea-fight had now been going on nearly five hours. The Spaniards had defended themselves as manfully as they might, but they had lost heavily from this raking fire of Cavendish's cannon, and the galleon had been hulled by cannon-balls in so many places that the water was now pouring into her through great gaping holes.

The galleon being thus “in hazard of sinking by reason of the great shot, whereof some were under water, she set out a flag of truce and parleyed for mercy, desiring our General to save their lives and take their goods, and they would presently yield.”

Cavendish promised them mercy; and as the galleon then surrendered, he told her Captain to lower his sails, hoist out his boat and come aboard the *Desire* with his chief officers. So the Spanish Captain and the pilot and one of the leading Spanish merchants came aboard Cavendish's ship and rendered him an account of their

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very valuable cargo. He kept the Captain and the pilot aboard the *Desire* and put a prize crew aboard the galleon. Great was the joy of the English mariners, and loud their cheers, when the British flag rose to the main-top, marking the capture of the great treasure-ship from Manila, mauger the King of Spain and all his warlike myrmidons!

Indeed, considering everything, it was a brilliant exploit: the long quest for the golden argosy; the thrilling chase over the crested waves off the coast of the Californias; and the dauntless attack of the tiny sea-hawk *Desire* against its huge, stately, towering opponent!

Delighted, Cavendish searched his noble prize and found a dazzling treasure. Its cargo was composed of one hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of gold coin—in present money now worth over a million dollars—and vast quantities of the richest silks, satins, brocades and damask; a huge lot of costly perfumes, including five hundred and sixty-two pounds of musk, an abundance of civet; many fine pearls; valuable East India merchandise and Chinese wares. What the near-famished English valued almost as highly as these riches was a large assortment of choice wines and provisions, fruits and—best of all, in English eyes—lots and lots of the finest kinds of glacé fruits and fancy preserves, such as the Chinese put up and sold to the merchants of Manila for export to Spain and her far-flung colonies.

Even across the intervening centuries, one can not but smile at the childish glee of the bold buccaneers over those preserves.

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Two days after taking the galleon, Cavendish brought her into Aguada Segura, otherwise called **Porto Seguro** (the Safe Port), which lay on the easterly side of Cape San Lucas. Here he put ashore all the Spaniards, with a great store of provisions for their subsistence, including a quantity of *garbanzos* (chick-peas) and some wine. He gave them the sails of the galleon, with which to make tents to shelter themselves and their women, and enough planks with which to make huts or build themselves a bark on which to sail on south to their own people in Mexico.

Cavendish proceeded at his leisure to select the most valuable part of the galleon's rich cargo, and "then we fell to hoisting in of our goods, sharing of the treasure, and allotting to every man his portion. In division whereof, the eighth of the month, many of the company fell into a mutiny against our General, especially those in the *Content*, who nevertheless were, after a sort, pacified for the time!" All of them wanted gold, and few were satisfied with their allotted share, but Cavendish managed partly to appease the mutineers by his generosity in the division of the spoils. Mutinies were the hall-mark of such buccaneering ventures and nearly always followed the taking of booty, as the night follows the day.

On November seventeenth, the gleeful buccaneers celebrated the Coronation Day of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth with salutes during the day and fireworks at night, which the courteous Spaniards vowed were, in sooth, marvelous, and the like was never seen aforetime by any living Don of them all!

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Cavendish hastened matters, for now that he had huge wealth under his hatches, the burden and timidity of great riches fell upon him. He was in a hurry lest he be overtaken by some armadas of the justly enraged Spanish Viceroy's whose seashore he had harried all along the whole tremendous coast-line from the Straits of Magellan clear up to California. On parting with him, Cavendish gave the Captain of the Spanish galleon a noble present and sufficient arms with which he and his people ashore could defend themselves against the Indians in case the red men should attack these luckless wights, stranded at the tip of a barren peninsula.

Cavendish took with him certain youths from off the galleon, namely two young Japanese who could both read and write their own language, and three Filipino boys: Alfonso, fifteen years old, Anthony de Dasi, thirteen years old, and a lad nine years of age, whom Cavendish later turned over to the Countess of Essex in London. Also, he took along Nicholas Roderigo, "a Portugal," who had been in Canton and other parts of China and in the Philippines and Japan—"a countrey most rich in silver mynes." Further, he embarked in his ship one Tomas de Ersola, a very good pilot, who knew Acapulco and the coasts of New Spain, and the ocean course via the Ladrone Islands, "where the Spaniards doe put in to water," when sailing from Acapulco westward to the Philippines. Cavendish now proceeded to make use of his services as pilot in the voyage homeward with the shipload of precious booty.

Having taken aboard as much of the most valuable part

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of the galleon's cargo as his ship could carry, Cavendish set this argosy afire on November nineteenth, although she still had over five hundred tons of goods aboard, and carefully watched her until she burned down to the water's edge.

He fired a gun toward her as a final salute, a funeral farewell over this stately ship of the King of Spain which the English thought they had sent down to her doom in a watery grave. Then the argonauts "set sail joyously homeward towards England with a fayre wind, East-Northeast; and night growing near, we left the *Content* astern of us—which was not as yet come out of the roadstead. And here, thinking she would have overtaken us, we lost her company, and never saw her after." And, in fact, the *Content* was never heard of again; although a European ship which was wrecked about this time on one of the Hawaiian Islands, may have been this luckless ship of only sixty tons, lost in her wild wanderings over the vast reaches of the mighty Pacific searching, mayhap, the short-cut to England.

One can not but wonder that Cavendish did not hunt high and low for the companion ship, manned by brothers of blood, part of his high enterprise, and a craft that had followed him bravely to the death of the fired galleon. Ersola, now piloting Cavendish's *Desire* westward, afterward said that he thought the *Content* had sailed to try to find the mythical Straits of Anian. He gave as his reason that when he last glimpsed the *Content*, she was standing off 45° from the course on which he was steering the *Desire*.

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Possibly, Cavendish had been overly irritated by the rampant mutineers aboard the *Content*, during the sharing of the booty, and so shed few tears over losing them now. That same spirit of mutiny, discord and native English independence, however, may well have urged these marine madmen to cut loose from Cavendish and try to beat him back to England and acquire the unshared glory of being the first to discover and navigate the fabled Northwest Passage.

Cavendish was no nautical Don Quixote to tilt at polar windmills, for Drake's previous search and the reports of his seamen who were now with Cavendish, indicated that there was little likelihood of finding Anian's fabulous strait. Therefore, on leaving Cape San Lucas, he steered straight across the vast Pacific, with Ersola to pilot him along the westward course already well known to the Manila galleons. All Spain was now in an uproar about the new assault upon one of her most sensitive and mortal trade arteries.

Bishop Salazar of Manila complained bitterly to the appalled Monarch of all the Spains that "an English youth of but twenty-two years, with a wretched little vessel, and forty or fifty companions, has thus wrought vast damage and gone away laughing!"

Truly, the good Bishop might well bless his stars that he himself was not a passenger on the captured galleon, for who knows what might have befallen him at the hands of these merry rogues, fit offspring of Robin Hood, who, according to the ancient English ballad adjured his light-hearted outlaws in Lincoln green:

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“These fat byshoppes and archbyshoppes
Ye shall bothe bete and binde!”

Hardly was Cavendish out of sight of the still burning galleon, when a great storm blew up that possibly prevented the *Content* from joining the *Desire*, if it really wanted to do so. It was a tiny craft to battle with the gigantic waves of the Pacific, and it may have gone down with all on board during this fierce tempest.

VIZCAINO'S SALVATION

If the storm wrought woe to the English, it brought a blessing to the Spaniards, sadly cast away on Lower California. For the gale blew the flaming wreck toward the shore, from whose sands none of the derelict Spaniards watched it more eagerly than that able seaman and later famous navigator, Sebastian Vizcaino, who realized how perilous a pass they all were in. Their chance of getting away seemed almost hopeless, for practically no ships called there, save that once a year or so an occasional pearl-pirate might steal in to water his craft, and then sail out to seek his plunder.

Long ere such a stray craft might venture hither, the numerous Spaniards marooned on the desert would have consumed the limited amount of provisions Cavendish had been able to spare them; and once those were gone, then certain death by starvation would be their fate. This was why Vizcaino gazed so eagerly, now, as the winds drove the fiery wreck nearer the shore.

Quick to seize upon a forlorn hope, Vizcaino hurriedly

VIZCAINO'S SALVATION

got the stoutest and bravest Spaniards together and outlined to them his daring plan. When the waves at last stranded the burning wreck on the beach, he and his bold comrades ran out through the surf, boarded what was left of the *Santa Anna* and, assisted by rain, soon succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

An examination showed that the lower part of the hull was still sound, so Vizcaino set his satellites to work. After arduous labors, and by planking up her sides, he got the wreck into a condition safe enough for the marooned mariners and passengers to embark in her. They crossed the Gulf of California in the crazy craft and finally got to the Spanish settlements in Mexico.

Much deserved fame and credit did Don Sebastian Vizcaino acquire from all, including both King and Viceroy, for this humane and noteworthy feat. As he claimed that he had lost sixty thousand ducats aboard the *Santa Anna*, and in reward for his services in this wholesale life-saving, the Viceroy sent him as one of the pilots on an expedition to discover that will-o'-the-wisp, the Straits of Anian. The credulous Spaniards not only still believed in this passage, but also stoutly maintained that both Drake and Cavendish knew where it was, and had used it either in coming from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or in returning from the Pacific to the Atlantic—especially the latter—or maybe both—who knows?

The other pilot was that colossal and highly imaginative liar, Juan de Fuca, for whom the Straits of that name are called, because he claimed to have discovered them, or rather to have seen the Pacific entrance to the

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Straits of Anian, whither this absurd Spanish expedition was now headed. Its purpose was to prevent "the English corsairs" from hereafter entering the Pacific, by discovering the elusive Straits and fortifying them so strongly that reckless English sea-devils could not pass through them any more! But alas! dissensions arose; the soldiers and sailors broke out in a mutiny; and those in charge got cold feet and timid hearts in the northern latitudes; so they all returned to Mexico, without having found Anian or aught else.

No blame attached, however, to the able and courageous Vizcaino. It was he who was sent, in 1602-3, on a famous voyage of discovery and exploration along Upper California, during which he gave to the different coast features and the lovely isles of perpetual summer their present colorful Spanish names, and discovered the harbor of Monterey, where the scurvy-stricken crews of the Manila galleons might put in to recuperate. For this achievement he received from both King and Viceroy great praise and honor.

CAVENDISH IN THE ISLANDS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC

Meanwhile, Cavendish "the Corsair," also called "ye pyrate," was making a bee-line across the Pacific. Thanks to the pilot, Ersola, Cavendish, after crossing the vast Pacific in only forty-five days, arrived on January 3, 1588, at Guam, one of the Ladrone Islands, at which the Manila galleon was wont to replenish her fresh water en route to Manila.

The *Desire* was at once surrounded by a cloud of

CAVENDISH IN THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC

canoes, filled with natives eager to trade off the fish, cocoanuts and fruit they had brought, for trinkets or pieces of metal. The men were tall and well built, some of them extremely fat; but they and their women were one and all thieves of the worst and most audacious kind. That is why the Spaniards called this group of islands the Ladrões, or "Thieves." The canoes of Guam were only two feet wide, though twenty-four feet long. They had outriggers on one side and were fitted with sails so shaped and handled that they could sail equally well with or against the wind and were extraordinarily fast—the swiftest sailing craft in the whole world. This ability to sail in the very teeth of the wind attracted great attention and admiration in those days, when the clumsy and inadequate construction of European ships would not allow them to sail closer than within seven or eight points of the wind, making their progress against head winds so slow that they consumed an incredible amount of time in even a short voyage.

Cavendish's men eagerly bartered with the tall islanders. They made fast little pieces of old iron or nails to cords or fish-lines and veered the iron into the long canoes, where the natives caught it, took off the iron and tied on, in its place, the fruit desired; after which the sailors would haul in the treasure that made such delectable change in their diet after a month and a half at sea. When they had all they needed of such truck, Cavendish tried to get rid of the natives, as they stole everything they could find or pry off the *Desire*. In fact, they were fully as bad as their remote kinsmen, the Ha-

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waiians, whose forefathers came from Tahiti and Samoa, and who dived under the first European ships that came to Hawaii, and tried to pry out the very nails that held the planking on to the framework.

As the islanders still kept on following the *Desire*, Cavendish ordered half a dozen arquebuses loaded, and he and some of his men fired at them. But "so yare and nimble" were these expert divers and swimmers that they always tumbled into the sea, at the flash of a gun, and the annoyed English complained loudly that they could not tell whether or not their shots struck home!

From Guam, Cavendish sailed westward, still on the Manila galleon route, toward the Philippines, arriving, after eleven days, at the headland of the Cabo del Es-piritu Santo (the Cape of the Holy Spirit), which is on the northwest corner of Samar Island. Being once more in Spanish waters, Cavendish was now on dangerous ground again, to use a Hibernicism; and he said not a word anent his recent forays on the western coast of the Americas, much less hinted that he had even heard of such a thing as the Manila galleon.

On January fifteenth, Cavendish penetrated farther into the Philippine Islands, reaching the Island of Capul, whose head chief was tattoed in divers strange designs. For fowls the English paid one real (twelve and one-half cents), and for a *babuy* (hog), which they typically called a *balboye*, they paid eight reals, a Spanish dollar.

It was here that Roderigo, the "Portugal," told Cavendish that the Spanish pilot of the *Santa Anna* had written, but not despatched, a letter to the Governor of the

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Philippines, advising him how small a force Cavendish had with him, and urging him to send a larger ship and surprise the little English vessel, now within his clutches. The pilot intended to send his letter in secret to Manila by some Filipinos, but Cavendish, on hearing Roderigo's tale, had his chest searched and there found it and read it. Whereupon he seized the pilot and straightway hanged him for his putative treachery.

Cavendish pretended that he and the *Desire* were Spanish; the local chiefs all paid over to him the customary tribute, also fowls, hogs, fruit and food; and the English bartered for what other provisions they needed. Cavendish heard that Manila was then an unwalled town, with only a small garrison, but very rich in gold and valuable goods and imported wares. Although there were only seven hundred Spaniards in Manila, they were already doing a great import business. Over thirty ships came hither from China alone, every year, besides others from Japan, India, the East Indies and Indo-China. For export, the Spaniards had to rely solely on the great Manila galleon, sent once a year to Acapulco, Mexico, with its rich cargo.

The English sailors believed that the Filipinos "wholly worship the devil, and often times have conference with him," after contact with these particular unconverted heathen, of whom they saw much during Cavendish's nine days' stay. As he was about to leave, he restored to the native chiefs in full the tribute they had paid him, telling them that he and his country were English, and the worst enemies the Spaniards had

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in the world. Whereupon, the warlike Filipinos cheerfully and unanimously offered to go and wage war by his side against the arrogant Spaniards, for whom the Filipinos never had any love throughout all the long centuries of Spain's dominion over the Philippines. In fact, the Filipinos' bitter hatred only deepened and intensified with the passage of time.

Wily Cavendish took great pains to treat the Filipinos well and honorably, in order to favor any possible future operations of his own in the vast archipelago, and to establish favorable conditions for whatever Englishmen might later come in contact with them.

On January twenty-fourth, Cavendish sailed along Luzon, the chief island of the Philippines, and the site of Manila. He found that, despite all his care and precautions, the alarmed Spaniards were well aware that an armed sea-rover was in their midst. This was evidenced by the great fires they kept burning as beacons on the mountaintops, and the cannon they fired off all through the night. But the daring, greatly-dreaded English calmly sailed along the shores, in bold defiance of the Spanish Governor, raging and shivering, alternately, in his palace in Manila.

Despite the strict watch the Spaniards kept upon the *Desire*, they did not venture to attack her. When Cavendish came to a passage opening southwest by south in the Straits here, he sailed on through it, after sending ashore a Spanish prisoner, with a jesting message to the Governor of the Philippines to be sure to lay in an abundant supply of gold, as he meant to pay a visit to Manila,

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later, and as it was a long voyage thither, it merited good entertainment—and, he added, he would have come right now, to weigh Spanish gold in English scales, if he had possessed a larger boat for landing his men on Luzon!

With this merry jest, Cavendish went on his way “laughing,” greatly to the wrath of Bishop Salazar in his Episcopal Palace. On March first, he went through the Strait between Java and Sumatra and came to anchor, intending to provision the *Desire* for the long voyage homeward.

Through some of the native fishermen, he sent word to the King of the country that he had come hither to buy provisions or native goods; and so, on the twelfth, ten canoes came off to the *Desire*, deeply laden with poultry, hogs and even oxen; besides sugar, fruit, wine and arrack. Two “Portugals” were with this food-flotilla and told Cavendish that the powerful Malay monarch, Rajah Balamboam, had sent it. Although a man of great age, he had a hundred wives; while his son contented himself as best he might with fifty. After a ruler’s death, it was the custom for all his wives to go to a certain spot and slay themselves with daggers!

The “Portugals” said the Rajah’s soldiers were excellent warriors, most valiant and desperate—so much so that they would, at his command, instantly leap off a high cliff, to certain death on the rocks below!

“These Portugals were no small joy to our General and all the rest of our company, for we had not seen any Christian that was our friend for a yeere and a half. Our General used them singularly well, with banquets and

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music. They told us that they were no less glad to see us than we were to see them; and they inquired about the state of their country, and what was become of Don Antonio their King, and whether he were living or no—for that they had not of long time been in Portugal, and the Spaniards had told them he was dead.” Cavendish answered that Don Antonio the King “was alive and in England, and had an honorable allowance of our Queen; and that we had come, under the King of Portugal, into the South Seas, and had warred upon the Spaniards there, and had fired, [de]spoiled and sunk the ships along the coast that we could meet withal, to the number of eighteen or twenty—and with this report, they [the two Portuguese] were sufficiently satisfied.”

Cavendish paid for the ample supplies furnished him by the Rajah, and sent him a handsome present in the shape of three cannon, the thing valued above all else by the island monarchs of the East Indies. As in the Philippines, he took great pains to please the local rulers, that Englishmen coming hither in the future might meet with a friendly reception. Cavendish left to future Englishmen many facts of value concerning the Philippines, and also a map and a description of China and its ways and wares. Indeed, this far-seeing Englishman was a sagacious commercial traveler, patriotic to the core; with one eye always open for the main chance for his nation. He was the fit precursor of his countrymen who, in later centuries, invaded all the isles and lands not yet possessed by Europe, with fire-arms in one hand and goods for barter in the other.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

Accounts squared with the Rajah of a hundred wives, Cavendish set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. While crossing the vast reaches of the Indian Ocean, he jotted down important nautical data as to tides, currents, winds, distances and bearings.

On May eleventh, he sighted the huge continent of Africa; and five days later, saw the Cape of Buena Esperanza, but did not stop there. On June ninth, he anchored at the Island of St. Helena, where he found a marvelous valley full of fine fruit trees that made it all seem like a fair and well-cultivated garden. Long rows of lemon, orange, citron, pomegranate, date and fig trees delighted the eye with blossoms, green fruit and ripe—all at once. They encountered plenty of *cabritos* or wild goats, “as big as asses, and having manes like horses, and beards hanging down to the very ground,” and so numerous that their flocks were often a mile long! Also, in the wild mountains where these *cabritos* stay, the Englishmen saw vast herds of fat wild swine.

In this second paradise, Cavendish replenished his provisions, and on June twentieth sailed for England.

September 3, 1588, the *Desire* met a Flemish vessel from Lisbon, and received the joyful news of the total defeat of the Invincible Armada by Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher and England’s other great captains.

Caught in a terrific gale, the gallant little *Desire* presently lost most of its sails, but England’s hardy and skilful mariners might well have sailed such seas as these

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under bare poles and fetched their haven. And so on September 9, 1588, the sea-wolves reached their lair at last. They anchored at Plymouth again, after completely circumnavigating the globe in two years and fifty days. It had taken Magellan's sole surviving ship three years and one month to accomplish the feat; and Drake had spent over two years and ten months in making it. Such comparisons, however, are not quite fair. Magellan and Drake had been pioneers while Cavendish had the double advantage of Drake's charts and the company of some of the very men who had been with Drake on his cruise around the globe.

Even so, the circumnavigation of the globe was really a most remarkable achievement; and the man who performed it justly merited full meed of praise. It was freely given Cavendish by England and all the rest of Europe.

Arrived in Plymouth, Cavendish sat down, that very day, and wrote a brief despatch to his patron, Lord Hunsdon, cousin to the Queen, full of the stern terseness of a soldier who had seen much service:

"I navigated along the coasts of Chile, Peru and New Spain, where I made great spoils. I burnt and sunk nineteen sail of ships, both great and small. All the villages and towns that ever I landed at, I burnt and spoiled. And had I not been discovered upon the coast, I had taken a great quantity of treasure. The matter of most profit unto me, was a great ship of the King's which I took at California which came from the Philippines, being one of the richest, for merchandise, that ever passed those seas.

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. . . From the Cape of California, I navigated to the Philippine Islands.” And then he went on to speak of the stateliness, riches and incomparable wealth of the Philippines.

Immediately the sea-worn *Desire* was sent up the Thames to London in state. Brave was Cavendish’s display of splendor on that glorious day. The *Desire’s* bows shone with gilt, her topmasts were wrapped in cloth of gold, and what especially left the cheering Londoners breathless with speechless admiration, her very sails seemed made of silk, of *silk*,—in those days, when silk was worth its weight in gold!

This was but seeming, for neither silk nor damask were those lovely many-colored sails; Cavendish had got them in the South Seas, where sails were often made of silk-grass, having a splendid gloss and most handsome colors. But they made a noble showing and were rich and rare and beautiful in their own right.

To cap the climax, Cavendish’s hardy sea-dogs lolled, like gentlemen-born, about the deck, magnificently clad in such splendid and almost priceless brocades, satins and silks that any prince or princess might well have envied them.

Cavendish had brought home wealth “sufficient for him to have bought a fair earl-dom”; and by his generous distribution of part of it to his followers, and to some high in place and power, he won “universal credit and esteem”; and the whole world, in Kerr’s words, showered “very high praise on this worthy gentleman, who in the whole conduct of his voyage, showed the courage and

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discretion of a great commander, with all the skill and diligence of an able seaman.”

England applauded when brave Cavendish, like Drake before him, knelt to Queen Elizabeth and was given the knightly accolade.

CHAPTER VI

BLOODTHIRSTY MORGAN AND THE SACK OF PANAMA

THE MARCH ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

OXENHAM, the hero of Kingsley's novel *Westward Ho!*, had crossed the Isthmus in 1575 and embarked in a pinnace upon the Pacific—the first Englishman to float upon its waters—but this pioneer of the overland route to the South Seas met with such a fearful fate that for a while other buccaneers blanched before its many perils.

However, after a while, he had many imitators, one of the first and most celebrated of whom was the infamous Henry Morgan. He crossed the Isthmus almost exactly a hundred years after Oxenham.

The previous adventures of that murderous monster, Morgan, are not included in this book; as, save for his capture of Panama, all his piracies occurred in the Caribbean and on its shores. Yet a few words may be given concerning this depraved, vicious, treacherous, almost unparalleled human brute, who was born of respectable people in Wales but deliberately chose the most evil life possible in his vicious age.

Already a noted leader of buccaneers, Morgan had led a fleet of them to the rich city of Porto Bello, stormed its almost impregnable forts and castles and had taken it

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after a hard fight. He had secured from the unfortunate town over half a million in money and other valuable loot, after shocking scenes of cruelty, torture, rape, murder, arson and every conceivable deviltry that he and his fellow-fiends could devise.

Both before and after this coup, Morgan planned other great piratical projects, including the establishment of a grand pirate headquarters at Santa Catalina Island, which Mansvelt had taken, looted and garrisoned with a body of buccaneers under Le Sieur Simon, a French nobleman who had taken to evil ways. To this end, Morgan wrote to some of his very good friends, who were respectable merchants in Virginia and New England, to send him on provisions and other necessary supplies. However, Mansvelt died; the Spaniards attacked and retook Santa Catalina; and Morgan's scheme fell to the ground.

Nevertheless, he sent out a call for a general assembly of pirates at Tortuga; and presently he had under his command a great fleet of thirty-seven ships, manned by over two thousand men. A grand council was held to determine whether Vera Cruz, Carthagena or Panama should be the object of their next ruthless attack. Panama was selected on the ground that it was by far the richest of the three ancient Spanish cities, and the port to which were brought the vast treasures of gold and silver from Chile and Peru, for transport thence across the Isthmus to the Spanish armadas that conveyed them to Spain.

Due to previous attacks made upon the famous Gold Road across the Isthmus, which Drake had once so profit-



The Storming of Porto Bello by Buccaneers, 1668

From an ancient print, Exquemeling, 1678

THE MARCH ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

ably raided, the Spaniards had given up that route for one that came down to the Caribbean by the Chagres River, whose mouth was strongly defended by the supposedly impregnable and heavily armed Castle of San Lorenzo. In order not to inform Panama of his intentions regarding its capture, Morgan sent some well-manned ships to the Chagres. This force finally took the San Lorenzo castle after a desperate conflict. Their success was largely due to its being set afire, and to the explosion of some powder caused by a fire-arrow shot into it by a wounded buccaneer.

Once this place was taken, Morgan sailed thither and swiftly disembarked most of his men, leaving the others as a guard over the ships of his fleet. On January 9, 1671, he set out with fourteen hundred buccaneers for Panama across the Isthmus, but with so little food that many of his men had naught for supper, the very first night out, except a pipe of tobacco! They ascended the river in canoes for the first three days, although already famishing and exhausted.

So great was their hunger that when their guide cried out that he saw an ambuscade set by the Spaniards, the starving buccaneers hailed the prospect of a stiff fight with shouts of joy, as portending the presence of persons possessing food which might be taken by the strong hand!

Unfortunately for the hungry corsairs, the Spaniards fled, leaving behind them the empty leather bags that had contained their provisions. So the buccaneers "fell to eating the leather bags, as being desirous to afford some-

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thing to the ferment of their stomachs, which now had grown so sharp that it did gnaw their very bowels, having nothing else to prey upon," says Esquemeling, who was one of their number. "Thus they made a huge banquet upon those bags of leather. . . . Some persons who were never out of their mother's kitchens may ask how those pirates could eat, swallow, and digest those pieces of leather, so hard and dry: unto whom I can only answer: . . . That first these took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then they did beat it between two stones, and rub it; often dipping it in the water of the river, to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair, and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked, they cut it into small morsels, and eat it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water!"

The fifth day of their march, they found another empty Spanish ambuscade, and a little meal, wine and fruit, which Morgan doled out to some of his men who were slowly dying of hunger. These unfortunates were placed in the canoes, while the rest marched on afoot to another foodless camp. The sixth day they again took up the march but had to rest quite often, from hunger, weakness and exhaustion. They found a barn full of maize and devoured some of it raw, but had to throw away the rest, when they ran into an ambuscade of Indians, who escaped "through the agility of their feet," as they derisively shouted at the buccaneers in Spanish: "Ha, ye dogs, go to the plain!" And then they came to a river that halted them for the night; and so, supperless, to bed, grumbling loudly at Morgan, "and being desirous to return home."

THE MARCH ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

The next day's march brought them running into a burning village that the Spaniards had set afire. Here they found naught but some wine in the King of Spain's stables, on drinking which they all fell strangely ill, due to the weakness and "the manifold kinds of trash they had eaten." On the eighth day they came to an ambuscade of Indians, who fired "three or four thousand arrows" at the advance-guard. The pirates had eight men killed and ten wounded, for the Indians fought fiercely, and "in this combat they performed with huge courage" a while and then fled to the woods, yelling: "To the plain, ye cuckolds, ye English dogs!"—which greatly enraged the gentle buccaneers.

On the ninth day their march brought them to the top of a high mountain from which they beheld the South Sea. "This happy sight, as if it were the end of their labors, caused infinite joy among all the Pirates." From the mountain they came to a vale full of cattle, which they instantly proceeded to slaughter. "Here, while some were employed in killing and flaying of cows, horses, bulls and chiefly asses, of which there was greatest number, others busied themselves in kindling of fires and getting wood wherewith to roast them. Thus cutting the flesh of these animals into convenient pieces or goblets [gobbets], they threw them into the fire, and, half-carbonadoed or roasted, they devoured them with incredible haste and appetite. For such was their hunger, that they more resembled cannibals than Europeans at this banquet, the blood many times running down from their beards into the middle of their bodies." Aye, so des-

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perate had they become that Esquemeling says their previous anxiety to encounter and capture Spaniards was due to their cannibalistic longings to lay hands on some "whom they would certainly in that occasion have roasted or boiled, to satisfy their hunger, had they been able to take them!"

After they had gorged themselves, Morgan again set them marching; and that evening they came in sight of the highest church steeple in the City of Panama.

"This steeple they no sooner discovered, but they began to show signs of extreme joy, casting up their hats into the air, leaping for mirth, and shouting, even just as if they had already obtained the victory, and entire accomplishment of their designs. All their trumpets were sounded, and every drum beaten, in token of their universal acclamation and huge alacrity of their minds."

The big guns of the city opened on their camp and fired on them all night. A body of horse took up a position in their rear to cut off their retreat. But the bandits merely laughed, posted sentries to prevent their being surprised, and then opened their "satchels, and without any preparations of napkins or plates, fell to eating very heartily the remaining pieces of bulls' and horses' flesh which they had reserved since noon. This being done, they laid themselves down to sleep upon the grass, with great repose and huge satisfaction, expecting only with impatience the dawning of the next day."

THE CAPTURE OF PANAMA

Early next morning—January nineteenth—the pirate

THE CAPTURE OF PANAMA

army marched upon Panama by a road other than the usual one and thus arrived on a side of the city unprotected by its forts and batteries. Astounded at this approach from an unexpected quarter, the Spaniards were forced to come outside their works and meet the enemy in the open field. The Governor of Panama marshaled his three thousand Spaniards in careful order. He had two squadrons of cavalry, four regiments of infantry, and a herd of wild bulls attended by many Indians who had orders to drive them down on the buccaneers and so disorganize their ranks that they would be easy prey.

The pirates at last came out on top of a small hill and saw below them the city. "Here they discovered the forces of the city of Panama extended in battle array; which, when they perceived them to be so numerous, they were suddenly surprised with great fear, much doubting the fortune of the day. Yea, few or none there were but wished themselves at home, or at least free from the obligation of that engagement, wherein they perceived their lives must be so narrowly concerned. Having been some time at a stand, in a wavering condition of mind, they at last reflected upon the straits into which they had brought themselves, and that now they ought of necessity either to fight resolutely, or die; for no quarter could be expected from an enemy, against whom they had committed so many cruelties, on all occasions. Hereupon, they encouraged one another, and resolved either to conquer, or spend the very last drop of blood in their bodies," says Esquemeling.

"They divided themselves into three battalions, or

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troops, sending before them one or two hundred Buccaneers, which sort of people are infinitely dexterous at shooting with guns. Thus the Pirates left the hill and descended, marching directly towards the Spaniards, who were posted in a spacious field, waiting for their coming. As soon as they drew nigh unto them, the Spaniards began to shout and cry: '*Viva el Rey!*' [Long live the King!]
—and immediately their horse began to move against the Pirates. But the field being full of quags and very soft underfoot, they could not ply to and fro and wheel about, as they desired. The two hundred Buccaneers who went before, every one putting a knee to the ground, gave them a full volley of shot, wherewith the battle was instantly kindled very hot. The Spaniards defended themselves very courageously, acting all they could possibly perform to disorder the Pirates. Their foot in like manner endeavoured to second their horse, but were constrained by the Pirates to separate from them. Thus, finding themselves frustrated of their designs, they attempted to drive the bulls against them at their backs, and by this means put them in disorder. But the greatest part of the wild cattle ran away, being frightened at the noise of the battle. And some few that broke through the English companies did no other harm than to tear the Colours to pieces—whereas the Buccaneers, shooting them dead, left not one to trouble them thereabouts.

“The battle having now continued for the space of two hours, at the end thereof the greatest part of the Spanish horse was ruined, and almost all killed. The rest fled

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away. Which being perceived by the foot, and that they could not possibly prevail, they discharged the shot they had in their muskets; and throwing them on the ground, betook themselves to flight, every one which way he could run. The Pirates could not possibly follow them, as being too much harassed and wearied with the long journey they had lately made.”

And thus the Battle of Panama was fought and won by the pirates of Morgan.

Such of the fugitive Spaniards as were found by the pirates, were “instantly killed without giving quarter to any. Some religious men (friars) were brought prisoners before Captain Morgan; but he being deaf to their cries and lamentations, commanded them all to be immediately pistoled, which was accordingly done.”

From a captured Spanish captain, Morgan learned the locations of the trenches, forts and batteries that the Spaniards had constructed for the defense of the city, if approached from its front. So he directed his attack from quite a different direction. “Before setting forth, he made a review of all his men, whereof he found both killed and wounded a considerable number, and much greater than had been believed. Of the Spaniards were found six hundred dead upon the place, besides the wounded and prisoners. The Pirates were nothing discouraged at seeing their number so much diminished, but rather filled with greater pride than before, perceiving what huge advantage they had obtained against their enemies. Thus, having rested themselves some while, they prepared to march courageously towards the city,

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plighting their oaths to one another in general they would fight till never a man was left alive. With this courage they recommenced their march, either to conquer or be conquered, carrying with them all the prisoners.”

Morgan assembled his men and forbade them, under heavy penalty, from even tasting drink; alleging that he had learned from sundry sources that all the wine in the city had been poisoned by the Spaniards with fell intent. Actually, he feared lest the Spaniards should rally and fall upon his men, when the latter were drunk.

“They found much difficulty in their approach unto the city. For within the town the Spaniards had placed many great guns, at several quarters thereof, some of which were charged with small pieces of iron and others with musket-balls. With all these they saluted the Pirates, at their drawing nigh unto the place, and gave them full and frequent broadsides, firing at them incessantly. Whence it came to pass that unavoidably they lost, at every step they advanced, great numbers of men. But neither these manifest dangers of their lives, nor the sight of so many of their own as dropped down continually at their sides, could deter them from advancing farther, and gaining ground every moment upon the enemy. Thus, although the Spaniards never ceased to fire and act the best they could for their defense, yet, notwithstanding, they were forced to deliver the city, after the space of three hours’ combat.”

Panama at that time was not only a famous and immensely wealthy city, but also a very beautiful one. “All the houses in this city were built with cedar, being of



S^r HEN: MORGAN

Sir Henry Morgan

From Exquemeling's *De Americaensche Zeerovers*, 1678

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very curious and magnificent structure, and richly adorned within, especially with hangings and paintings, whereof part was already transported out of the Pirates' way, and another great part was consumed by the voracity of the fire" that angry Morgan had set to the city, on learning that much of the wealth of Panama had been removed from it, when its people heard that he was coming to attack it. "The churches and monasteries were all richly adorned with altar-pieces and paintings, huge quantity of gold and silver and other precious things; all of which the ecclesiastics had hidden and concealed. Besides these ornaments, here were to be seen two thousand houses of magnificent and prodigious building, as being, all or the greater part, inhabited by merchants of that country, who are vastly rich. For the rest of the inhabitants of lesser quality, and tradesmen, this city contained five thousand houses more."

Morgan claimed that the Spaniards set their own city afire, but Esquemeling charges him with this frightful crime. Some of the "pirates" and those Spaniards still in the city tried to extinguish the conflagration by pulling down some houses and blowing up others with gunpowder, but all in vain. The fire raged for four weeks, reducing the city to ruins and ashes. Most of the riches of its citizens had been hidden or carried off, but the pirates searched it high and low, finding some precious metals in wells and cisterns.

Most of the Spaniards had fled from the city, but Morgan sent out armed parties that gradually brought in many prisoners and considerable booty. The poor captives

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brought into Panama “were presently put unto the most exquisite tortures imaginable, to make them confess the hidden location of their own and others’ buried treasures,” says Esquemeling. He adds horrible details of the torturing of a poor house servant, who had made off with and was wearing a pair of taffety breeches, with a little silver key attached to them by a string—belonging, it was guessed, to some secret cabinet. On refusing to divulge the location of the cabinet, the poor wretch was done to death, after horrible sufferings. “After this execrable manner did many others of those miserable prisoners finish their days; the common sport and recreation of these Pirates being these and other tragedies not inferior to these”—which included the ravishing of most of the women in the city.

“They spared, in these cruelties, no sex nor condition whatsoever. For, as to religious persons and priests, they granted them less quarter than others, unless they could produce a considerable sum of money, capable of being a sufficient ransom. Women themselves were no better used. . . . For such as would not consent to their lust were treated with all the rigour and cruelty imaginable. Captain Morgan, their leader and commander, gave them no good example in this point. For, as soon as any beautiful woman was brought as a prisoner to his presence, he used all the means he could, both of rigour or mildness, to bend her to his lascivious will and pleasure.”

On entering the city, Morgan instantly seized a large boat that had stuck in the mud at low tide, and hence had

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not been able to escape with the rest of the fleeing ships. Morgan at once sent it out in hot pursuit of a big ship that had lately sailed away, "very richly laden with all the King's plate [silver] and great quantity of riches of gold, pearls, jewels, and other most precious goods, of all the best and richest merchants of Panama. On board of this galleon were also the religious women belonging to the nunnery of the said city, who had embarked with them all the ornaments of their church, consisting in great quantity of plate, gold, and other things of great value."

This galleon, which contained vastly more wealth than all that Morgan found in Panama, had only seven guns and a few muskets for its defenses; was short of both food and water; had only its upper sails on its mainmast to propel it; but it was under the command of that hero, brave old Don Peralta, who gave the buccaneers such a terrific fight at Perico ten years later.* The pirates sent out by Morgan found some wine on the boat they had taken and this sent them off into such a drunken debauch with the women they had dragged aboard that they utterly neglected their quest, cruised idly around and missed their prey. Another boat was sent out to capture the treasure galleon, but Don Peralta had taken the alarm and sailed farther out into the ocean.

The pirate boats found in Taboga and Taboguilla Islands several craft laden with merchandise. These they brought to Panama, where their crews said they knew whither the golden galleon had been sent. This impelled

*See page 163.

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Morgan to despatch all of his four captured boats in further search of the argosy of Panama. But foxy Don Peralta by this time was quite vanished from view of the mainland. So the pirates returned to Taboga, where they took a ship just arrived from Payta, laden with cloth, soap, sugar, biscuits and twenty thousand pieces-of-eight—which the pirates loaded into a boat and brought to Panama with them.

One of the richest treasures of Old Panama was the famous Golden Altar in the church of San José, the richest church in all that wealthy city. It contained costly chalices, vessels of solid gold, vestments stiff with gold and set with many precious stones, and above all, the Golden Altar, which was covered with plates of solid beaten gold and was valued at an immense sum. On the approach of Morgan, the priests had set up in its place a plain white altar; and the pirates could find not a sign of the Golden Altar, though they searched for it everywhere. The irony of it all was that it was actually under their very hands all this time, had they but known it. For, long years afterward, when there was no longer any danger of the great treasure being seized by sea-rovers, the attendant priests scraped the white paint off the plain white altar, and lo! there gleamed in the old church, once more, the famous and romantic Golden Altar!

At the end of five days, the city was but a smoking heap of ashes, from which arose the shrieks of the Spanish captives whom Morgan and his fellow-devils were torturing to make them reveal where they had hidden their riches. While all this was going on in this abode of

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demons, some of the pirates, seeing themselves now on the Pacific Ocean, bethought themselves of making certain cruises upon its waters and laid plans to that end, intending to embark on some of the boats and the ship that they had taken. As secretly as possible they accumulated a store of provisions, cannon and ammunition and hid them carefully away—only to have some Judas of their number betray their plans. As Morgan had no mind to be deserted here amid the Spaniards by a considerable number of his pirate followers, he blocked the plans of the conspirators by having the masts of the ship cut off and the boats burned.

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Finally, having wrung the last bloodstained centavo out of the tortured and blackened wreck of a once proud city, Morgan set out for the Caribbean, on February twenty-fourth, with one hundred and seventy-five mules laden with gold, silver and other treasures, and a wailing train of six hundred Spanish men, women, children and slaves, held by him for ransom. In vain these poor prisoners knelt and besought his clemency. “But his answer was: he came not thither to hear lamentations and cries, but rather to seek money”; and if they did not find money for their ransoms, he would transport them all to Jamaica and sell them for slaves.

Among these captives was a beautiful and virtuous married Spanish lady, whom Morgan had fallen madly in love with and had tried, with presents of gold and jewels, to make the victim of his lust. She refused and

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defied him; whereupon he consigned her to a dungeon, stripped her of all but a few sorry clothes and stinted her food to the starvation point. "I myself was an eye-witness unto these things here related," confesses Esquemeling, "and could never have judged such constancy of mind and virtuous chastity to be found in the world." And from the way he speaks of this "incomparable lady of unparalleled constancy and chastity," one may believe his assertion that many of his comrades sympathized with her, especially as two friars had made off with the money sent to ransom her, and had used it to ransom some of their own friar friends. When Morgan learned of this roguery, he fell into a fury, had the friars soundly thrashed by his pirates and then instantly released the fair lady with a humble apology and a handsome present, stating that he had not known until then that she was a married woman and hence had been quite right to repulse his amorous advances!

Some of his prisoners were ransomed on his march back across the Isthmus; but the rest he took with him to Chagres and sent them in a boat to Porto Bello and freedom. Half-way across, he made all his pirates swear that none of them had concealed even a sixpence's worth of loot about him; "but this being done, Captain Morgan having had some experience that these lewd fellows would not much stickle to swear falsely in points of interest, he commanded every one to be searched very strictly, both in his person and satchels" . . . and he set the example by having himself searched "even to the very soles of his shoes." The French pirates were great-



Attack on Maracailho

Line engraving from Exquemeling's *De Americaensche Zeerovers*, 1678 (British Museum)

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ly put out at "this new custom of searching," yet as they were fewer than the English pirates with Morgan, they had to consent to it along with the rest.

Morgan and his freebooters arrived at Chagres on the Caribbean March ninth. Here loud grumblings arose when Morgan divided the loot and announced that each man's share was only the equivalent of two hundred dollars—a trifling sum to recompense for all the hardships, dangers, battles and famine they had undergone. Finally, the pirates began to mutter threats and swear that Morgan had pocketed most of the loot. And so that double-crossing villain slipped off, one dark night, with some of his cronies, leaving his English and French comrades in the lurch, without food or ships. The King pardoned his crimes, knighted him into Sir Henry Morgan, made him Governor of Jamaica, and instructed him to hang every pirate he could find.

This royal injunction he obeyed with great gusto and efficiency; and many an old pirate companion of this mad adventure on the shores of the Pacific did a dance on thin air, at the end of a gibbet-rope, while Sir Henry Morgan doubtless looked on at the grim entertainment with his sardonic smile. And so, no more of him.

CHAPTER VII

ADVENTURES OF FOUR CAPTAINS: SAWKINS, SHARP, HARRIS AND COOK; THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF PERICO (*Dampier's Story Begins*)

EARLY ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM DAMPIER

ONE of the most thrilling, colorful and typical buccaneer expeditions, on the grand scale, was that of the famous Captains Sawkins, Sharp, Harris and Cook, who crossed the Isthmus of Panama in 1680. With these bold pirates of the South Seas, went Lionel Wafer, formerly a surgeon; Basil Ringrose, an educated man, lately from England, and now out on his first piracy, intent to acquire money by the original get-rich-quick methods of the buccaneer; and the Devonshire farmer's son, William Dampier, who was one of the most extraordinary characters, as well as one of the most efficient navigators, of his age. In the course of a long life, spent in wandering over distant seas, he made many notable discoveries; and having had some education, he skilfully recorded them in journals and diaries. He wrote with indefatigable industry, often amid the greatest hardships and most desperate passes to which adventurous spirits may come. His celebrated narrative of his three voyages around the globe possesses an extraordinary interest.

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Though born of a very respectable family, Dampier was not overburdened with moral scruples as to just how he made his living. His joining the buccaneers came about through a force of circumstances and temptations that he had not the character to resist. He was peacefully managing a plantation in Jamaica, when he got married, and married life seems to have had an unfortunate effect on him. He drifted off to cutting logwood on the Mosquito coast of Central America. This was a profitable occupation engaged in by many hardy Englishmen—stout rough fellows who wasted the considerable sums they earned, in great rum-punch drinking bouts, by which they sought to alleviate the hard savage life they lived with their stolen Indian women who cooked for them and cared for their rude huts in the dense jungles bordering on the Caribbean Sea.

Danger was their constant companion, for the Spaniards claimed this whole coast. Sometimes the Spanish war-ships suddenly fell upon the English log-cutters and carried them as prisoners to Mexico, to be sold as slaves or sent to work in the silver mines, where many of them perished from overwork and barbarous treatment.

While he was engaged in log-cutting, a tremendous storm arose and drowned out Dampier and his comrades. They lost all their provisions, huts and tools, and found themselves in a desperate plight. Just then, along came two pirate captains in two ketches, who invited the forlorn Englishmen to join fortunes with them—a proposition which Dampier and his mates immediately accepted. The pirates proceeded to attack and capture the small

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town of Alvarado and its port, after a desperate fight lasting five hours. Of the sixty pirates, ten or eleven were either killed or badly wounded before they took the place—only to find that the inhabitants had escaped to the woods with all their valuables! However, the pirates secured cattle and provisions, and were resting their sore bones, when suddenly they discovered seven Spanish war-ships coming up the river, under full sail, with their ports up and their guns run out, ready for battle!

The Spaniards were only a mile away; so the pirates hoisted anchor, made sail and hastened to get over the bar. Once across it, they cleared their decks for action and stripped to the waist to work their guns. The first ketch had a hard fight with the *Toro*, which carried ten guns and one hundred men; but escaped from it, only to be engaged by another Spanish ship, carrying four guns and many musketeers protected by bullhide barricades. This ketch got clear of the enemy but turned back to aid the second ketch which was having a hard time. When both ketches attacked the *Toro*, the Spanish ship “fell off and shook her ears”—and she and the other Spanish vessels retreated to Alvarado.

This experience in the pirate line seems to have sufficed Dampier for a while; for he returned to log-cutting and spent a year at it. With the money obtained from his labor, he went to England, but after a short stay there he returned once more to Jamaica with a cargo of goods, which he sold at Port Royal. By Christmas, 1679, Dampier had purchased a small estate in Dorsetshire, and was preparing to go back and spend the rest of his

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life as a farmer, when he met a Mr. Hobby and was persuaded to accompany him on a trading trip to the Mosquito coast.

They sailed from Port Royal in Hobby's ship and in a few days anchored at Negril Bay, Jamaica, where they found sundry buccaneer ships commanded by Captains Sharp, Sawkins, Coxon, Cook, Harris and others, engaged in filling their water-casks. When Hobby's crew learned that the buccaneers were about to raid the Spanish Main, they at once deserted and joined them. Dampier withstood the temptation for three days, then he too joined up. It was a real fleet—seven ships carrying thirty-six guns and three hundred and sixty-six men.

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Two days later, the buccaneers sailed for Porto Bello, which had recovered greatly since Morgan sacked it. Landing two hundred of their men some distance away from the town, they managed to surprise it before the Spanish troops could form. They thoroughly plundered the place in two days and staggered off laden with a great quantity of gold—thirty pounds apiece.

Presently they prepared to make an overland expedition to Santa Maria on the Santa Maria River, near the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific coast. They had heard that the gold mines near this town were very rich and often sent caravans laden with precious metal to Panama. The fact that it was garrisoned by four companies of Spanish musketeers did not daunt the English freebooters. Leaving a guard for their ships at Golden

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Island, they set out on their march, April 5, 1680, from near Drake's old anchorage. Captain Sharp led the advance-guard, accompanied by Indian guides and his company, over which floated his red flag with a bunch of white and green ribbons. Next came the second company under the Admiral of the buccaneer fleet, Richard Sawkins, who flaunted a red flag striped with yellow. After him came the third and fourth companies under Captain Peter Harris, displaying their two green flags; followed by the fifth and sixth companies, under Captain John Coxon, each marching under a red flag. Captain Edmund Cook commanded the rear-guard, which carried a red flag striped with yellow and bearing as a device a hand and a sword. Each buccaneer was armed with a musket, a pistol and a hanger (short sword) together with two pounds of powder and sufficient bullets. They carried in their "snap-sacks" three or four doughboys of baked bread, of about one-half pound each.

Dampier, Ringrose and Wafer all wrote accounts of this expedition; as did also Captain Sharp, the vainglorious and boastful. Wafer had been a surgeon at Port Royal until Cook led him astray, and he now acted as doctor for the buccaneers. Sharp had been a pirate for some time and was not overly given to telling or writing the truth; whereas Ringrose, who had only recently come to the West Indies in his eager desire for adventure and quick money, was a good map-maker and wrote more accurately about this affair.

Guided and aided by the Indians, the buccaneers marched wearily along the narrow trails through the

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sweltering jungles, suffering considerably but reaching, after some days, the house of the Indian king, Golden Cap. The chief bore this name because he wore a reed cap lined with red silk and covered with a thin plate of gold. He proved a kindly host to the corsairs, who rested here for two days and traded off their colored beads for food. And here they were joined by one hundred and fifty Indians armed with bows, arrows and lances. A force of seventy buccaneers under Captains Sharp, Coxon and Cook now embarked in fourteen canoes—conformably to the orders of Sawkins, who proceeded by a land route to the rendezvous with Harris, King Golden Cap, the Indians and the rest of the buccaneers.

Those in the canoes had a bad trip down the shallow river and often had to wade through the mud. Ringrose notes that, one night, as they sat dejectedly around their camp-fires, an inquisitive tiger came out from the jungle and gazed at them speculatively but finally left in disdain. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the canoes arrived at the rendezvous, where they were joined next morning by the land body. They rested a day and cleaned their weapons and themselves; and were joined by more Indians with their canoes.

Three hundred and fifty-seven Englishmen and fifty Indians set off in sixty-eight canoes and by hard rowing soon drew near to Santa Maria and cut a path to it through the jungle. It was sunrise, and the Spanish garrison had just been awakened by the reveille, when the buccaneers burst out from the forests and charged down upon them.

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Sawkins led the advance with seventy men, and ran toward the Spaniards who had beat to arms on sighting the English, and now opened a brisk fire. Undismayed, the buccaneers tore down part of the stockade, entered the Spanish fort at once and were soon masters of the place.

In this spirited attack, the buccaneers had only two men wounded; whereas the Spaniards had twenty-six men killed and sixteen wounded, out of a total of three hundred men under arms. The Indians took fifty of the Spaniards into the woods and killed them with their lances—such was the hereditary hatred of the Isthmus for the Spanish oppressors!

Santa Maria turned out to be a poor hamlet, containing but few provisions and only twenty pounds of gold. They had missed, by three days, three hundred pounds of gold, which the Spaniards had sent to Panama, on receiving word of the approach of the buccaneers. What was worse, the Governor of the locality had carried to Panama the news that pirates had crossed the Isthmus. The buccaneers had planned to attack Panama by surprise, in case they did not obtain the “huge booty of gold,” which they hoped to find in Santa Maria.

They went into conference as to what to do next. Some proposed to go cruising in the South Seas, but Coxon—who commanded one of the strongest companies—objected and wanted to return to Golden Island. He was jealous of Admiral Sawkins, who had won high repute by his capture of Porto Bello, and did not wish to serve under him. The majority voted to go to Panama, because

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of the great quantities of gold, silver and jewels sent there from Peru and Chile. But Coxon still objected and would not give in, until the buccaneers elected him admiral as a way out of the dilemma.

Sending their booty back to their ships at Golden Island under a guard of twelve men, the buccaneers embarked for the Pacific in thirty-five canoes and a ship that they found anchored in the river. The trip was full of trials and tribulations. Ringrose records an eventful day, April nineteenth. At dawn, he was shivering from the wet and cold; at ten A. M., he was shipwrecked; at noon, he saved the lives of five Spaniards; at one P. M., he made a sketch of the coast near there; he set sail at four P. M.; he was captured by Spaniards and condemned to death by nine P. M.; at ten o'clock, he was pardoned; at eleven, the Spaniards sent him away; and at midnight, he was free again, but once more shivering with the wet and cold.

Just at dusk, Sharp's party arrived at an isle in the Bay of Panama and seized an old watchman on a high hill before he could set fire to the beacon that would warn the Panamans of the approach of pirates. Soon after, the buccaneers captured a bark, which many of the English boarded, under command of "that sea-artist and valiant commander, Captain Bartholomew Sharp," to quote his own words. Next day, the bark and the canoes put to sea, and soon took another small vessel, of which Harris took possession with some of his men, hoisting his green flag over it. The canoes paddled on to Chepillo. Next morning, Sawkins and Coxon set out in their canoes

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to capture a bark, but a breeze sprang up and she made off, firing a volley that killed one of the buccaneers and receiving a hasty volley in return. She escaped to Panama, gave warning of the approach of the freebooters and so dashed their hope of surprising the city.

Nevertheless, the buccaneers started out that afternoon to paddle their canoes the twenty miles to Panama, after turning over their Spanish prisoners to the Indians to be killed. The murderous intent was defeated by the Spaniards who banded together, "rushed" the Indians and escaped into the jungle with the loss of only one of their number!

The buccaneers paddled all night and approached Panama just before daybreak. Meanwhile, Sharp sailed his bark over to Pearl Island in Panama Bay, under pretense of getting fresh water, but really to rob the pearl fisheries. He found a very pretty Spanish woman at the island, and a case of wine; whereupon he feasted and enjoyed himself, remained all night and did not join his comrades till after they had fought and won the battle of Perico.

THE BATTLE OF PERICO

On April twenty-third the buccaneer flotilla of canoes drew near to Panama, with the English worn out from the night of rowing against a head wind. The new city, which was built after Morgan sacked the old city, was not yet finished; but its expensive stone walls made it a strong place. The inhabitants were in a panic and many fled at the approach of the pirates. Some troops of the

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garrison happened to be absent from the Isthmus, fighting with a tribe of local Indians. The sturdiest Spaniards rallied under Don Jacinto de Boronha, who was the Admiral of these waters, and helped to man the ships in the Bay of Panama. Old Don Peralta, who had so wonderfully saved the precious galleon carrying the church wealth of Panama, when Morgan sacked the city ten years before,* came to the front again, mustered a force of Tawnymores (mixed breeds) and manned two barks with them.

In the harbor there were five large galleons and three fairly big barks. Including soldiers and volunteers, the Spaniards had about two hundred and fifty men to oppose the sixty-eight buccaneers in canoes and *piraguas*. Sharp was still absent, diverting himself with wine, women and song; and one hundred and seventeen buccaneers were in the barks that were becalmed some distance away.

As the buccaneers rowed in between the Islands of Perico and Taboguilla, shortly after sunrise, they saw the City of Panama before them and the Spanish ships lying at anchor in the bay. The Spaniards saw them at the same time, and their three big barks at once weighed anchor, hoisted sail and bore down on the buccaneers, who were strung out for several miles, with Ringrose in the vanguard. The galleons did not have enough men to work their guns, so they remained anchored; but they sent their crews over to the big armed barks, whose decks must have been crowded.

*See page 149.

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As the Spaniards were dead to windward, they simply squared their yards and came down the wind over the calm sea, with the intention of running over and destroying the canoes and drowning their crews; for the Spanish captains had orders to show the pirates no mercy, but kill every one of them. However, as the Spaniards drew near, the buccaneers rowed up into the wind's eye and got to windward of the ships, which sailed past the three leading canoes, exchanging volleys at long range. Thus began the famous battle of Perico.

The Spanish war-ships were formed in line of battle, with the ship manned by Tawnymores in advance. This ship ran in between the fourth canoe (bearing Ringrose) and the fifth canoe, in which was Sawkins, and having passed them, fired two broadsides that wounded five buccaneers. In return the buccaneers gave her a volley from their muskets—they had no cannon—and killed at least half of the Spaniard's sail-trimmers. This calamity so crippled her power of maneuvering that she was a long time in wearing round and getting into action again.

The two buccaneer *piraguas* also now managed to get to windward of the Spaniards; but the Spanish Admiral came down with his second ship and tried to sail between the canoes of Sawkins and Ringrose, just as these buccaneers finished loading their muskets again. The Admiral intended to give each of the small craft a broadside and blow them out of the water; but when he was so close to them that the English could look right into his ship, one of the buccaneers aimed at her helmsman and shot him through the heart. With no hand on the helm, it

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flew around, and the ship immediately broached to, with her sails aback, and came to a dead stop.

Five of the buccaneer canoes and one of the *piraguas* rowed under her stern and poured deadly volleys at point-blank into her, which made her decks a slaughter-house.

In less than five minutes, this Spanish man-of-war was practically put out of the action. Sawkins ran his own shot-riddled canoe over to one of his *piraguas*, boarded it and bore down upon the third Spanish ship, which was commanded by old Don Peralta and was now coming up to the assistance of the Admiral and his decimated crew. Before Peralta could get close enough to destroy the canoes that were attacking the Admiral, Sawkins ran his *piragua* aboard Peralta's ship and gave him so much to think about that he was put to it to defend himself, much less give help.

The fight waxed fast and furious—and, indeed, the English testified that the Spaniards fought most bravely during this entire battle, even when very few of them were left alive. The Admiral's ship was a shambles; Peralta's was shrouded in smoke, pierced only by the gun-flashes of both sides as they fought to the death for the possession of this inferno of a ship.

The Tawnymores' ship had been off to leeward, crippled by the loss of her sail-trimmers, and was having a hard time trying to get around on the other tack. She finally succeeded and sailed in to help the Admiral. Captain Springer, a noted pirate, and Ringrose rowed up to meet her, assailed her with terrific volleys and made such

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deadly havoc among her crew that she hardly had men enough left to sail her out of the action. She fled toward Panama with her decks littered with dead and mortally wounded. Had she stayed, doubtless she would have soon been captured.

The buccaneers with Springer and Ringrose hailed her flight with a great English cheer, which Sawkins' men echoed with a loud hurrah. The buccaneers turned to attack the Admiral. They managed to wedge up the rudder of his ship so that it could not be steered. The Admiral and his pilot and over two-thirds of the brave Biscayners died fighting at their posts. Many of the remaining Spaniards were wounded, so they now cried for quarter. Coxon and his buccaneers clambered aboard and took possession, dragging the Spaniards from their guns and thrusting them down into the hold as prisoners, under a strong guard. Valiant Captain Harris, who had been shot through both legs, was hoisted on this prize, with the rest of the wounded buccaneers; and then the others rowed over to help Sawkins, who had been three times driven from Peralta's ship in trying to board her.

A fierce and bloody fight had been fought between Sawkins and Peralta, and the very scuppers of the Spanish vessel ran blood, so great was the slaughter. Yet notwithstanding his fearful losses, "this stout and old Spaniard," Don Peralta, still returned shot for shot and bade defiance to his assailants. Ringrose's canoe rowed close up to his ship and directed a heavy fire through the after gun-ports. A flaming wad from one of the English muskets fell into the powder of the after-magazine, setting it

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afire and blowing up the ship abaft. All the Spaniards abaft the mast were hurled into the air. Some of them fell upon the decks, others into the sea. Quite undismayed, gallant old Don Peralta fastened a rope around his waist, had himself lowered overboard, and rescued the Spaniards in the water. A quantity of gunpowder on the forward part of the Spanish ship blew up and forced the gun-crews there to dive overboard to save their lives. At the same time she took fire forward and soon was wrapped in a cloud of smoke, under cover of which Sawkins boarded and took her.

In this terrible fight, nearly every one of Peralta's Spaniards was killed, wounded or badly scorched by gunpowder. Aboard the captured admiral-ship, sixty-one of eighty-six men were killed; and of the twenty-five left, only eight were still able to fight when she was taken by the buccaneers. The loss on the Tawnymore ship was so heavy that the mere sight of her bloody decks frightened off the two barks in the roadstead. The buccaneers had only eighteen men killed and twenty-two wounded, although they had attacked and taken two war-ships in nothing but canoes.

This battle of Perico began about sunrise, but was over by noon, and Sawkins next turned his attention to the galleons anchored in the harbor. He asked how many men were now on them, and Don Peralta—all powder-scorched and hurt as he was—boldly spoke up and said that there were three hundred and fifty men on the largest galleon alone. A dying Spaniard lying on the bloody deck exclaimed that there was not a single man on all of them.

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The buccaneers investigated, found this true and took the galleons without delay or resistance, although the Spaniards had cut a hole in the largest—the *Most Blessed Trinity*—and set her on fire. The buccaneers plugged the hole, put out the fire, transferred their wounded to her and used her as a hospital ship, after distributing among themselves her cargo of wine, sugar and sweet-meats.

With this rude welcome to the South Seas, the English decided to call it a day and lay at anchor at Perico. Next day, April twenty-fourth, they were joined by the buccaneers who had been to leeward during the battle. As they now had two hundred men with them, they weighed anchor, after setting fire to two of the captured galleons that were loaded with iron and flour, and sailed to the roadstead of Panama, anchoring there just out of cannon-range. That night Captain Sharp joined them with his bark, having been over to Chepillo to look for them. This buccaneer Falstaff professed his great delight at learning that his comrades had just won such a glorious victory “through the Divine Assistance”! All hands made merry over the wine looted from the *Most Blessed Trinity*—and at last went to bed, content, like honest buccaneers.

SUNDRY CAPTURES IN THE PACIFIC

Captain Peter Harris, the stout sea-warrior from Kent, had died of his wounds, and next day they buried him. They intended to sack the City of Panama this same day, but a quarrel broke out. All the buccaneer

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leaders wanted to stay in the Pacific "to try their fortunes," except Coxon, who wished to return to Golden Island.

This perpetual sorehead had won no glory in the battle of Perico and was jealous of the splendid part Sawkins had played in the sanguinary fight, especially as Sawkins' men taunted Coxon and accused him of cowardice. Coxon said he would be glad to load his men on one of the barks and one of the *piraguas* they had captured, and return home by way of the Santa Maria River. And that same night off he went, to the great indignation of the others.

The buccaneer fleet returned to its anchorage at Perico, and remained there for ten days, debating what to do next. Meanwhile they captured a frigate loaded with poultry, which they promptly devoured, and then dismissed the vessel, with their poorest prisoners aboard it. Sailing over to Taboga Island, they anchored just in time to meet the merchants of Panama, who appeared and bought from the corsairs the goods captured in their own Spanish ships! The buccaneers sold them also some negroes they had captured, receiving two hundred pieces-of-eight for each black man.

Sawkins was reelected admiral.

Sharp set out on a cruise to near-by islands to find some of his drunken buccaneers who had wandered away. While anchored in a calm, he saw a large Spanish ship bound for Panama. He sent off his canoes, and they soon ran alongside the stranger and captured her, as she had nothing but rapiers with which to defend herself. In this

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noble prize, they found two thousand jars of wine and brandy, a quantity of vinegar, and much powder and shot which the buccaneers were glad to get just then. They also found fifty-one thousand pieces-of-eight, which, when divided up, gave every buccaneer two hundred and forty-seven. This money had been meant to pay the Panama garrison. Two days later, the buccaneers took two flour-ships, one of them a very finely modeled vessel of one hundred tons that pleased Sharp so much he fitted her out for himself. The taking of the other was a brave exploit. It was captured under the very guns of Panama Castle, which opened a heavy fire upon the buccaneers. They nevertheless rowed coolly in, with the cannon-balls flying overhead, fastened on to the ship and towed her out of range!

They stayed several days at Taboga Island, lying in wait for the treasure-ship from Lima, on which, the Spaniards said, was a vast sum in silver dollars. The Governor of Panama wrote and asked the buccaneers why they had come to the South Seas; to which Sawkins replied that they had come to help Golden Cap, King of the Darien Indians, and since they had come this far, they deserved some reward. He added that if the Governor would send them five hundred pieces-of-eight per man, with double that sum for the captains, and would promise not to harass the Indians further, the buccaneers would depart in peace.

Replying to this modest demand, the Spanish Governor wanted to know who had signed the commissions under which the buccaneers sailed. Sawkins answered: "That

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as yet all his company were not come together, but that when they were come up, we would come and visit him at Panama, and bring our commissions on the muzzles of our guns, at which time he should read them as plain as the flame of gunpowder could make them."

Having eaten all the meat on Taboga Island, the buccaneers sailed to Otoque Island in this same bay. Here a Frenchman deserted from them to the Spaniards and told the Governor of Panama all their plans.

A stiff gale blew up while they were at sea, and one of the buccaneer barks was captured by the Spaniards; while the other one was driven off to the east, overtook Coxon and joined him.

They coasted along the shore for several days and finally anchored on the north coast of Quibo Island. Sawkins took sixty men and sailed off in Cook's ship to attack Pueblo Nuevo, a town on the bank of a river. Disembarking at the mouth of this stream, the buccaneers got into their canoes and rowed all night long toward the town, only to find that the French deserter had told the Spaniards about the plan of attack; and hence, trees had been felled across the river, a mile below, rendering it quite impassable.

Sawkins and his men waited in the forest until dawn and then moved forward to attack. The warned Spaniards had surrounded the town with stout wooden breastworks, upon which Sawkins charged with his advance-guard of twelve men, followed by Sharp with thirty more. Sawkins discharged his gun at the Spaniards, drew his sword, ran up to the breastworks and began hacking at

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it—"being a man nothing on Earth could terrifie." Almost instantly he was shot dead by the Spaniards, along with two other buccaneers, while five more were seriously wounded. Dismayed by this unexpected resistance, the loss of their beloved Admiral and the strength of the breastworks, the rest of the buccaneers retreated. Sharp took command and got them off in their canoes and down to the river's mouth; and, after taking a bark laden with maize, they returned to their ship.

SHARP'S BRIEF ERA

Sawkins' death was a fatal blow to the high hopes of the buccaneers, as he was "a valued and generous-spirited man, and beloved above any other we ever had among us, which he deserved." It now became necessary to elect a new leader; but many of the buccaneers were unwilling to serve under any other chief and especially disliked Sharp, who had assumed command when Sawkins fell. They mutinied, refused to obey his orders and called for a "full council" that should vote their choice.

At this council, Sharp was chosen chief by a few votes, but some declined to cruise with him, although he swore that he could obtain for them at least a thousand pounds sterling a man. This did not placate the malcontents, who would previously have gone back to Golden Island with Coxon, had it not been for Sawkins' influence with them. The sixty-three irreconcilables raised such a row that Sharp finally gave them a ship supplied with treble rations, and twelve Indians to guide them over the Isthmus to Golden Island.



Maps of the Isthmus of Darien

From Dampier's Voyages, 1705 edition, London

SHARP'S BRIEF ERA

Sharp now had one hundred and forty-six men left with him. Some of the older buccaneers remained, and Dampier, Wafer and Ringrose, although they did not like him; but they did not wish to try to cross the Isthmus during the high water of the rainy season, which was now upon them. Captain Cook came aboard Sharp's ship, complaining loudly that his crew had kicked him out. Sharp therefore gave his command to a pirate from New England named Cox, who was an old acquaintance of his, and who seems to have been a scheming and ambitious individual. Cox took with him to Cook's ship brave and honorable old Don Peralta, who had challenged to a duel the Spanish Captain of the money ship they took, because the latter seemed on the point of yielding to the request of the buccaneers that he pilot them to Guayaquil, where, they said, "we might lay down our silver and lade our vessels with gold."

Quarreling, intriguing and fighting among themselves, the buccaneers remained at Quibo, watering their ships, and eating turtle, deer, and oysters so large that a quarter of one of them made a big mouthful. On June sixth, they sailed for the Island of Gorgona, and there careened the *Trinity* and cut off her tall "Round House Coach and all the high carved woodwork belonging to the stern of the ship," for, they said, "when we took her from the Spaniards she was as high as any Third Rate Ship in England."

One of their prisoners, an old Moor who had long been with the Spaniards, changed Sharp's plan of going to Guayaquil, by telling him that there was enough gold at

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Arica to give each buccaneer two thousand pounds sterling. However, instead of hurrying to Arica, Sharp went on leisurely careening his ships and did not leave Gorgona until August.

They cruised around for two months, with nothing much happening, though they ran short of water and food at different times. They stopped long enough at Sir Francis Drake's Island* to strike turtles, shoot goats and go fishing with a greasy lead for some of the gold pieces that Drake was said to have thrown overboard, because he did not have room for them in the *Golden Hind*. All these credulous fishermen got were badly sunburned necks and a general grouch, it would seem.

They landed at the town of Ylo for water, about the end of October, and captured the place. Here they obtained fresh fruit, sugar and olive oil and pillaged the orange groves. They tried to force the Spaniards to bring them cattle, and when this was refused, they wrecked and burned the sugar refineries and oil works and marched back to their ships, after eating a mule which they said made "a very good meal"!

These human scourges cruised along the coast, terrifying its inhabitants; and next attacked La Serena, which is five miles from the present Coquimbo. They captured it but found little silver, as the citizens had had time to hide their valuables. The buccaneers here ate strawberries as large as walnuts. On leaving the town, they set it afire, as its people would not pay a ransom.

In retaliation, the Spaniards induced an Indian to float

*See page 64.

SHARP'S BRIEF ERA

out at night on an inflated horsehide, pack an inflammable mixture of oakum and sulphur between the rudder and stern-post of the *Trinity*, and then set fire to it. The stern-post blazed up, after emitting a cloud of smoke. But the buccaneers perceived it in time to put the fire out and save their ship. Fearful lest their Spanish prisoners should spring some such trick on them, the buccaneers put them ashore, including old Don Peralta and Don Juan, the Captain of the money ship.

They sailed thence to Juan Fernandez Island, burying at sea a buccaneer who had drunk too much at Coquimbo and got the calenture and a fit of hiccoughs that carried him off. They anchored at Juan Fernandez on Christmas Day, 1680, and fired three volleys in honor of the occasion. Here they filled their water-casks and killed and salted a number of goats. They also captured many goats alive, tethering them on the deck of the *Trinity*; where they became a terrible nuisance a few days later, when a gale drove the ship out to sea, and they had to beat back to another anchorage.

They remained here for a fortnight. The dissensions among them came to a head while they were calking their ship, preparatory to taking it through the Straits of Magellan to the West Indies, and so back to their starting point. Calking ship under that fiery sun was no joke, and none wanted to do it. This increased the feeling against Sharp. He had secured them little in the way of gold or silver, and his men both suspected his courage and disliked his manners.

On January sixth, some of the buccaneers held a coun-

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eil ashore, egged on by John Cox, whom Sharp had made a captain. As a result of this fore-castle conference, the mutineers came aboard the ship, clapped Sharp in irons and put him down in the hold on the ballast. Then they elected as their captain old John Watling, an able sailor and former pirate. One reason given for this summary deposition of Sharp was that he had still a thousand pounds sterling, which was a great grievance to many of the buccaneers who had diced away all their coin.

THE ATTEMPT ON ARICA UNDER WATLING

Their new Captain, Watling, began his reign by ordering the buccaneers to observe the Sabbath day properly; somewhat on the same order as Sawkins, who was very strict about religious matters and had once thrown over-board the dice with which he found the buccaneers gambling on a Sunday. Religion now ruled the *Trinity*; while a fiddler played hymns, Cook talked about salvation, and John Watling discoursed on the gospel. And the buccaneers went on hunting goats and burning and talloving their ship's bottom.

On January 12, 1681, they suddenly saw three Spanish war-ships to the leeward of the island, beating up to anchorage with all canvas spread. Hastily the buccaneers heaved up one of their anchors, fired off guns to recall those who were ashore, then hoisted in their boats, slipped their second cable and stood out to sea. All was done in such haste that they left behind a Mosquito Indian named William, marooned on the island that "Robinson Crusoe" Selkirk later made famous.

THE ATTEMPT ON ARICA UNDER WATLING

Hoisting her topgallantsails, the *Trinity* hauled close to the wind and fled from these Spanish ships which were of a good size and carried a total of thirty guns. The Spaniards "put out their bloody flag," and the buccaneers flew theirs "to shew them that we were not as yet daunted." Toward sunset the buccaneers tacked about and bore down on the Spanish flag-ship which was some distance ahead of the others, intending to sweep her deck with volleys and then carry her by boarding. However, neither Watling nor the Spaniards were anxious to come to grips, and the Spanish Admiral wore ship and sailed back to Juan Fernandez. Taking advantage of this, the buccaneers also decided to make off, resolved not to attack the Dons at sea but to proceed to the mainland and capture Arica, where there was said to be gold enough for all.

They were not pleased with Watling's conduct in this matter, and many of the buccaneers wanted to end the cruise. However, they again hauled to the wind and stood off to the east, both angry and disquieted. They landed at the Island of Iquique on January twenty-sixth but found nothing but guano and a fishery with a lot of stinking fish. They captured and examined some of the Indians under the direction of the pious John Watling. One of the half-breeds made several conflicting statements about Arica. The buccaneers decided he was lying, sentenced him to death and immediately murdered him in cold blood, despite the protest of Captain Sharp, who took a basin of water and washed his hands in Pilate fashion. "Gentlemen," Sharp told them, "I am clear of

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the blood of this old man, and I'll warrant you a hot day for this piece of cruelty, whenever you come to Arica." However, it availed the poor wretch naught, for Watling ordered him shot to death.

At that time, Arica was a flourishing city, guarded by a strong fort armed with twelve brass guns, and garrisoned by four companies of regular Spanish troops sent from Lima. It had also a town guard of three hundred men, besides an arsenal well supplied with fire-arms for the use of its citizens in case of attack. When informed that the pirates were in the South Seas, they had built a wooden palisade around the town for defense. Most of their valuables, including gold, jewels and silver plate had been carefully hidden or buried, to prevent the buccaneers from ever getting them. And the town was in such readiness to resist an attack that our pirates had slight chance either to capture it, or to hold it for long, if they did succeed in taking it.

On January twenty-eighth, Watling picked out one hundred buccaneers and sent them off in boats and canoes to attack Arica. They rowed in close to shore and concealed themselves among the rocks till night fell on the scene. Next day, they landed four miles south of Arica and left their boats on the shore under guard, with instructions that if, on arriving at Arica, they should send up a single smoke signal, the boat-guards should send one canoe by sea to the town; if two smoke signals were sent up, the guard was to come with all the boats. The *Trinity* lay becalmed, three miles out at sea.

The buccaneers were up by sunrise and marching, when

THE ATTEMPT ON ARICA UNDER WATLING

they met three Spanish horsemen, who immediately galloped off to give warning. Arrived at Arica, Watling selected forty buccaneers to storm the fort which was located on a hill. The party included Ringrose and Sharp and was supplied with ten grenades to assist in the attack. With the rest of the buccaneers, Watling marched forward into the streets of the town, and there a continuous battle began, amid the unceasing roar of musket volleys, as the Spaniards gallantly rallied to the defense.

The buccaneers in the storming party ran close in under the guns of the fort and hurled their grenades through its embrasures, but they failed to burst or to set fire to this work, and the Spaniards kept up such a hot fire that the buccaneers saw they could effect nothing. So they retreated, without losing a man. Watling had not advanced appreciably, and his men were halted in line, kneeling down and firing at the breastworks, from which the Spaniards fired back with deadly effect. The storming party joined their comrades on the firing line, and opened up on the Spaniards, killing a man with every shot.

A "very desperate battle" took place here. The buccaneers' rage increased with their wounds. Under their deadly and accurate fire, the Spaniards went down in heaps, and at last fled from the breastworks. The English pursued them and "filled every street of the city with dead bodies." They rushed upon the Spaniards, clubbed them down with the butt of their guns, cut them down with their swords.

When, wearied, they paused to take breath, the

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Spaniards returned again and again to the attack. Finally they were driven out of the main parts of the town, and a larger body of them captured than the buccaneers could well spare guards for.

A short pause now ensued in the sanguinary struggle, and the buccaneers took advantage of it to remove their wounded to the church, where their surgeons attended them. Watling sent a summons demanding the surrender of the fort, but its garrison made no reply save to reload their guns and prepare for defense, aided by numerous citizen volunteers.

Watling made an attack on the fort just before noon, placing one hundred of his Spanish prisoners in front of the advancing line of buccaneers. Regardless of this cruel ruse, the Spanish fort opened fire, killing both friend and foe and driving the buccaneers off. Watling made a second ineffectual attack upon the fort soon afterward, but could not take it without cannon to batter down its walls. However, the buccaneers got up on top of a house close by, and there picked off the defenders with ease and accuracy.

In the meanwhile, down in the town, a number of Spanish regular soldiers joined with a number of brave citizens and fell so furiously upon the small buccaneer guard set over the prisoners there that they drove it off and freed the prisoners. The Spaniards, who outnumbered the freebooters twenty to one, soon regained their town. The buccaneers now fell back from the fort, and the Spaniards rushed out in force and tried to cut them off from the sea.

THE ATTEMPT ON ARICA UNDER WATLING

At least two thousand men armed with muskets attacked the corsairs, pouring in volleys that cost the invaders heavily. Those from the fort front tried to get over to the church where their wounded lay, but the pursuit was now too hot, and they were beaten back from the attempt to rescue their wounded comrades, and compelled to beat a hasty retreat toward the seashore.

During this heart-breaking retreat, Watling was shot dead, and both quartermasters and the boatswain also were slain. Driven from place to place, surrounded by myriads of foes thirsting for their blood, covered with dust and begrimed with powder-smoke, the haggard, thirsty, desperate band were soon in parlous pass, and all seemed likely to be killed on the spot. Some of them now recalled Sharp's true prophecy of what would befall them for their brutal murder of the half-breed at Iquique; so they shouted out to him, amid the roar of battle, to take command and deliver them.

Sharp took charge of the retreat, protected by a rear-guard that, by their deadly accurate musket-fire, kept the foe from coming too close. Repeatedly great masses of Spaniards charged down upon this shattered band, but the buccaneers did due honor to their English blood, doggedly closed their ranks and still withstood the furious enemy. They even plunged forward in counter-attack and won to the church, but could not hold it, owing to the press of opposing numbers. Nor could they rescue the wounded buccaneers though they shouted to the two doctors to come on and join them. Unfortunately, these medical gentlemen had got drunk and refused to leave.

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The buccaneers were now almost exhausted from hard and continual fighting and from hunger and thirst. The huge crowd of Spaniards, cheering as they charged, drove them from the town. The buccaneers rallied around their commander, closed up, and maintained their fire upon the enemy, all the while cursing them and damning them for cowards. There were now not fifty buccaneers who were able to handle a musket, yet they held together in a compact group and gave the charging Spaniards a hail of shot that broke them into scattered fragments. The buccaneers then took up their march toward their boats, but turned aside along the seashore, to avoid the Spanish cavalry who were trying to cut them off.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in the town, by torturing the wounded buccaneers and their drunken doctors, had learned of the smoke-signals that had been agreed upon; whereupon the Spaniards at once sent up two smokes. On seeing this, the boat-guard set out with their canoes for Arica, but fortunately they were met and hailed by their bloodstained comrades, who were now marching along the seashore. Thus both the boats and remaining buccaneers were saved from almost certain destruction.

By ten o'clock that night, the buccaneers were back aboard their ship, after one of the most desperate battles ever fought by pirates. Of ninety-two men who had gone ashore, twenty-eight had been either slain or taken prisoners; eighteen of the sixty-four men who got back to the canoes were seriously wounded. The Spaniards in Arica slaughtered all the wounded buccaneers in the church but spared the lives of the doctors, as the town was in need of

THE ATTEMPT ON ARICA UNDER WATLING

medical services for its own wounded citizens and soldiers.

With Captain Sharp in command again, the buccaneers sailed back and forth in front of the port of Arica, hoping the Spaniards would come out in their ships and fight them at sea. But the enemy had had enough of fighting for the present and declined to trust themselves afloat on an element on which they knew the English were their superiors by far.

The buccaneers themselves were tired of fighting, and none of them wanted to linger longer in the South Seas. They sailed up to 30° So. Lat., fixed in their determination to quit the Pacific; and on March third, their council resolved to put the helm up and go to the North Sea (the Atlantic Ocean) although they were short of water and were living on half a doughboy a day for their "whack."

Two days later, they came to the town of Huasco, comprising sixty houses, a church, some copper-smelters and sheep-runs. After dusk, fifty buccaneers landed and spent the night concealed in the churchyard. They fell upon the town in the morning and took sheep and goats, wine and provisions. The people had hidden their valuables; so they got no loot here, but filled their water-jars and secured some of the white raisins for which the place is famous.

On April sixteenth, they arrived at the Island of Plata,* where dissensions again arose among them. Some were angry at Sharp and wanted to go home, but others had perked up and were ready now to continue cruising in the

*See page 64.

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South Seas. Those in the Arica fight wanted Sharp to remain as captain; while those who had not been in the battle were angry because he had been selected leader. The older and wiser men refused to cruise with him any longer. So they decided to hold a council and vote upon the matter—the majority party to be allowed to keep the ship. When the votes were counted, the Sharp party won, and the anti-Sharp party prepared to leave in the long boat and two canoes.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE ANTI-SHARP PARTY

On April 17, 1681, Dampier and forty-three other buccaneers went off in these small boats, accompanied by their surgeon, Wafer. Hoisting their sails, they headed toward the Gulf of San Miguel and the Santa Maria River, down which they had come, months before. A few days later, during a heavy rain-storm they saw two large Spanish war-ships approaching, with many guns showing in their open ports, as they beat against the wind toward the south, looking for the *Trinity*. Dampier hastily struck his sails, had his men row close to shore, and escaped in the obscurity of the heavy rain.

After twelve days of coasting, they came to anchor about twenty miles from the Gulf of San Miguel, and there cleaned their guns and rested for the day. Next morning, they arrived at the Gulf, only to find a Spanish war-ship and soldiers there, with the guns of the man-of-war trained on the mouth of the river! To make matters worse, the local Indians were now on friendly terms with the Spaniards, so Dampier, Wafer and their comrades

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lost no time in getting away from this dangerous neighborhood.

They rowed up to the head of a creek; and after scuttling and sinking their boats, they set to packing their "snap-sacks" and were off on their long march across the Isthmus, May 1, 1681. Before leaving they took a vow to shoot any man of their company who straggled behind the column, lest one of them should fall into the hands of pursuing Spaniards, be tortured into confessing their plans, and thus enable the foe to ambush and slay them all. They crossed the Isthmus, one hundred and ten miles wide, in twenty-three days, although many of the half-famished pirates were sick, weak or well-nigh exhausted after but a few days of struggling through that wild and savage maze of jungles, forests, rivers, mountains and morasses. It was an extraordinary feat in an age of great exploits.

Suffering terrible hardships, they often nearly perished from starvation and once were glad to live on monkey meat. At one place their Indian guide refused all their bribes to take them farther, until a buccaneer produced from his pack a "sky-colored petticoat" (which he had looted from God knows where) and threw it over the mahogany-colored form of the Indian's wife. The Eve in this dusky dame was so moved that she compelled her husband to pilot the lost buccaneers farther on their way. Wafer was badly scorched by an explosion of gunpowder. One Gayny, in trying to cross a swollen stream, was carried under and drowned by the weight of a heavy bag of silver pieces-of-eight that he wore suspended from

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his neck. Finally, on May twentieth, to their great joy, they sighted the North Sea from a high mountain ridge. Wafer and some of his comrades had been left behind, as they could not keep up with the rest, who now secured canoes and descended the Concepcion River, and after a while landed once more on the shores of the Caribbean.

Presently they were joined by those companions who had been left behind, including the melancholy surgeon Wafer, who was now painted black like the Indians of that district, and, save for a breech-clout, was as naked as the day he was born. Indeed, so well had he disguised himself that he wandered around among his comrades for quite an hour, smiling cynically at them, till finally one of them recognized him and shouted gleefully: "Here's our Doctor!"

The genial buccaneers now made their way to La Sounds Key, where they met with Captain Tristain, an old French privateer, and bought from his ship many presents which they gratefully presented to their faithful Indian guides. Dampier and his mates were kindly taken aboard by Captain Tristain. What later befell Dampier, will be found in the succeeding chapters of this book.

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF SHARP AND HIS FOLLOWERS

Meanwhile "that incomparable sea-artist, Captain Bartholomew Sharp," and his fellow reprobates in the *Trinity* were still coasting along South America, on the lookout for loot, although there were now but seventy men left. A few days after the departure of Dampier

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF SHARP

and his mates, Sharp took the *San Pedro*, a ship from Guayaquil that he had captured some fourteen months before. This time she was a prize worth taking, as she had aboard her forty thousand pieces-of-eight, besides a quantity of silver bars and some ingots of gold.

He took also a large ship, the *San Rosario*, which was by far the very richest ship the buccaneers had ever captured—had they but known it! For, in addition to being laden with many stout chests filled with pieces-of-eight, and a lot of wine and brandy, her hold contained seven hundred large bars of rough silver fresh from the mines, and on their way to the mint at Lima to be refined.

The ignorant pirates took this crude silver for tin and so left it there in the hold of the *San Rosario*. They turned her loose after removing the pieces-of-eight and liquors and one bar only of the silver, which they brought aboard the *Trinity* to make bullets of. Two-thirds of the bar was melted for this purpose, and only a fragment of it was left when the *Trinity* reached Antigua in the West Indies. There some toper who wanted a drink swapped it off to a man of Bristol, England, who took it home with him and sold it for seventy-five pounds sterling.

We wonder what these ignoramus must have thought when they learned that they had let slip from their fingers two hundred and ten thousand pounds sterling, or one million and fifty thousand dollars in the money of that day, which is equal to about five million dollars of our own present money! And “thus we parted with the richest booty we got in the whole voyage,” lamented Ringrose later, when he had this deplorable miscue!

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It seems, however, that Sharp was partly responsible for the loss of the huge fortune; for some of his crew wanted to load the silver into the *Trinity* as tin, which they knew would bring a good price in the Atlantic ports or in England. Aboard the *San Rosario* happened to be a lovely Spanish lady, "the beautifullest creature," Sharp wrote later, "that my eyes had ever beheld." He fell head over heels in love with her, and she wound him about her little finger for her own ends and those of her countrymen aboard her ship. Love-smitten Sharp paid scant heed to aught but her lovely eyes and her entreaties to let her ship sail serenely on its precious way. Virtue is said to be its own reward—but one hopes that this fair dame received substantial recognition for her very valuable services to the owners.

Sullen, drunken and quarrelsome, Sharp's buccaneers finally got the *Trinity* around Cape Horn and sailed northward to the West Indies, putting in at Barbadoes, where they did not dare land. A British Navy frigate was uncomfortably close. They feared she might seize them as pirates and hang them at her yard-arm. They therefore bore off to Antigua, where Ringrose and thirteen of his comrades left the *Trinity* and shipped on another vessel for England.

Sharp and others left at Nevis, and they, too, sailed to England, where they were soon arrested and tried for piracy, at the instigation of the Spanish Ambassador in London. They were especially charged with high-jacking the *San Rosario* on the high seas, but the Ambassador had no direct evidence at hand. Sharp and the rest

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF SHARP

pleaded self-defense, asserting that the Spaniards had fired upon them first. So, in the end, they were discharged from custody, although they had a close call for their lives.

Three other buccaneers were arrested in Jamaica for piracy on this expedition, but the only one of them hanged seems to have been the only honest man in the whole robber-gang—for he frankly confessed what he had been up to along with Sharp in the South Seas.

As for the galleon, the *Most Blessed Trinity*, of the holy name and unholy deeds, she had been turned over to the last seven men aboard her. They had lost all their money at dice to their comrades who had left them the ship as a consolation-prize. As to what became of her and them, history sayeth naught; and she disappears into the mystery-locker of forgotten ships.

CHAPTER VIII

AMBROSE COWLEY, SO-CALLED AMERICAN PIRATE, AND HIS MISCELLANEOUS COMPANIONS

(Dampier's Story Continued)

HOW COWLEY BECAME A BUCCANEER

SOME buccaneering expeditions were fitted out in North America in early days, especially in Virginia and the Carolinas, and among these was the expedition of John Cooke, who has been called the first American buccaneer, simply because his ship sailed from one of the Colonies.

As secrecy was absolutely necessary for parties which set out from our shores, the buccaneers often resorted to false pretenses to persuade skilled pilots and experienced masters to accompany them on their voyages. They would misrepresent their real intentions and destinations and not reveal the truth until the ship was so far out at sea that the deluded and entrapped mariners must perforce continue the voyage and obey the orders of the buccaneer chiefs.

This was what happened to Captain Ambrose Cowley, who was enticed by Cooke to accompany him on his buccaneering voyage. Cowley was a very intelligent, amiable man and a skilful navigator. He happened to be in Virginia in 1683, and was induced to enlist as the master

HOW COWLEY BECAME A BUCCANEER

of the ship which Cooke said was going as a privateer to the French port of Petit Goâve, on the Island of Santo Domingo. It will be remembered that the French commander of that port was accustomed to sell commissions that authorized the bearers to sail the seas as privateers and gave them sufficient color of authority to escape being hanged at the yard-arm as pirates, if captured or searched by a regular war-ship of some nation. Cowley wrote an account of the principal part of this voyage and our vagrant buccaneer, William Dampier, who went along with him, did likewise.

By this time Cooke and Dampier were confirmed buccaneers and pirates, but Cowley did not belong to their bloody and ruthless fraternity. He was essentially an honest man, who despite his upright character seems to have taken his plight philosophically and to have viewed the goings-on of his pirate-associates with a quaint mixture of disdain, interest and amusement.

Cooke, after several narrow escapes following the adventures related in the last chapter, had finally got back to Virginia with a cargo of prize goods. Here he sold his plunder. The colonial authorities openly winked at trafficking with freebooters. It was popular to do so, as our colonists thus obtained valuable and highly desirable commodities very cheaply. And the buccaneers sometimes bribed the colonial officials with a share of their booty. In fact, the connivance of the authorities in Virginia and the Carolinas was a well-known and frequent cause of scandal. In the end it required stern measures on the part of England to suppress the evil traffic.

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From the sale of his goods Cooke purchased provisions and naval stores, ammunition and everything else necessary for a long voyage. He fitted out his prize ship as a privateer, giving her the name of the *Revenge*. She carried eight guns and called for a crew of fifty-two men. While engaged in recruiting it, he met Dampier, who had turned up in Virginia after cruising about with the French buccaneers who had kindly taken him in after his adventurous trip across the Isthmus. Cooke told Dampier about his real plan, which was to raid the Spaniards in the South Seas, and as Dampier knew Cooke to be an able commander, he agreed to accompany him, and persuaded his companions to go along—a matter of much consequence to Cooke, as Dampier thus furnished him with a third of his crew.

They sailed from Achamack (Accomac) in Virginia on August 23, 1683. The deluded Captain Cowley, who was navigator, was allowed the first day to steer a course for Petit Goâve. But next day, he was told that they were bound, first, for the Guinea coast of Africa; and as resistance on his part was useless, he steered east-southeast for the Cape Verde Islands.

They arrived in September at Sal Island, which was inhabited by a queer lot of people and governed in strange fashion. Its total population consisted of four men and one boy. All the men had titles. A mulatto was governor, two were captains, and the fourth was a lieutenant—while the boy was at once subject, servant and soldier representing the entire “army” of this mighty and unique community!

HOW COWLEY BECAME A BUCCANEER

Here they obtained some small goats, in exchange for an old hat and coat, of which the negro Governor was badly in need. Thence they sailed to other islands in the vicinity, including the Island of St. Jago, in hope of finding a ship whose cable they could cut and capture and run off with it!

On approaching the roadstead, the buccaneers indeed saw a large ship anchored, which seemed desirable for their purposes, but she clapped a spring on her cable, struck her ports and ran out her lower tier of cannon. Whereupon Cooke and his buccaneers clapped on all sail and fled as fast as they could from this terrible Tartar, into whose jaws they had so nearly run unawares. The craft, as they learned later, was a Dutch East Indiaman carrying fifty guns and a crew of four hundred men!

They sailed by Fogo Island, of the Cape Verdes, which was remarkable "for being an entire burning mountain, from the top of which issues a fire which may be seen a great way off at sea, at night." Thence they sailed to the Guinea coast; and near Sierra Leone they fell in with a fine, newly built ship carrying forty guns, well supplied with provisions, water and brandy. The buccaneers promptly boarded and captured her; and naming her the *Revenge*, they abandoned their old ship. As this prize was a Hamburg ship, this was plain piracy. They watered on this coast, and traded some of the captured goods to the negroes ashore for fresh food.

Turning their prows westward, they sailed across the Atlantic to Brazil, and thence southward along the coast. They discovered a new island (Isla Grande) which Cow-

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ley called Pepys Island, in honor of Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England and a great patron of seamen.

In January, 1684, they sailed for the Straits of Magellan, thence on to the Great Archipelago near the Straits of Le Maire, and went around the eastern end of States Land. "On February fourteenth, whilst they were amusing themselves by drawing Valentines," a storm burst upon them that drove their ship far south. So much rain fell, they filled twenty-three barrels with it, besides using it for their cooking. It was frightfully cold. "They found that they could bear to drink three quarts of burnt brandy a man in twenty-four hours, without getting intoxicated"—a fact which seems to have both astonished and delighted the merry crew of bold English buccaneers, as they duly recorded it in the journal of the cruise!

CAPTAIN EATON JOINS THE EXPEDITION

Being now considerably to the westward of Cape Horn, they steered to the northeast; and in 40° So. Lat. they fell in with an English ship, *Nicholas* of London. It carried twenty-six guns and was commanded by Captain John Eaton, who joined company with them. Together they sailed to the Island of Juan Fernandez.

We have spoken before* of how, in 1680, Captain Watling had visited this island and had accidentally left behind him a Mosquito Indian named William. This red man had been marooned on the lonely island for over three years. The Spaniards knew he was there and sev-

*See page 176.

CAPTAIN EATON JOINS THE EXPEDITION

eral times had come and tried to capture him, but he had always managed to escape them. He had with him a gun, a knife and a little shot and powder. By the use of a piece of flint, William had converted his knife into a saw, with which he had cut his gun barrel into several pieces. From these he had made harpoons, lance-heads, fish-hooks and a long knife. He had lived on fish and the vegetables and numerous wild goats found on the island; and succeeded in getting quite comfortable in a hut he had constructed.

As the ships of Cooke and Eaton approached, William saw they were English and killed some goats as food for the newcomers. He was delighted to see Captain Cooke and Captain Dampier, as they had been on Watling's ship and knew him very well. The two ships remained here for a fortnight and then sailed northward by way of Arica to Cape Blanco, in hope of encountering the treasure-ships of the Spanish Plate Fleet, bound for Panama. If they had entered the port of Arica, they would have captured a Spanish galleon with three hundred tons of silver on board—a fact which they learned too late, to their great grief.

They sailed serenely on and prosaically captured a bark laden with lumber, taking it with them to keep it from spreading the alarm along the coast of South America. At the Island of Lobos they landed their sick, careened their ships and scraped their bottoms, so as to increase their speed. Water was scarce here; and to make matters worse, their prisoners told them the Spaniards now knew they were buccaneering in these waters.

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Eager to make profitable captures that would spell spoil, they resolved to take the town of Truxillo, where there was a good chance of finding booty. On May eighteenth, they sailed from Lobos with only one hundred and eighty men fit for duty, because of sickness. Shortly after weighing anchor they saw, chased and captured three ships laden with flour. On one of these they found a letter from the Viceroy of Peru to the President of Panama, saying that there were enemies on these coasts, and that he was sending the three flour-ships to supply the wants of Panama.

The buccaneers also heard that the Spaniards were building a fort at the port of Truxillo, so they did not dare attack it. All they had found on their prizes had been flour, fruits and sweetmeats, and it did not add to their comfort to learn that the Spaniards had landed eight hundred thousand dollars just before capture.

The buccaneers decided to take the prizes to some safe place, where most of their provisions could be stored. They proceeded to those Enchanted Isles—the Galapagos—where they hid fifteen hundred bags of flour and sweetmeats, to be used later in case of emergency. Cowley gave names to all of these islands on this occasion. They obtained plenty of wood and water and found both sea and land turtles, and a great number of birds and guanoes, both of extraordinary size.

Then they sailed for Realejo, on the coast of New Spain, concerning whose riches one of their Indian prisoners had told them great tales and, at the beginning of July, were in Nicoya Bay.

CAPTAIN EATON JOINS THE EXPEDITION

Captain Cooke, who had been very ill since leaving Juan Fernandez Island, died just as they sighted the coast of New Spain. Twelve armed men took his body ashore and buried it. There they encountered three Indian spies who asked too many questions. The buccaneers seized two of them, but the third escaped.

The President of Panama had sent word that the English buccaneers were near and the coasts were now thoroughly alarmed. Part of the buccaneers, who were sent ashore to obtain cattle, remained all night and were surprised at dawn by a large force of Spaniards, who opened a heavy fire on them, compelling the mariners to fall back toward the seashore.

It seemed as if they were about to be exterminated by the Spaniards who had burned their boats, when one of the buccaneers happened to notice a large rock some distance from the shore. Taking a chance at arriving at this haven of refuge, they waded out into the sea, in water up to their necks, and clambered up on the rock.

Safe from the Spaniards, they remained there until later in the day, when, just as the rising tide was about to overwhelm and drown them, they were saved by the timely arrival of Dampier and a boatload of his comrades, who had been alarmed at the continued absence of their mates and had come to seek them along the shore.

On July nineteenth, Edward Davis, the Quartermaster of the *Revenge*, was elected its captain; and next day, they sailed toward Realejo, which is six miles from its port, and four miles beyond which they beheld a burning mountain, so lofty that it can be seen sixty miles away.

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Entering the bay in canoes, they found the country-side aroused and up in arms, ready to give the buccaneers a warm reception, so they abandoned this enterprise. Captains Davis and Eaton conferred as to their next objective, and on July twenty-seventh, they sailed on to Amapala Island, whose Secretary was an enemy to the Spaniards. They persuaded the Indians that they were friends, but a boisterous half-drunken buccaneer assaulted an Indian and then all the Indians ran away. Davis foolishly ordered his men to fire on them, killing the friendly Secretary. The *cacique* (chief), however, made peace with the English buccaneers and supplied them with beef, water and provisions.

A difference arose between Captains Eaton and Davis, and they agreed to part company. Eaton took four hundred bags of flour aboard his ship for provisions and sailed off, with Cowley as master. Thus Cowley and Dampier were separated.

MISHAPS OF EATON'S RETURN TO ENGLAND

After cruising about a bit and deciding that there was no further chance of booty in these parts, Eaton set sail for the East Indies and had a quick passage across the Pacific Ocean, although many of his men fell ill of the scurvy. On March 14, 1685, he sighted the Island of Guam. The islanders attacked the *Nicholas* subtly, but were beaten off with heavy loss. Soon came letters from the Spanish Governor, written in Spanish, French and Dutch, wanting to know who they were, where they came from, and whither they were bound.

MISHAPS OF EATON'S RETURN TO ENGLAND

Eaton answered the Governor in French saying that the *Nicholas* had been fitted out by some gentlemen of France to make discoveries in distant seas, and that he had put in for provisions. The Governor invited him ashore. Captain Eaton went, accompanied by a doubly-armed guard of twenty men, and was politely received. The Governor then sent him, as a present, ten hogs and a prodigious quantity of potatoes, oranges, plantains, papaws and red peppers. In return Eaton sent the Governor a diamond ring worth twenty pounds sterling, and presented a handsome sword to the Spaniard who brought him the provisions from the Governor.

Next day, the Governor sent a message to Eaton, asking for gunpowder, which he needed badly. Eaton responded with two barrels, for which the Governor offered him fourteen hundred dollars in gold. Eaton nobly refused the money, whereupon the Governor gave him a diamond ring worth fifty pounds sterling. Every day, the Governor sent to the *Nicholas* provisions of some kind; and when it was ready to sail, he sent thirty hogs and a large supply of rice and potatoes.

The natives of Guam were very treacherous. They constantly attacked the Spaniards, and one day they endeavored to entrap the English, who were drawing a seine in the sea, but the English beat them off with great loss. They tried to persuade Eaton to help them drive the Spaniards out entirely, but Eaton refused.

On April first, Eaton shifted his ship and anchored before the Spanish fort on the island. He exchanged parting civilities with the Spanish officials and set sail

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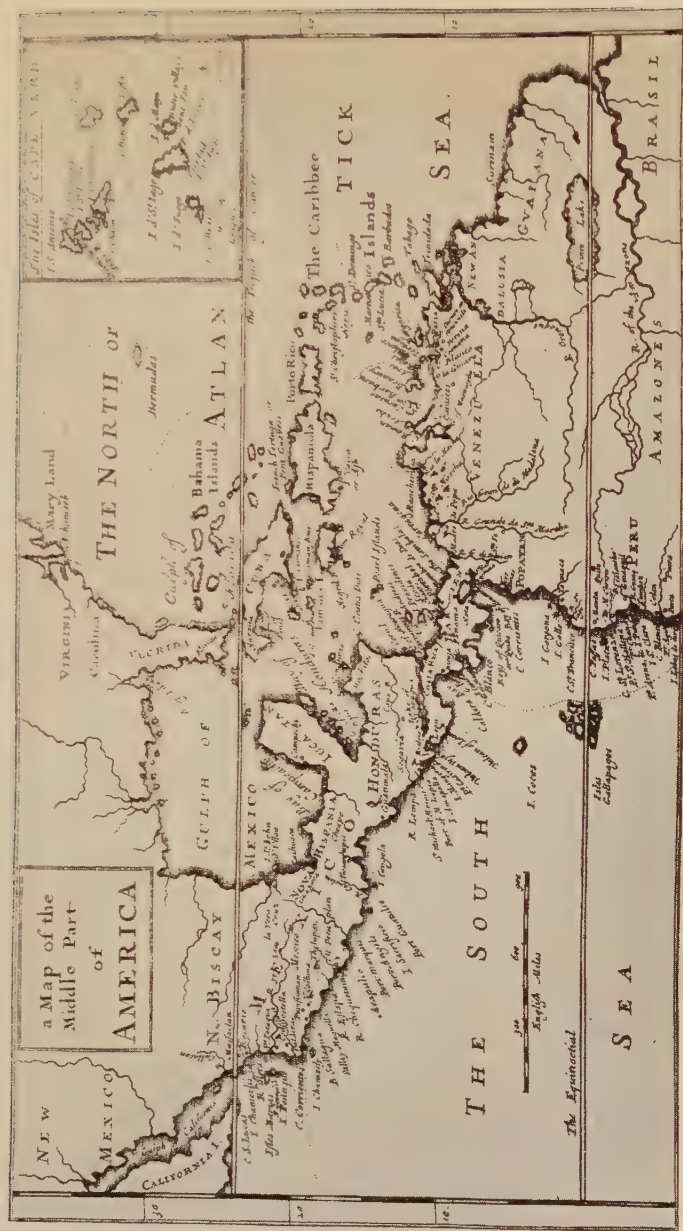
two days later, attended by the canoes of the remarkable islanders, who were all large and well made, and some of whom were "seven and one-half feet tall!"

Eaton proceeded to Canton and refitted his ship. Here they had a chance to make themselves rich for life, as thirteen Tartar vessels came in, laden with Chinese plunder and the richest goods of the Orient. The seamen of the *Nicholas*, however, wanted nothing save gold or silver, and Eaton could not get them to fight for silks or satins, as the spoiled mariners said that they would not degrade themselves by acting as pedlers!

Having repaired his ship, Eaton sailed for Manila, with the intention of lying in wait for a Tartar ship which he had heard was bound for Manila, and half-full to its hatches of silver. This treasure-ship the English buccaneers saw and pursued through the China Sea all day, in vain, for she was clean and therefore swifter than the *Nicholas*.

In the middle of September, 1685, Eaton sailed to an island near North Borneo, where his crew landed, set up their tents and fortified themselves in a quadrangle armed with ten small cannon. They landed everything aboard their ship, hauled the vessel up on the beach and cleaned her bottom, passing themselves off as Spaniards, for the King of Borneo was in league with the Spanish Governor of the Philippine Islands.

In December, 1685, they sailed eastward to the Island of Timor, and here the crew of the *Nicholas* broke out into open mutiny. Cowley and twenty others decided to quit the ship and seek a passage home by way of Batavia;



A Map of the Middle Part of America

From Dampier's Voyages, original 1705 edition, London

DAVIS' COMPANY IS AUGMENTED

so they purchased a large boat, in which they sailed for Java. At Cheribon they had news of the death of King Charles II of England; and also that the Dutch had driven the English from Bantam, the second most important place of English trade in the East Indies. From Batavia, where they were kindly received by the Dutch Governor, they embarked for home on a Dutch ship in March, 1686.

They visited the Cape of Good Hope, noting that the Hottentots of Africa had "fireplaces in the middle of their huts, like the wild Irish." Thence they proceeded to Holland, and finally arrived in England on October 12, 1686. It had taken Cowley three years and two months to sail round the globe.

DAVIS' COMPANY IS AUGMENTED

When Captain Eaton had separated from Captain Davis in the Gulf of Amapala on September 2, 1684, Davis sailed off in the *Revenge* for Peru. Cruising a while, up and down the coast, he finally returned to Plata Island, and sent some men to Marta, an Indian village. The buccaneers landed at daybreak and the inhabitants fled. But the seamen learned that the Viceroy of Peru, on hearing that there were buccaneers in the South Seas, had ordered that all the Spanish ships along the coast should be destroyed, that the goats on the Island of Plata should be killed, and that the seacoast people should keep on hand only enough provisions to support themselves.

The buccaneers were still undecided what to do next,

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when, on October second, the ship *Cygnets* of London, commanded by Captain Swan, anchored in the roadstead. This was a vessel laden with a rich cargo of goods from London, that had been sent out to trade in foreign countries; but being prevented by the Spaniards from trading along the coasts of the Americas, Swan's crew had forced him to take on board a company of buccaneers whom he had met at Nicoya. These adventurers had come over the Isthmus under command of Captain Peter Harris, nephew of that Captain Harris who had been killed in the celebrated attack on Panama by the buccaneers in former days.

As the cargo of merchandise aboard the *Cygnets* was not suited to the buccaneering business, Captain Swan sold most of it on credit to the other buccaneers and threw the rest of it overboard, reserving only its finest and costliest commodities, together with the iron goods which he used for ballast. This step taken, Swan must have realized that he never could return to London; and this probably accounted for his staying in Mindanao later.

Captain Harris was placed in command of a small Spanish bark which they had captured. The *Revenge's* bark brought in a lumber-laden prize, whose Captain gave the buccaneers the news that the Viceroy of Peru was fitting out a fleet of ten frigates to drive them from the South Seas. The freebooters therefore repined at Eaton's having left them, and sent a small bark toward Lima to ask him to rejoin them. To protect themselves, they fitted out another small Spanish bark as a fire-ship,

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intending to use it against the fleet of Spanish frigates, if need be.

On November second, they sent one hundred men in canoes to attack Payta, which they carried and finally burned, after waiting six days for the Spaniards to ransom it.

On January 1, 1685, they took a Spanish ship bound from Panama to Lima, containing certain letters ordering the hastening of the Plate Fleet from Lima, as the armada from Spain had reached Porto Bello. They therefore changed their plan and sailed for the Pearl Islands near Panama.

It was the habit of the Spanish armada to come every three years to the West Indies, arriving first at Carthagena and sending on word of their arrival to the Viceroy of Peru and New Spain. It usually stayed at this port sixty days; and thence sailed on to Porto Bello, where it remained only thirty days, to take aboard the royal treasure brought from Panama, amounting usually to the sum of twenty-four million dollars, besides other vast treasure and goods belonging to the Spanish and Colonial merchants.

The armada would then return to Carthagena, where it would take aboard the money of the King, obtained from that part of his domains; while a large Spanish galleon would sail along the coast to collect still other royal treasure and goods. The whole armada would then make for Havana, where a squadron named the Flota would join up; having come from Vera Cruz with the riches of Mexico and also the very valuable commodities

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brought to Acapulco by the annual Manila galleon. The united fleets would proceed together through the Gulf of Florida for their final destination in Spain.

Knowing this, the buccaneers moved on February twenty-fourth to Taboga Island, eighteen miles from the City of Panama, and anchored at Taboguilla, a small town. A fire-ship devised by one Bond, who had deserted to the Spaniards, was maneuvered during the night quite near the ships of the buccaneers, and set afire by the enemy, forcing the pirates to cut their cables in a hurry and flee for safety from the flaming menace!

This danger passed, they returned to their anchorage and were joined by another band of freebooters who had crossed the Isthmus of Darien. The Captain of the newcomers, Grognet, offered Captains Davis and Swan blank commissions signed by the French Governor of Petit Goâve. Captain Davis accepted one, but Captain Swan already had a commission signed by the Duke of York.

On March second, they sailed to meet Captain Townley, who had crossed the Isthmus at the head of one hundred and eighty English buccaneers, with designs on Santa Maria. This town had been built by the Spaniards in 1665 near the famous gold mines, where gold was extracted from the ore and sand, and solid gold was sometimes found wedged in between the fissures of the rocks, in lumps as large as hen's eggs. Captain Harris obtained one hundred and twenty pounds of gold here, including a very large nugget.

A week later, the buccaneer fleet anchored at King's

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Isles. Being now one thousand strong, they thought of attacking the City of Panama, but as that town was soon reenforced by Spanish troops sent from Porto Bello, the plan was abandoned.

Before long, the great Plate Fleet, laden with millions in silver, and escorted by a number of powerful Spanish war-ships, drew near to Panama, and met the buccaneer fleet, just as darkness fell.

By a daring stratagem, the Spanish Admiral led his enemy off on a wild-geese chase that night; and when dawn appeared, he had gained the weather gage and thus had an overwhelming advantage in the fierce sea-fight that took place next day. Some of the buccaneers were in captured barks that carried no cannon and had to rely solely on their musketry. The Spaniards had the weight in gun-metal to add to the advantage of the wind. Captain Townley, being hard pressed, had to flee through the narrow channel between Pacheca and the three small islets adjoining it. Captain Harris was separated from his companions during the fight. The buccaneers were glad to escape with their lives under cover of night.

Their great designs at sea having thus failed entirely, they decided to try their fortune on land and selected as the object of their first attack the city of Leon, near the coast of Nicaragua. They cut down trees on the shore and from them built sufficient canoes to transport a landing party.

After obtaining provisions and weathering a couple of storms, they landed four hundred and seventy men; leaving Dampier and the others to guard the canoes.

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Captains Swan, Townley, Davis and Knight commanded the party ashore and led it to the capture of Leon. The Governor offered to ransom it, but as the freebooters asked thirty thousand pieces-of-eight and provisions sufficient for one thousand men for three months, he refused their terms; whereupon the buccaneers set the city on fire, and on August fourteenth rejoined their canoes.

Two days later, they came up the creek in their canoes to the harbor of Realejo. The Spaniards had constructed a boom across the stream and protected it with an entrenchment containing twenty guns and one hundred soldiers; yet they fled when the buccaneers opened fire on them with a couple of guns. The buccaneers cut the boom and captured Realejo, but secured therefrom only tar, pitch, cordage, five hundred sacks of flour and one hundred and fifty oxen which they obtained as ransom for a Spanish gentleman.

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF SWAN, TOWNLEY AND DAMPIER ON THE MEXICAN COAST

On August twenty-fifth, Captains Davis and Swan separated; and Dampier and Townley joined Swan who sailed off northwesterly along the coast of New Spain. They tried to effect a landing but were unable, on account of the tremendous surf and the rocky shores. They sailed on to the port of Guatulco, one of the best in Mexico, near which the buccaneers noted, as an excellent landmark for the location of this harbor, a hollow spouting rock, which hurled aloft a huge jet of water high into the air, with a great noise, even during calm weather.

DISAPPOINTMENTS ON THE MEXICAN COAST

Hearing about a stout ship that had lately arrived at Acapulco from Lima, the two buccaneer Captains agreed to try to cut it out, as Townley said he needed a larger and better ship. Acapulco was then the only place of considerable commerce on the coast of Mexico, although only three ships came to it every year; but two of these were the famous Manila galleons, while the third sailed once a year, to and from the port of Lima. This last ship came to Acapulco later in the year, heavily laden with silver dollars, quicksilver and cacao, to await the arrival of the Manila galleon from which she obtained a valuable cargo, and then returned to Lima. She was only of moderate size, but the great Manila galleons were of one thousand tons' burden each.

The galleons so arranged their voyages that one of them was always at Manila. One would sail from Acapulco before the beginning of April every year, taking sixty or more days for its passage across the Pacific Ocean, stopping at Guam three days for refreshments, and arriving at Manila in June. The other galleon soon afterward sailed from Manila, steering her course north-eastward to the Ladrones, and thence northward to 30° or 40° No. Lat., till she fell in with the westerly winds that bore her to the coast of California, where she was sure of a breeze that would carry her southward. The buccaneers found that after making Cape San Lucas, the southern cape of Lower California she ran over to Cape Corrientes, and thence proceeded to Selagua, where the passengers for Mexico were landed, and the galleon proceeded on to Acapulco, arriving there about Christmas.

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Captain Townley went with one hundred and forty men in twelve canoes to try to cut out the Lima ship in Acapulco harbor, but finding that she was anchored under the very guns of the castle, he had to give up his plan and return to Swan without his prize.

Thence they sailed northwest along the coast to Chequetan, where they landed ninety-five men. With a mulatto woman as their guide, they marched through pathless woods to a farmhouse in a plain and encountered and captured a caravan of sixty mules laden with flour, cheese, chocolate and pottery, bound for Acapulco. All this, except the pottery, they carried off with great glee, together with some cattle which they killed here.

Continuing their northwesterly course along the coast of Mexico, they sent a party of two hundred men to capture the city of Colima, which was said to be very rich. But after rowing sixty miles along the coast this party could not find a path inland and had to return. The ships went on farther to the north, past the two smoky volcanic peaks of Colima, to the port of Selagua. Here the surf prevented their making a landing at first; but on December first, two hundred armed buccaneers were got ashore. The local Spaniards fled, pursued by the freebooters. Mulattoes told them that Spanish troops had come to this port to protect the Manila galleon, which was now daily expected to arrive and set ashore her passengers.

Inspired with a hope of meeting and capturing the Manila galleon, they went on toward Cape Corrientes. "So here," says Dampier, "we took up a station with

DISAPPOINTMENTS ON THE MEXICAN COAST

our four ships, in such a manner that I judged that the galleon could hardly escape us." They cruised off Cape Corrientes till January 1, 1686, when they sailed for the Val d'Iris, to get some more beef, of which they were in great need. A week later, they landed a force in this valley, fifty of whom remained as a body-guard while the rest killed and salted enough beef to last them for two months. As a result of having departed from their vigil they lost their chance of capturing the Manila galleon. She sailed past them while they were ashore.

The loss of this rich prize, worth millions of dollars, was chiefly due to the insistence of Captain Townley on trying to capture the Lima ship in Acapulco harbor. They could have been better engaged in provisioning then, "as we might have done, instead of now being forced to procure provisions at the critical time of the Manila galleon's coming to the coast of Mexico," Dampier says.

The buccaneers were also disappointed at not finding, along the Mexican coast, any rich towns or gold mines that they could plunder. On January seventh, they passed Point Pontique. Captain Swan was sent with one hundred men in canoes to ransack the ancient town upon the River Culiacan, which had been the earliest seat of the Mexican nation, before the capital was located around the Lake of Mexico. They could not find it; so they sailed on seven leagues northwest of the Mazatlan Isles, where the buccaneers landed and marched to an Indian town. Here they met a great number of Spaniards and Mexicans, who repulsed them and drove them back. A wounded Indian told them that there were two rich

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gold mines two leagues distant, but as the buccaneers were hunting for food only, they did not go there, but turned aside to a hamlet and from it took ninety bushels of maize.

As they needed more food, they sailed to Rio San Jago where they anchored on February eleventh. Here Captain Swan sent seventy men to look for a certain town; the party gathered in some maize and a prisoner who told them about Pecaque, four leagues farther on, where they obtained plenty of provisions. Swan divided his forces, leaving a part of them to guard the town; while the rest carried to the ships, in canoes, the food they had obtained.

They were engaged for two days in this arduous occupation; but on the nineteenth, Swan heard that one thousand Spaniards were marching from the town of San Jago to attack them. He wanted his whole force to hasten away, with whatsoever provisions they could carry; but his lawless buccaneers refused to obey his orders until all the provisions had been carried on board their ships.

He was therefore forced to allow half of them to proceed to the seashore, with fifty-four horses loaded with provisions. They had not gone a mile before they were attacked by the Spaniards in ambush.

On hearing the shots, Captain Swan marched to their relief with the rest of his force but arrived too late. To a man they had been slain and stripped naked. The Spaniards did not dare to attack him, as they had paid dear for their victory in the number of their own slain and

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wounded; but seventy English buccaneers had here made forfeit of their lives for disobedience to Swan's orders.

Swan returned with the remainder and what provisions he had been able to save, and now resolved to sail for Cape San Lucas, California, in hope of trafficking with the Indians. They anchored at the Tres Marias, where they found a green prickly plant (the yucca) on whose roots the Indians of Lower California mainly subsisted. Following the native custom, the buccaneers baked these roots in an earthen oven and found they tasted like boiled burdock roots. Dampier, who had long been affected with dropsy, had himself buried up to his neck in the sand of the seashore. This brought on a profuse sweat, and he soon afterward began to recover.

They careened and cleaned their ships here. Convinced that their idea concerning the richness of this coast was founded on erroneous reports, they resolved to sail for the East Indies and try for better fortune.

Meanwhile Townley had left them and sailed to the southward, where he had one rather hair-raising experience.

He had succeeded in surprising the town of La Villa; capturing therein merchandise worth one million five hundred thousand dollars and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in coin; and making prisoners of its three hundred men and women. Having bagged this noble booty, he began his retreat to the seashore, but was ambushed by a force of Spaniards which retook the loot and slew some of the marauders. In retaliation, the corsairs killed some of the Spanish captives they had taken

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at La Villa, stuck their heads on poles and grimly displayed them to the appalled gaze of the enemy.

All this did not prevent the two parties from opening negotiations with each other, during this pleasing diversion of cutting off heads and waggling them at one another, like naughty children of Satan. The Spaniards finally ransomed the remainder of Townley's prisoners and also purchased the bark that the buccaneers had just stolen. Not long afterward Townley died.

DAMPIER RETURNS TO ENGLAND VIA GUAM AND MINDANAO

On March thirty-first, Swan and his men sailed from Cape Corrientes and next morning were thirty leagues away. They had the wind east-northeast until they reached the Island of Guam. In all this long voyage across the Pacific Ocean, the superstitious sailors saw neither fish, flesh nor fowl, except on one occasion, and this only increased their terror of the vast and solitary sea.

On May twentieth, "to our great joy," says Dampier, "after this quick trip of fifty days, we saw Guam. It had a small port, armed with six guns, and a garrison of thirty Spaniards under the command of the Spanish Governor, and is maintained here for the convenience of the Manila galleons, which touch here for refreshments."

Dampier raves over the breadfruit of Guam. During at least eight months in the year, the islanders used nothing else for bread. This fruit, which resembles a small green watermelon hanging from a tree, is baked while still green, until its rind is black; then it is opened

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and its insides are found to be soft and white, like our own freshly baked bread. When it is ripe, it is yellow and has a soft green pulp, and is laxative in effect. At that time, breadfruit trees abounded all over the Ladrones.

Dampier said that the islanders were copper-colored, strong-limbed, with high-arched noses, small eyes, long black hair and stern visages; and were very affable to strangers, though strongly given to thieving. Their proas were twenty-eight feet long and five feet high from the keel; with a large square sail that gave them an incredible swiftness, often an average of twenty-four miles an hour. One side of the canoe was flat, the other rounded and shaped like the prow of our own ships, with an outrigger six feet away from the main canoe, made of light wood, eighteen inches wide, and sharp at both ends.

On their arrival at Guam, Captain Swan wrote a civil letter to the Governor and sent him some presents, receiving in return a supply of hogs, rice, biscuits and cocoanuts and fifty pounds of Manila tobacco.

Learning from the Spanish friars that the Isle of Mindanao, inhabited by Mohammedans, abounded in provisions, Swan sailed for the Philippines and twenty days later arrived at San Juan Island, four leagues on the east side of Mindanao.

Dampier is enthusiastic over the Philippine Islands. Manila, he says, was a place of great strength and considerable trade, whither were shipped vast quantities of Indian goods by the Chinese and Portuguese, and also often (by stealth) by the English from Fort George or

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Madras. At this time, the Spaniards did not allow any regular trade with the English or Dutch, for fear that they discover the weakness of the defenses and the extent of the riches of the Philippines, which then abounded in gold.

Hither, then, were brought the products of India: large fine nutmegs, cloves, rice, plantains, bananas, guavas, melons, betel nuts, durians, jack-fruit, cocoanuts, oranges and sago on which the poor people fed for several months during the year. The natives of Mindanao did not raise nutmegs lest the Dutch, who then monopolized the products of the Spice Islands, should pay them a hostile visit.

Swan obtained an abundance of animals, hogs, buffaloes and fruit-bats as large as our hawks. Also he found an abundance of scorpions and centipedes, "these last being as thick as a goose quill and five inches long, and they sting fiercer even than scorpions."

Dampier was interested in the Mindanaoans, who spoke Malay, and prayed in Arabic, using some Turkish words in their ritual. In the palace of the Sultan were twenty iron cannon ranged along the walls. This potentate and his rajahs accorded the English buccaneers a friendly reception, introducing them to the local temporary-marriage system, by which each foreigner might have a *pagally*—a female friend who acted to him as a wife during his visit, after her husband or her father had been paid a price. The women coveted the acquaintance of white men and were very free with their favors to them, which was not displeasing to the buccaneers.

DAMPIER RETURNS TO ENGLAND

Dampier found that the natives had goldsmiths, blacksmiths and carpenters of their own, and shipwrights who built ships well fitted for war or trade.

The Sultan of Mindanao wanted the English to settle on his island, to protect him from the Dutch, whom all these islanders greatly dreaded. His brother, the Raja Laut, a very shrewd man and his executive-officer, displayed a difficult disposition. While the Sultan was mainly occupied with his harem of twenty-nine concubines, Laut's sinister intentions toward the buccaneers gradually became apparent. He promised the Englishmen provisions, but stalled them off; meanwhile borrowing of Swan a large sum of gold, which he never repaid. The buccaneers aboard ship were left to their own resources, without any money. They lived on rice and scraps of meat, while Laut evaded his promises to provide them with beef.

These seamen wanted to leave at once; and on December tenth, when their ship was newly sheathed and freshly tallowed, they demanded that Swan continue his voyage. So he set as the sailing date January 13, 1687. Some of the English sailors, enamored of the native women, had decided to remain in Mindanao and had fled from the capital at the instigation of Raja Laut. Swan himself knew that he could not return safely to England, especially as he now feared his mutinous crew. They proceeded to depose him from command and chose in his place Captain Teat.

On January thirteenth, the ship weighed anchor and went down the river, after firing two guns and waiting

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for Swan and the forty-four other buccaneers who remained ashore. When it was clear that the laggards had no intention of coming aboard, the ship sailed from Mindanao and coasted northward along the western side of the Philippines until it anchored off the northwest end of the huge Island of Mindoro.

It was now too late in the year to capture the Manila galleon; so they resolved to cruise in the waters of Indo-China and return in season to lie in wait for the treasure-laden ship.

On June fourth, they left Siamese waters and sailed again for Manila, but contrary winds drove them toward the coast of China, where they anchored. Sailing from here, they were assailed by the worst tempest that Dampier had ever seen.

After three days the gale ceased, but the buccaneers were so terrified by the typhoon that they made for the Pescadores Islands. The Tartar Governor sent them a heifer and other presents but would not allow them to land or trade with the natives. They went round the southwest end of Formosa to the Bashi or Five Islands.

Here the merry buccaneers drank the native drink, bashee, and from their joyous carouse gave the isles their present name. The Orange Isle of this group was so called by the Dutch buccaneers. The natives dug a yellow metal from the mountains that was as fine in color as gold, but faded shortly after. They would then heat it red-hot in a fire, which restored its color. This made the buccaneers suspect that it was worth little, and they bought but little of it.

DAMPIER RETURNS TO ENGLAND

Dampier relates much more concerning these interesting natives. Their houses were built on the ledges of mountains so precipitous that they had to go up and down by ladders, the removal of which made their habitations inaccessible to an enemy. They ate grasshoppers. They constructed ships with sails and fourteen oars. They made a drink from sugar-cane, boiled with blackberries and allowed to ferment four or five days in jars, a strong pleasant drink like ale. Their language resembled neither the Chinese nor the Malay. They were armed with lances and protected by a buffalo-hide armor that fitted them closely at their shoulders, but stuck out like a skirt three feet wide below their hairy knees. They had no religion; but Dampier once saw them, in accordance with their ancient customs, bury alive a boy who was charged with stealing.

Here the buccaneers traded their old iron for goats and fruit, and caroused merrily with the native damsels.

Forced to sea by a violent storm that lasted four days, they were so disheartened that they resolved to give up their plan of cruising in front of the Bay of Manila. Under persuasion of Captain Read, who was now the newly-appointed commander of the ship (Captain Teat being merely the Master), they decided to sail for Cape Comorin, and thence voyage into the Red Sea. The best way thither led through the Straits of Malacca, but Teat persuaded them to go by way of the east side of the Philippines, keeping south of the Spice Islands, and entering the Indian Ocean to the southward of the Island of Timor.

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On October third, they sailed from the Bashi, and a fortnight later anchored near two isles not far from Mindanao. They learned from a young prince that Swan and some of his men were still there and were held in great esteem for the services they had rendered against the Alforres; "but I am since informed that he and his surgeon were overset and drowned, by order of Raja Laut, who had seized upon all his gold," wrote Dampier.

On November thirtieth, while steering southward from the Island of Celebes, they saw three huge waterspouts that threatened to wreck their vessels. They sailed on past the Island of Bouton, went past the northwest point of Timor, and finally fell in with New Holland.

On January 4, 1688, they encountered a vast tract of land—whether island or continent was not then known—but they found its inhabitants to be the most miserable wretches of the universe; having no houses, no animals or fruit. They wore only a piece of bark about their necks; and lived solely on the few shell fish found there.

These aborigines had no government of any kind and cohabited promiscuously like animals. They were thin, tall, straight and strong-limbed with projecting heels and protruding eyebrows, round foreheads, and eyelids that were almost half-closed to keep out the numerous flies that swarmed over their island. They had large bottle-noses, thick lips and wide mouths, with short, curly hair like that of negroes; and were armed with poles, sharpened at one end in the fire, and with wooden clubs and swords. They were quite averse to labor of any kind and refused to help the buccaneers carry water to their ship.

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The buccaneers sailed away from this place without regret; anchoring about a month later at Nicobar Proper. Dampier says: "Mr. Hall, Mr. Ambrose and I being desirous to leave this unruly crew, amongst whom we had sailed so long, were set ashore here, intending to go to Acheen [Sumatra]. So we left the island on May fifth, with four Malays and a Portuguese in a Nicobar canoe the size of a London wherry. On the eighteenth a violent storm arose, that threatened to swallow us up at any moment. However, next day we rejoiced to see the Golden Mountain of Sumatra, and finally arrived at Acheen in June." It was some years before Dampier finally reached England. His own inimitable account of his adventures follows:

"In July, I went with Captain Weldon to Tonquin; and back again in a barque to Acheen, in April of 1689. In September, I went to Malacca and returned in Christmas of 1690. Soon afterwards, I went to Fort St. George or Madras, where I remained for five months; and then came back to Bencoolen, an English trading factory on the west coast of Sumatra.

"In July, the famous painted Prince was bought with his mother at Mindanao by Mr. Moody; and when Moody and I went to Bencoolen together, he gave me, at parting, a half-share in the ownership of this painted Prince and his mother, leaving them to my care. These strange people had been born in the Isle of Meaugis, which abounded in gold, cloves and nutmegs. Being out one day in a canoe fishing with his father and mother, they were captured by some of the natives of Mindanao, who sold them

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to the interpreter of Raja Laut, with whom he and his mother lived as slaves for five years, and were then sold to Mr. Moody for Fifty Dollars.

“This Prince was curiously tattooed on his breast, back, but mostly in front of his thighs, in curious patterns. Some time later, Moody gave me the entire ownership of both him and his mother, but the mother soon died, and I had much trouble saving her son from grieving to death over her.

“After my return to England, I first sold part of my ownership in the Prince, as I was in want of money; and, by degrees, all the rest of my property in him. He was carried about and shown all over England; but at last died of smallpox at Oxford, England.

“During my stay at Bencoolen, I served as gunner at its fort, but when my time expired there, I escaped from the fort by strategy, and embarked with my painted Prince in the *Defiance*, Captain Heath, and thus was enabled to return to England.

“We sailed from the East Indies on January 25, 1691, together with three other ships, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope at the beginning of April; and remained there six weeks. Then we sailed for St. Helena; and anchored in the Downs on September 16, 1691, after an absence of twelve years and a half from my native country.”

But this was not the end of Dampier's career as a buccaneer.

THE LAST OF THE CYGNET

THE LAST OF THE CYGNET

After Dampier had left the *Cygnets* off the Isle of Nicobar Proper, Captain Read and his Master, Teat, continued their piratical cruise in the Indian Ocean. They sailed for Ceylon, but could not weather it. On the Coromandel coast their mutinous crew busied themselves in evolving fresh projects of evil. Read was deserted by half his men who split up into different parties.

The largest body of the deserters proceeded up into the interior of India and enlisted in the military service of the Grand Mogul. But the ex-pirates could not stand the discipline and subordination necessary to armies. They soon left the camp of the Oriental potentate and following their naturally criminal inclinations, they turned outlaws and ravaged the villages.

Read set sail in the *Cygnets* with the rest of his crew, intending to proceed to the Red Sea. Off Ceylon he captured a rich Portuguese ship and plundered it of what he valued most highly. Since the *Cygnets* was not able to bear up against the westerly winds, he abandoned his intention of going to the Red Sea, and stood for Madagascar.

After a variety of piratical adventures, he found that he was not bettering his fortunes appreciably, and that he was losing in favor with his crew. He therefore slipped off secretly, one night, with some six of his most faithful followers, and embarked in a ship bound for New York.

Teat succeeded to the command of the *Cygnets*. He met his old associate, Captain Knight, joined fortunes and

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sailed some time with him. The *Cygnets* was now in bad shape from hard service and lack of proper repairs, and at times it was hard work to keep her afloat, so badly did she leak. While Teat's boat was in this state of distress, Knight calmly sailed away and left him and his men to save themselves as best they might. Teat managed to bring the wave-worn *Cygnets* into St. Augustine Bay in Madagascar, and there she sank to her final rest. Such was the evil end of a good London ship that had fallen into pirate hands; but as to the fate of Teat and his fellow-buccaneers, history gives no clew.

DAVIS ACCEPTS AMNESTY

After Captain Swan and Captain Townley had parted in friendly fashion with Captain Edward Davis on August 25, 1685,* firing salutes of farewell as they bore away, Davis sailed southward, but had to put on shore those of his men who were sick with the spotted fever. He had said good-by to Grognet and his three hundred and forty French buccaneers the month before but still had Captain Knight with him. For some time he buccaneered along the Pacific coast of South America. Occasionally, he diverged far from the usual trade routes of that age; as when he rediscovered, in 1686, the strange and lonely Easter Island, which had been sighted by Mendaña in 1566, over a century before. It is situated two thousand miles west of Chile and fourteen hundred miles from the nearest land, Pitcairn Island. Roggewein saw it on Easter Sunday, 1722, and named it Easter Island. After

*See page 206.

DAVIS ACCEPTS AMNESTY

Davis reported finding it in 1686, it had been called Davis Island.

Easter Island, alone in the midst of the ocean, has often been called "the unsolved mystery of the Pacific" because of its relics of a vanished race and a lost civilization. It contains gigantic statues, carved from lava and over eighty feet long, and one-hundred-foot houses whose walls are in places covered with undecipherable hieroglyphics. Three extinct volcanoes give evidence of ancient subterranean activity, but the strange people who erected these colossal statues constructed some of them inside one of the craters, indicating that the fires must have died out long before they were carved.

It is now generally thought that Easter Island is the sole surviving remnant of an ancient land or oceanic continent—possibly an eastern extension of the fabled lost continent of Lemuria—that once rose above the waters of the Pacific. Overwhelmed by one of those titanic and far-reaching cataclysms that have often materially changed the appearance of enormous regions of our globe, this lost continent may have sunk beneath the waves, in much the same fashion as the lost continent of Atlantis disappeared from view.

Even to-day, white seamen do not care to linger on that strange isle, and Davis speedily sailed eastward again to the American coast. By this time he and his crew had accumulated an immense sum of money; and it is said that when they divided their loot at Juan Fernandez Island, there was enough of it to give each man the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars. Like all bucca-

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neers, these reckless robbers, who gambled daily with their very lives, now set to in a frenzy of gaming and played and diced until some of them lost every dollar they had received. Most had had enough of buccaneering for a while and decided to return to the West Indies; but some of the unlucky gamblers resolved to stay on Juan Fernandez. So the ship sailed off and left the voluntary hermits on Robinson Crusoe's island.

Davis then safely navigated his ship around Cape Horn, sailed up the eastern coast of South America and landed at the Island of Jamaica, with a booty said, by one account, to amount to fifty thousand pieces-of-eight, besides much silver and many jewels. Here at last he parted with the crew that he had so successfully captained for four years. This was a feat in itself, as the sea-bandits changed their leaders frequently, as a rule, and is good testimony to his bravery, his efficiency and his kindness to his men, who always regarded him with a deep and sincere affection, most rare in hardy ruffians.

While these reckless children of evil wasted their ill-gotten gains in the taverns and brothels of Port Royal, Davis learned of the Proclamation of Amnesty just issued by King James II of England, offering to pardon all former pirates and buccaneers who would see the light of reason, repent and turn aside for ever from their wicked ways. Captain Davis accepted the offer of pardon, as many other British freebooters had done; and presently sailed away to Virginia, where he settled down at Old Point Comfort, to a comfortable life on the proceeds of his buccaneering ventures.

DAVIS ACCEPTS AMNESTY

Candor compels us to add that after fourteen years of honest living Davis turned up again on the high seas in a piratical craft named the *Blessing*! A milder era had dawned, despite the temporary recrudescence of such old-timers as he. In his own great day he had been notable among the buccaneers for never shedding blood wantonly, or perpetrating acts of cruelty, when he could control the rough spirits of his crew.

CHAPTER IX

FURTHER MISADVENTURES OF THE VERSATILE DAMPIER AND ONE OF HIS MATES

THE CRUISE OF THE ILL-STARRED ROEBUCK

DAMPIER'S first voyage around the world had not brought him any money, and he had been forced to sell his "painted Prince," Jeoly, to obtain enough to live on. But, always a skilful seaman, an acute observer, an agreeable writer and a thorough Englishman in his views, he was regarded as something of a prodigy in that age of coarse unlettered sailors. He had risen from an ordinary foremast hand to be the finest sailor of his day, and was also the best geographer and hydrographer. His circumnavigation of the globe was considered a most notable feat. It gave Dampier a certain fame which was increased by his account of the voyage.

It was then the fashion for writers to seek wealthy or titled patrons. Dampier acquired the favor of the Lord High Admiral of England, who secured him an appointment to command H. M. Ship *Roebuck* in the year 1699. This testifies to the high esteem in which Dampier was held, especially when we remember that his highest previous rating at sea, even as a buccaneer, was only that of able seaman.

THE CRUISE OF THE ILL-STARRED ROEBUCK

The *Roebuck*, twelve guns, with a crew of fifty men and boys, was victualed for a cruise of twenty months and was destined to make a voyage of exploration to Australia. Dampier planned to make a careful survey of the islands, as the British Government wanted to find out the best districts for future settlement. At first he intended to sail westward to his destination, by way of the Straits of Magellan, and strike the eastern coast of Australia. Loving sunny climes as he always did, he said he thought the islands nearest the equator would best repay their efforts at exploration.

Later, however, Dampier grew fearful of the ice around Tierra del Fuego and displayed his inability to handle and command men (a lack that accounts for the failure of every expedition he commanded) by allowing himself to be overly influenced by the murmurs of his young, inexperienced and poor-spirited crew. Their thoughtless cavils led him to go to New Holland by the Cape of Good Hope route, instead of taking the western course.

Dampier sailed from the Downs on January 14, 1699, but, within a month, his green and unruly crew began to make trouble. They disliked his proposed voyage so much that they talked of making him return to England. At Pernambuco, he feared lest the semi-mutineers should secretly cut the cable and run off with the ship while he was ashore, as the anchorage was so far distant from the town; so he sailed on, without stopping.

They made a fair course for New Holland, on the other side of the world—a wonderful feat of navigation in that

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infancy of nautical science. They sailed through almost uncharted waters, amid thousands of islands, reefs and shoals whose real position could be only half guessed at, making escape from shipwreck (especially at night) almost a miracle. About the middle of August they arrived safely at Shark's Bay, on the western coast of Australia. Here they ate some of the marine monsters from whose abundance the bay takes its name. Dampier said that one of them, eleven feet long, had in its stomach the head and bones of a hippopotamus, which very remarkable fact does not seem to have impaired their appetites.

A few days later they coasted northeast to a group of islands named, after him, Dampier's Archipelago. On August thirty-first, Dampier first saw some of the natives of Australia. They fled on the approach of the English, whom they had threatened with their primitive arms; and Dampier notes that they had the "most unpleasant looks and worst features" of any savages that he had ever seen.

Excitable, impressionable, irresolute and full of caprices, Dampier was easily diverted from his previous objectives and intentions. Delay or failure quickly dejected him and led him to wander around these obscure seaways and almost unknown lands, without really accomplishing anything. In fact, he was a born adventurer; and though smitten in his earlier years with a love for exploration, he was at heart a buccaneer of the old school, although he had hated and despised his buccaneer comrades, save as they aided him in his unquenchable lust of loot.

THE CRUISE OF THE ILL-STARRED ROEBUCK

This love of plunder was still strong within him, while his love for exploration had practically expired, and he had accepted the command of the *Roebuck* only out of the sheer desperation of a half-starved man. Very likely he had secretly expected to accumulate rich booty during his voyage, but on finding none, he seems to have given way to a peevishness and waywardness that ruined the expedition and accomplished nothing for the government that had trusted him with the command of one of its war-ships.

Being short of water, he dug for it, often vainly, in the sands of the western Australian coast. Scurvy broke out on the *Roebuck*, and the bad behavior of his crew caused him great anxiety. In five weeks' cruising they covered nine hundred miles but made no discovery of any importance.

On March fourteenth, they arrived at well-cultivated country, where Dampier thought to communicate with the natives by the rude method of firing a cannon-ball over the heads of those who had come out to see him in their canoes. Naturally enough, these simple-minded persons fled at once. Later there came out from shore three large boats, one of them with forty natives in it. Dampier thought they were going to attack him. He fired a round-shot at them, and the blacks fled again. He followed them into the bay, and seeing many of the natives peeping at the *Roebuck* from behind rocks, he fired another shot to impress them, and then was extremely surprised that the blacks would not come out and trade.

Dampier therefore sent a party ashore, which found

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plenty of fresh water. The disgusted natives flung coconuts at the feet of his men and disdainfully gestured to them to depart. Dampier went ashore with a larger party and slaughtered and salted a load of hogs. The natives became more friendly and brought him coconuts, but this did not prevent the ex-buccaneer from stealing their nets and sacred images before he left.

Toward the end of the month they passed a "burning mountain" that seemed a fearful prodigy and terror to the young English sailors. Its huge pillar of crimson fire reared its lofty head higher and higher for a while, and then sank, only to shoot its blood-red flames up into the sky again amid a dreadful thundering that shook land and sea. The appalling noise and the iridescent streams of fiery lava that poured down the sides of the roaring volcano and leaped into the ocean amid clouds of steam, quickly induced the crew of the *Roebuck* to hoist all sail and depart at full speed. They wanted to get far away, without any delay at all, from this home of the terrible demons who, in their opinion, usually dwelt under sea in this mysterious part of the world where fearful portents and horrors hourly impended over rashly venturing souls.

On April 26, 1700, Dampier started on his return home in the *Roebuck*, but the ship sank just off Ascension Island, and he and his men finally got back via an English man-of-war and a ship of the East India Company.

DAMPIER'S SECOND EXPEDITION

Notwithstanding the unfortunate outcome of the ex-

DAMPIER'S SECOND EXPEDITION

ploring expedition to Australia, his ill luck in the loss of the *Roebuck*, through no fault of his at all, procured him much sympathy. His voyages all added to his fame, especially as he published extremely vivid and interesting accounts of the strange and wonderful places he had visited, and the still more marvelous inhabitants. They displayed him as a navigator without parallel and a matchless mariner. That able and prolific pen did not need to hire a press agent. Dampier's engaging narratives have won a host of admirers, including the great Sir Walter Scott.

The commercial world of England, however, valued his discoveries little, for the only expeditions that interested them were such as gave good chance for booty of gold, silver and precious stones.

English seamen were always ready to embark upon voyages that promised loot, especially in the regions of the South Seas, where the Spaniards at sea and ashore were almost unarmed and could make little resistance to armed freebooters. Thus, in spite of previous failures, Dampier in 1702 succeeded in finding some speculative men of means who were willing to equip what amounted to a buccaneering expedition against the Spaniards.

At this time, during the reign of Queen Anne, Britain had declared war upon France and Spain. Privateering against them was therefore fairly permissible to British subjects. The merchant-adventurers fitted out two ships: the *St. George*, twenty-six guns, with a crew of one hundred and twenty men, under the command of Captain William Dampier, with Mr. William Funnell as chief

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mate; and the ship *Fame*, under Captain John Pulling—both ships being amply supplied with warlike stores and well provisioned for a nine months' cruise. They were duly commissioned by the Prince Consort, Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne, Lord High Admiral of England, and thus had authority to cruise against the French and Spaniards in all parts of the world. The officers and men were hired on the well-known privateering, plundering principle of sharing in the success of the expedition, on the "no purchase, no pay" plan.

Dampier's original idea was to go to the Rio de la Plata and Buenos Aires, and capture two or three Spanish galleons laden with treasure, which were usually to be taken there. If these were captured, and they secured booty to the value of six hundred thousand pounds sterling (How moderate they were!), the ships were to return at once to England. If they did not succeed at Plata, they were to enter the South Seas and cruise off the coast of Peru to intercept the ships which brought gold from Valdivia to Lima. If this attempt also failed, they were to attempt to capture some rich town on the coast that Dampier might select. As a final resort, they were to cruise off the Mexican coast for the Manila galleon at a time when it should be due at Acapulco from Manila—which ship is "commonly reported to be worth fourteen million dollars."

Almost at the outset, while still in the Downs, Dampier and Pulling quarreled; and the latter, entirely disregarding his agreement with his employers, ran away with the

DAMPIER'S SECOND EXPEDITION

Fame and started off for a cruise of the Canaries on his own hook. Dampier never saw him or his ship again. After some delay, Dampier's employers furnished him with another vessel to replace the *Fame*, the galley *Cinque Ports*, ninety tons, sixteen guns, and a crew of sixty-three men, under Captain Charles Pickering, who joined the *St. George* at Kinsale, Ireland.

Dampier sailed from this port on September 11, 1703, and proceeded to Madeira. There he learned that the galleons from Buenos Aires had left the Plata, crossed the Atlantic and arrived safely at Teneriffe—due to the delay between the time of Dampier's sailing from the Downs on April thirtieth and his departure from Ireland.

They anchored off Port Praya, St. Jago, of the Cape Verde Islands, on October seventh, and dealt with the people, who were descendants of banished Portuguese criminals and Guinea negresses. Most of them were now black—"yet, they still retained the vices of their progenitors, thieving being more common here," says Funnell, "than any place that I have ever visited, inso-much that they will take a man's hat from his head at noon-day, and in the midst of company! And in trading with them, do not let them have your goods first, before theirs are delivered, or you are sure to lose them."

Here they watered the ships and refreshed themselves, and Captain Dampier quarreled with his First Lieutenant, whom he sent ashore at midnight with his chest and his servant. When they set sail, at four o'clock on the morning of October thirteenth, Dampier had not fully

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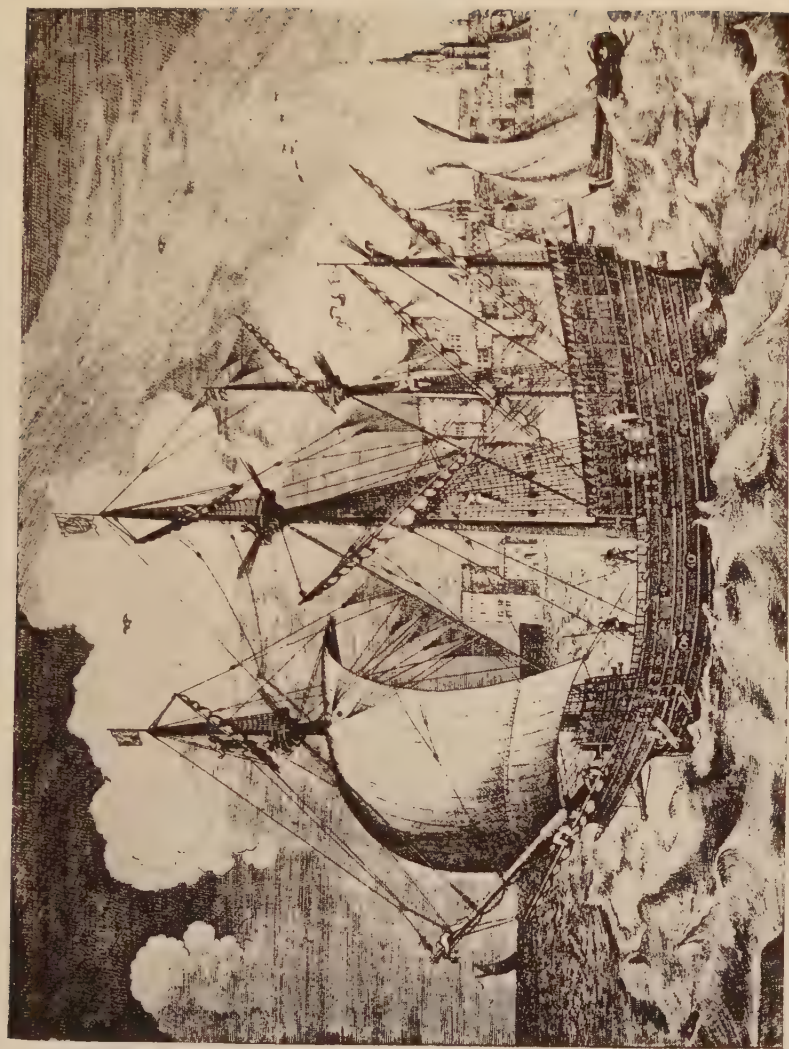
made up his mind what to do next, an early exhibition of his indecision as a leader which ultimately proved fatal to the expedition. It was always thus with Dampier.

Steering across the Atlantic toward Brazil, they succeeded in catching in mid-ocean four fish—a shark, a dolphin, an old-wife and a so-called jelly-fish, which last Funnell describes as having sharp teeth, a sparkling eye, a long extended mouth and a prodigiously high fin on its back. It was fourteen inches long, two inches deep and was of a green, jelly-like substance.

They passed the equator on November second, and six days later sighted Santa Anna Island off the coast of Brazil. There they encountered vast flocks of boobies, the size of ducks, with feet like ducks, which “subsist mostly on flying-fish, which they catch while in the air.” The sailors ate the boobies. “I have made many a meal on these birds,” says Funnell, “but this was for want of other food, for they taste very fishy, and are apt to make one sick, if not previously well salted. They are so silly, that when weary of flying, they will light upon your hand, if you hold it out for them.” No wonder the sailors called them boobies.

At Isla Grande “our new First Lieutenant fell out with Captain Dampier, and went ashore, with eight of our men, and thus left us,” Funnell notes. Captain Pickering died, and Thomas Stradling, his lieutenant, was given command of the *Cinque Ports*.

They left early in December, sailing by the Sebaldines—the islands discovered by Sebald de Wert, now called the Falkland Islands—and soon encountered a terrible



Sixteenth-Century Ship
Engraved by Pieter Brueghel (British Museum)

DAMPIER'S SECOND EXPEDITION

storm, in which the *St. George* lost sight of the *Cinque Ports*. Dampier did not even glimpse Cape Horn; but on January twentieth, believing he had passed it, he tacked to the north and on February fourth sighted the Isle of Mocha, twenty miles from Chile, and sailed for the Island of Juan Fernandez.

Several days later, they were joined by the *Cinque Ports*. The two ships were wooded and watered, and refitted and heeled over as far as possible, so that the crews might clean their sides—all of which took up much time and kept most of the men ashore.

Dampier's difficulties with his crew were persistent, due to his petulance and his lack of the ability to command respect and obedience. However, in justice to him, it must be remembered that he had had no previous training in handling men, such as even junior officers in the army and navy receive during their service; and this want of experience was accentuated by the fact that he had to do with a semi-mutinous gang of bold and truculent roughnecks, ferocious by nature, and rendered still more unruly by their hard life, their coarse fare and the half-sodden state in which they were kept as a matter of deliberate policy by the ample supply of strong liquor daily issued to them.

At Juan Fernandez, Captain Stradling also quarreled with his crew, one of whom—the famous Alexander Selkirk—hated him and made much trouble for him, for Selkirk seems to have been as contentious a sea lawyer as ever stepped on deck. He was the Master of the *Cinque Ports* and went ashore at his own request. Later he re-

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pented of his rash design and asked leave to return. Stradling decided to maroon him, whereat the crew refused to go aboard the *Cinque Ports* and obey Stradling's orders; and Dampier had a hard time persuading them all to return.

While the crews were still ashore, they saw a sail out at sea. The alarm was given, the sailors rushed on board the ship, slipped their cables and stood out in eager pursuit of the stranger. The latter put his ship about and went off under press of canvas, but Dampier clung to his wake, sailing so fast that he towed his pinnace under and had to cut it adrift, in order not to impair speed. The same thing happened on the *Cinque Ports*. She also had to cut adrift her boat, which contained a man and a dog.

They caught up with the stranger about eleven o'clock that night, finding her a Frenchman of four hundred tons, thirty guns and full of men. Dampier waited until next day before commencing hostilities.

"At sunrise next morning, March 1, we began to engage the French ship. We fought her very close, broadside to broadside for seven hours, and then a small gale springing up, she sheered off." His crew was anxious for another fight with the Frenchman, because they did not wish her to escape and notify the Spaniards that the English were in the South Seas. But Dampier opposed this, saying that he knew places along the coast they could capture any day, and obtain booty to the value of five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The *St. George* therefore backed its topsails and

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waited for the *Cinque Ports*, and on the latter's coming up, Stradling agreed to let the Frenchman go. The two ships returned to Juan Fernandez, where they had left their anchors, long-boats, a ton of sea-lion oil and several tons of water in their water-casks; also five men of Stradling's crew, who had gone to the west end of the island; and all of Stradling's sails, except those that he had on his yards, besides a great many ship stores.

The wind was blowing off the island, and the two ships were beating up to its harbor, when the *Cinque Ports* suddenly sighted two French ships quite near. These Frenchmen fired several shots at her, and as she was a galley, her crew rowed her over to the *St. George*, and informed Dampier that these Frenchmen carried thirty-six guns each. The English ships were so over-matched that it was useless to try to fight.

Dampier might have maneuvered about the vicinity of the islands, to harass the Frenchmen so that they would not dare land any considerable part of their forces and get the valuable stores that the English had left ashore. Instead he seems to have become panic-stricken. He persuaded Stradling to sail away with him for the coast of Peru, leaving behind on the island his own boats and anchors, as well as Stradling's five men, sails and stores. This was an almost incredible blunder for British seamen, and solely ascribable to Dampier's selfishness and his desire not to risk his own ship and his future chances of acquiring wealth, by a fight with any except inferior forces.

Three days later, they were off the port of Copiapó,

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where the Spaniards loaded wine, money and goods for Coquimbo. The English would have been glad to go ashore for these supplies, but they now had no small boats. This increased the discontent with Dampier and his conduct of the expedition.

They were off Callao on March twenty-second and saw two ships making for the port. The English pursued them, soon came up with the rearmost and found it was the French ship they had fought before. Naturally they were eager to prevent her going in and informing the Spaniards of their presence in the South Seas, for this would lead to the Viceroy's ordering the Spanish ships not to put to sea. The crew were eager to fight her also because they wanted her guns, ammunition and provisions. They had no doubt of their ability to capture her, as they were all now well, whereas during the previous fight twenty or thirty of them had been too weak to work the guns.

Dampier, however, refused to attack. His pig-headedness always declined to do anything that was suggested to him. While he was lowering his dignity as commander by hotly discussing the matter with his enraged crew, the French ships succeeded in escaping into the harbor of Callao. Dampier said he did not wish to attack Frenchmen, but as his commission authorized him to attack the vessels of both France and Spain, with both of whom his country was then at war, the excuse was feeble. No wonder his crew almost mutinied and threatened to depose him from command.

Fortunately for him, however, he captured two fairly

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good prizes in a few days. He removed all that was valuable in their cargoes and let them go. Then "we began to prepare for the great exploit that our Captain meditated, of landing on the coast and plundering some rich city." Dampier had his carpenters fit up the launches or long-boats belonging to the Spanish prizes with two swivel-guns, to use when landing in the heavy surf. And a week later, he captured a fifty-ton vessel laden with plank and cordage, which suited their needs at the moment so well that it seemed as if Providence had sent it.

With this new prize they sailed to the Island of Gallo, anchored there, secured fresh water and prepared their ship and the prize for Dampier's grand undertaking. Here they found certain "lion-lizards," four feet long, and having a large erectable comb, which fits into a groove in the head. They had very large eyes, were as thick as a man's arm, and ran very fast, "but our dog caught many of them."

In a few days, the freebooters were ready. Dampier's El Dorado turned out to be the town of Santa Maria, near the famous gold mines to which Dampier had once wanted to take a thousand negroes. He expected to obtain a great quantity of gold, but the Spaniards heard of his approach, set many ambuscades for his shore party, attacked it en route and killed many. To make matters worse, Dampier's testy temper increased the insubordination of his crew, which had grown weary of his useless attempts to achieve anything worth while.

Food was scarce, and by May first the disgusted sailors returned to their ships, regardless of Dampier's wishes

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or orders, and reembarked. They were so short of food that they had only five boiled green plantains a day for six men. Then by good luck a strange vessel anchored near them at midnight (supposing them to be Spanish) and was promptly captured by the hungry, hollow-cheeked Englishmen. They found her a godsend, as she was filled to the hatches with flour, sugar, brandy, wine, salt, fruit, thirty-two tons of marmalade—enough food to last them for four or five years—and a large stock of linen and woolen cloth.

Funnell was put on the new prize, in behalf of Dampier and the *St. George*; and Alexander Selkirk was assigned to her in behalf of Stradling and the *Cinque Ports*, to see that the crew of neither vessel double-crossed the other! They carried their prize to the Bay of Panama and anchored off the Island of Taboga.

STRADLING LEAVES DAMPIER

Here Dampier quarreled with Stradling so fiercely that the breach between them could not be healed. They decided to separate, the sailors to go with whichever Captain they pleased. Stradling himself was a man of coarse mind, low thoughts and violent disposition; but it was Dampier's evil temper that had practically ruined the expedition.

A further example of Dampier's pig-headedness occurred here. The prisoners aboard the prize they had just taken informed the crew that eighty thousand dollars had been hidden in the run of the ship at the bottom of the hold, while she was still off Lima, with the intent of

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its being smuggled out and escaping duty. Dampier refused to believe it, "nor would he wait till we should rummage her to the bottom, lest delay might mar his great project." Therefore, to the great wrath of his men, he let her go at once, after taking the provisions out of her; and on May nineteenth, the *St. George* left the *Cinque Ports* for good and steered northward to cruise off the coast of Peru.

Captain Stradling had too few men in the *Cinque Ports* to accomplish much. He sailed to Juan Fernandez Island, where Alexander Selkirk left him and went ashore. He hated Stradling and believed the *Cinque Ports* so unseaworthy that it was unsafe to sail in her. This apprehension was proved good when the *Cinque Ports* foundered, soon afterward, off the South American coast. All her crew perished in the disaster, save Stradling and seven sailors who got to shore only to be taken prisoners by the Spaniards and sent to Lima. Stradling was still living there, six years later, when Dampier revisited these coasts as chief pilot of Woodes Rogers' expedition. As for Selkirk, the hero of *Robinson Crusoe*, he remained on Juan Fernandez Island until he was rescued by Woodes Rogers.

IN QUEST OF THE MANILA GALLEON

Dampier captured a Spanish vessel bound for Panama, bearing a packet of letters, whose contents enraged and startled the English. The first letter they happened to read was addressed to the President of Panama by the Captain of the French man-of-war they had fought off

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Juan Fernandez. He boasted of the great number of English he had killed; saying, however, "the large ship fought him yardarm to yardarm for six hours, killed a great many of his men, and wounded such a number of them" that he later landed at Lima thirty-two who were disabled by the loss of a leg, an eye or an arm. He said also that if Dampier had followed up and fought again, he would have captured the French ship, whose crew had given themselves up for lost, as they no longer had enough men left to defend her properly.

Other letters let them know that the two French ships that had driven Dampier and Stradling away from Juan Fernandez had picked up the small boat of the *Cinque Ports* with the man and dog in it, and then had gone on to the island, landed and captured the five men left behind, as well as the stores and long-boats Dampier and Stradling abandoned when they fled.

Another letter contained the news that the Spaniards had fitted out two war-ships—one of thirty-six guns, the other of thirty-two guns, all of these cannon being brass twenty-four-pounders—and sent them out to cruise for Dampier, each manned by three hundred and fifty sailors and one hundred and fifty soldiers. Dampier heard that they were cruising for him off Guayaquil, and there he encountered the thirty-two-gun man-of-war. When he was pretty close to the Spaniard, the latter fired a broadside at the *St. George*, but Dampier paid no attention, as he was trying to gain the weather-gage. In the half-gale which was blowing, the *St. George's* foretopmast carried by the board. Her crew at once seized their

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hatchets and cut the wreckage away without delay. The instant his ship was cleared, Dampier put his helm up and got her before the wind. The *St. George* thus had to come to action from leeward, as, encouraged by the disaster to the enemy, the Spaniard crowded on all the canvas she dared and pursued her foe. Dampier brought his ship to the wind, resolving to fight it out rather than be chased ashore.

“So, hoisting the bloody Flag at the main topmast-head, with a Resolution neither to give or take Quarter, we began the Fight, and went to it, as fast as we could load and fire,” says Funnell. However, the cautious Spaniard kept so far to windward that the crew of the *St. George* could not use their small-arms, and their cannon-balls could hardly reach the foe, whose heavier guns shot high above the *St. George*. Dampier divided his men into two watches, one of which handled and fired the guns until they were weary, and then were relieved by the other watch. The English thus fired five guns to the enemy’s one. The fight lasted from noon till about six P. M. At dusk, both ships ceased firing, and the *St. George* lay to all night, expecting to renew the battle in the morning. But when day dawned, the English found that the Spaniards had sailed away. It was all rather absurd. There were no casualties on the English side, and nobody knows whether there were any on the Spanish.

Sailing to the northward in search of water and provisions, Dampier captured a smaller prize of ten tons, with two masts and two square sails. He fitted her out as a

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long-boat and named her the *Dragon*. In his account of this voyage, he speaks here of the many uses to which the natives put the cocoanut tree, obtaining from it meat, drink, oil, clothing, fuel, rigging, charcoal, and medicine when sick.

While they were at anchor in the Gulf of Nicoya beyond the Bay of Panama, Dampier proceeded to quarrel with Clipperton, his mate. Twenty-one of the sailors joined Clipperton in seizing a bark, lately captured by the *Dragon*, which contained all of Dampier's ammunition and the greater part of his provisions. Clipperton sailed away, sending back word to Dampier that he would find, in a certain Indian house ashore, both the ammunition and provisions, less only what was needed for the bark and her crew. He later said that the main reason for his leaving Dampier was that the *St. George* was so rotten that she was likely to founder in the first gale that came on her.

Dampier sent out canoes, located the stores where Clipperton had indicated, and got them back again. He describes a great oyster (the abalone) found in the Gulf of Nicoya, which was so large that when one of them was cut up and stewed, it afforded a full meal for six men. He speaks also of the pearl-oyster clinging to the rocks by its long beard; and says that the Spaniards often came to the Gulf for pearls, bringing with them Indian divers who went down in seven or eight fathoms of water and brought up as many as a dozen pearl-oysters, some of which contained six or seven pearls.

Dampier sailed north on September twenty-third and

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on October seventh sighted the two volcanoes of Guatemala, of which the higher one, to the north, had, in the year 1534, thrown out a torrent of water that totally overwhelmed the old city of St. Jago. The other sometimes vomited rocks as big as houses, with such a prodigious eruption of flames that at night one could see to read a letter by its light at a distance of six miles.

By this time he was ready to start out on new adventures, and one has to admire his courage in keeping the sea in a ship so rotten he must have known a gale would sink her. On the ninth he captured a bark laden with provisions, which were most acceptable to the Englishmen. Her Captain was a Spaniard named Christian Martin, who had been born in the Canaries, had been reared in London, had been a servant to Captain Eaton (whose adventures in these seas have already been related), and had come with him to the South Seas as his gunner—only to fall out with some of Eaton's crew and desert his ship, in 1684, on the Island of Gorgona.

Martin had hidden for six days, until Eaton left, and then had cut down two trees, bound them together with withes, fixed a mast on this raft and made a sail for it out of two shirts. Then he filled a bag with oysters that he gathered from the rocks, and set sail for the Rio Bonaventura, where he arrived next day. The Spaniards captured and ill-used him and sent him to Lima, where the authorities finally set him at liberty.

Dampier now had with him sixty-four men and boys, all in good health, and he sailed on northward searching “for the Acapulco galleon, for the sight of which our peo-

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ple longed as earnestly as if there was no difference between seeing and taking her. Their vivid imaginations had visions of piles of gold ingots, stacks of silver bars, bushels of gleaming pearls, bales of flowered silks, wondrous satins and tapestries, massive church plate, glittering heaps of jewels, rare wares from the Orient, and other treasure trove of fabulous value, all to be theirs for the mere taking of the golden galleon, whose sea-trail they were now fast approaching.

“Being off the Volcano of Colima, on the morn of December 6, 1704, we descried a sail, to which we gave chase, and soon came up with her, when she proved to be the great Acapulco ship or Manila galleon, which we had so long wished to fall in with. As we were well provided, we gave her a great many broadsides before she could get any of her guns cleared for action, as she had not suspected us of being an enemy and was not at all prepared for us. Martin, who was still a prisoner aboard our ship, advised us to lay her aboard immediately, for if we gave them time to get out her great guns, they would certainly tear us to pieces, and we should lose the opportunity of acquiring a prize worth sixteen million dollars. Thus it accordingly happened, for the time being wasted in disputing between those of us who were for boarding and those of a different opinion, she got out one tier of guns and then proved too hard for us, so that we could not lie alongside her to do her any damage. Our five-pound shot, which was the biggest we had, signified little against such a ship, but when any of her eighteen- or twenty-four-pound shot struck our ship, which was very much de-

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cayed, it drove in a piece of plank three or four feet long. Being thus greatly damaged, and having received a shot between wind and water in our powder-room, by which two feet of plank were driven in on each side of her stern, orders were given to stand off from the enemy."

Dampier's crew had been in a fighting mood and had pluckily borne down on the huge galleon, whose high sides were crowned with bristling guns, and had stoutly engaged her at once. The galleon was in a state of such utter confusion, and her guns so encumbered by the cargo, that, had Dampier promptly accepted Martin's advice, he might have captured her immediately by boarding her at the head of his men. Instead, the strange irresolution which was a fatal defect in his character as a commander, again seized upon him. This hesitation and his inability to control his men caused the delay during which the galleon cleared and brought to bear its much larger guns, by the superior weight of whose metal the Spaniards beat off the *St. George* and nearly sent her to the bottom.

Indeed, Dampier was very lucky to escape; but his crew were bitterly disappointed, and utterly disgusted with their leader, and they clamored to return to England. The ship was ready to fall to pieces, and they had provisions for only three months' short allowance.

However, Dampier persuaded them to cruise near here for six weeks longer, after which he promised to let them sail to some factory in India, whence they might go where they wished. All agreed, and they sailed east, keeping the land in sight. They proposed to make for the Gulf of Fonseca, there to wood and water their ships, preparatory to sailing for the East Indies.

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On January 5, 1705, the ships ran into great shoals of albigores (evidently tuna), four or five feet long, and weighing from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds each—a very fine and fleshy fish, which the English thought extraordinarily good eating and remarkable for its prodigious strength and for the fact that it lived on flying fish.

THE TOTAL FAILURE OF THE EXPEDITION

The next day a new revolution took place. Thirty men agreed to remain along with Captain Dampier in the South Seas, but with what in view or on what terms, the others, who were not in the secret, never knew. Funnell, with these thirty-three other men who were sick of the fruitless cruising about with Dampier and afraid to trust their lives longer in such a rotten ship as the *St. George*, prepared to sail to the East Indies in a wretched little bark they had captured. The bark and the *St. George* proceeded together to the Gulf of Amapala, where they divided the provisions between them.

Two of Dampier's men here went over to Funnell. He was given four cannon and enough small-arms and ammunition for defense during the voyage to India.

The carpenter of the *St. George* filled the holes in her rotten hull, which had been made by the cannon-balls of the galleon, with a mixture of tallow and charcoal, for they did not dare drive a nail lest the leaks be made worse.

Funnell departed in his bark on February 1, 1705, leaving Dampier with only twenty-eight men and boys, most



Plancius taking a Sight

Engraved by Philip Galle after Jan Van Der Straet (Macpherson Collection)

THE TOTAL FAILURE OF THE EXPEDITION

of them landmen—"which was a very insignificant Force for one who was to make war on a whole nation," Funnell remarks rather cynically.

The old *St. George* was now in bad shape, with her seams open, every timber in her decayed, and her sails and rigging quite worn out. In fact, she was not fit to keep the sea, as both Clipperton and Funnell well knew. But Dampier, the undaunted buccaneer, always trusted to luck. Even though his officers had deserted him one by one, because they could not put up with his bad temper and incapacity, even though his crew had left him, a score or more at a time, yet he still hung on like a desperate gambler, anxious and ready for a last throw with the iron dice of Fate, although he was now backed by only twenty-eight surly men—gaunt, miserable, dissatisfied, despondent, exhausted by their severe labors, and with all the heart gone out of them.

Dampier told his sullen crew that he could make their fortunes by surprising and capturing some small Spanish town on the seacoast; and he did attack Puná, then a coast village of Ecuador, with only a church and thirty houses. It was night when they landed. They found all the inhabitants in bed and asleep, and they plundered the town without meeting any resistance.

On the way to the Island of Lobos de la Mar, they captured a small Spanish vessel full of provisions. Arrived, they called a council and finally resolved to abandon the *St. George* and sail to the East Indies in the captured bark. The crew were done with the South Seas.

They therefore transferred everything that they could

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use to the bark, left the *St. George* rolling at her anchor and steered west across the Pacific. When they got to the East Indies, the Dutch seized the bark and promptly confiscated it—an act of sheer piracy—and turned Dampier and his crew loose to shift for themselves.

Dampier finally made his way back to England, a beggar, as usual. His account of this voyage increased his reputation as a sailor, although the result of it and Funnell's account of it ruined his reputation as a possible commander of any later expedition. However, the world pitied him for his misfortunes, and, as Russell remarks, his fellow countrymen admired "the bold projects of a seaman of whose nationality every Englishman was proud." By command of the Queen, Dampier was presented to her, kissed her hand and had the honor of relating his adventures to her.

All this honor left him still poor, however, and he had to look for fresh occupation as a seaman. His further adventures will be found in the next chapter.

FUNNELL'S DIFFICULTIES AFTER PARTING FROM DAMPIER

To return to Funnell—he had such a small store of provisions that his crew had only one-half pound of coarse flour a day per man, with two ounces of salt meat every other day. His cockle-shell was a bark of only seventy tons, rigged with two masts, and it was so wormy that it began to leak very badly almost at once. He had no carpenter, doctor, medicines or small-boat, yet he says, "trusting to God's Providence who had already delivered us out of so many dangers, we proceeded on our

FUNNELL'S DIFFICULTIES AFTER PARTING

voyage to India, and a bolder attempt was perhaps never made by such a handful of men in so frail a barque, and nothing but our anxious desire to revisit our native country could have supported us under all the difficulties and dangers of this extensive voyage."

They ran into a calm the second day out and caught an abundance of "yellowtails," which swam about the vessel. These fish, four feet long and shaped like a half-moon, had yellow tails, big heads and large eyes, and were very good eating, as they had no bones but the backbone. The crew gladly fed on them for three days, and later caught two turtles that rejoiced their half-starved stomachs.

They fell in with the trade-wind and made studding-sails to increase their speed during the daytime, although they furled these and also their topsail at night, as the wind was stronger then. For more than three weeks they ate only two meals of two plantains each day; after that they had only half a pound of flour a day and two ounces of salt beef every other day which the men ate raw. By the beginning of April they had nothing but flour to live on, and it was full of maggots. They managed to catch a dolphin once in a while, also boobies and noddies which occasionally perched on the rigging, and happy was he who could snare one. On such fare no wonder the crew became "very melancholy."

The bark reached Magon Island on April eleventh, and the natives came out in boats laden with potatoes, fish, yams, eggs and other provisions to the very great joy of the crew. These islanders were very tall, large limbed, and stark naked. They did not want money but accepted

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tobacco and old shirts. The Englishmen offered them brandy, and one of the islanders took a drink, "but," says Funnell, "he seemed so astonished at the heat that it left in his mouth and stomach, that we thought he never would close his mouth again. I believe he thought himself on fire. He lay down on the deck and roared like a bull, for one-half an hour, and then he fell asleep; and we being in haste to depart, put him in his boat, making signs for his companions to care for him."

They had now traveled seven thousand five hundred and ninety miles across the Pacific. After mature deliberation, they decided to go direct to New Guinea without touching at Guam, although that island was in sight—probably because they feared capture by the Spaniards stationed there. They fell in with a seventy-day calm, during which they had no means of relieving their hunger except by drinking lots of water and lying down to sleep. On May third they were lucky enough to catch two bonitoes, each three feet long and two feet in circumference, and on these the haggard, famished sailors made a hearty meal.

Six days later they sighted New Guinea, nineteen leagues away. As they had no small-boat, they made a rough one out of a few old boards to land in and procure food. They went on to Manissa, where a Dutch pilot they had picked up, sent a letter to the Dutch Governor, informing him of the Englishmen's pressing call for provisions.

A Dutch corporal and two soldiers came aboard the bark on May twenty-third and read aloud a general

FUNNELL'S DIFFICULTIES AFTER PARTING

order of the Dutch East India Company, that no ships were to obtain provisions or anything else unless they belonged to this Company. Funnell told the corporal about his extreme need for food. The corporal was convinced and went to see the Governor about it. That official refused to let the English have any, saying that possibly they could obtain some at Amboina in the Moluccas.

Funnell arrived at Amboina five days later, and there met two Dutch ships laden with cloves and bound for Batavia. They asked him whence he came and whither he was bound, and desired to read his journal, promising to return it at Batavia. The English owners' agent aboard the bark gave the Dutch an account of the voyage, which was "a lucky thing, as we owed our preservation to it."

Dutch soldiers boarded and seized Funnell's bark, sealed up the chests of the crew and towed the bark into the harbor. The English stayed aboard, but the Dutch refused to supply or sell them food, and generally acted toward them with the greatest barbarity. On the thirty-first the Dutch took them ashore and lodged them in two rooms of the Stadt House. All their money and goods were removed, except what they had on their persons.

Soon Funnell's confiscated vessel and possessions were sold at auction. The English were fed on bad meat, and the grafting officials cheated them so that for a Spanish dollar they got but five pence worth of food at the market. They were quickly reduced to a state of weakness and suffering.

Funnell gives a long, black and detailed account of

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Dutch misdeeds and oppression in the Moluccas of that age. Amboina was especially infamous for the cruelties and injustice committed on the English, which culminated in the cold-blooded murder of a number of them.

This place is notably subject to earthquakes, and therefore the houses were built of only one story. "While we were there," says Funnell, "we had a great quake for two days which did much mischief, as the ground opened in several places and swallowed up several houses with their inhabitants. Several of these people were dug out of the ruins, but most of them were dead, and many others had their arms and legs broken by the fall of their houses. Where we were, the ground swelled up like waves of the sea, but no damage was done."

The Dutch government officials were dissolute and tyrannical, inflicting severe punishment on the natives for even small faults, and often reducing them to slavery and condemning them to wear an iron on their legs for life. The wild Malays of the mountains waged perpetual war on the Dutch, and when they captured any of them, they slew them and pickled their heads. When in turn the Dutch caught any of the natives, they cut off their noses and ears and then publicly racked them to death.

Amboina produced cloves, pepper, ginger and some nutmegs. There were a vast number of clove trees on the island, every one of which was numbered, registered in the books of the Dutch East India Company, and carefully cultivated by natives. The tree census was made once a year, the number being strictly limited, and the surplus cut down for fear of increasing the supply and

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thus decreasing the price. The Dutch citizens owning the trees had to sell all their cloves to the Company at six pence a pound. Any one selling or carrying away cloves to the value of ten pounds sterling had his whole property confiscated, and he became a slave for life.

Funnell noted that when the nutmegs were ripe, the surpassingly beautiful birds of paradise flew to Banda and Amboina and fed on the outer shell, which seemed to intoxicate them, as they fell to the ground and lay there as if drunk. In this state, innumerable ants would fall upon them and devour them.

The English remained at Amboina from May thirty-first to September fourteenth, 1705, when three sloops sailed with cloves to Batavia, aboard which twenty-five of the crew were conveyed to that port, leaving Funnell and nine men behind. A fortnight later there came a great earthquake; and the next day Funnell and four more of his men were sent to Batavia in a Chinese sloop. The remaining five were to be sent on later, but they never were heard of again.

Off Cabeses Islands, Funnell met his own bark, which the Dutch had refitted and converted into a very good vessel. He noted that practically all other ships had been driven out of these waters by the semi-piratical operations of the Dutch East India Company. The Captain of the vessel carrying Funnell had true charts of the reefs and shoals of those waters—as well as false ones. The Dutch did not want strangers to know the truth, and hence had made the false maps so that strange ships might come to wreck and ruin!

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When the ship entered Batavia harbor, Funnell was sent to join the rest of his crew, who were still imprisoned by the Dutch. A Dutch Major visited them, got an account of their losses both personal and as a company, and told them they would receive compensation for their effects, loss of time and imprisonment. Each seaman therefore drew up an account, and these were sent by the Major to the Governor who gave the English word that they would soon be free.

On October twenty-seventh they were ordered to the fort, and most of their money was returned to them, but they received no compensation for the seizure of their ship and cargo, their loss of time or their outrageous imprisonment by these high-handed colonial officials who, as we have seen, perpetrated a like outrage on Dampier, his crew and his vessel, when they arrived in these waters.

Funnell and his men protested, but the Governor-General said that he had given them all that the Governor of Amboina had sent on as belonging to them; and he added that the English were now at liberty and could go where they pleased.

On December 2, 1705, the Dutch notified them that all who wished to return to England should at once go aboard the home-bound Dutch East India fleet. Funnell and his men sailed next day. They arrived safe in the Texel on July 15, 1706; and on August twenty-sixth they got back to England. Only eighteen out of one hundred and eighty-three men returned from this disastrous voyage. "The news of our misfortune reached home before

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us, and all were eager to have an account of our adventures, especially while in the power of the Dutch at Amboina."

CHAPTER X

WOODES ROGERS, PRIVATEER OF QUEEN ANNE; *(The End of Dampier's Story)*

ENGLAND'S POSITION ON THE SEA

For over a century there were no expeditions in the Pacific partaking of the national character of Drake's and Cavendish's sea exploits, until Woodes Rogers embarked upon his memorable cruise in 1708 and "filled with terror all the coasts of the South Seas," in the oft-quoted words of Venegas.

During the reign of the Stuarts, the glory of England on the seaways suffered a decline. Even the virile and warlike administration of the Lord Protector Cromwell displayed little maritime and nautical enterprise, save in home waters; and it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that England departed from her peaceful and often spiritless policy toward Spain. Then she declared war against both France and Spain, and at last the bold spirits and heroic enterprise of Englishmen were again afforded a splendid field for naval expeditions against the Spanish possessions on both sides of the mighty Pacific.

Spain had by this time descended from among the most powerful of European nations to about the last in mili-

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tary and naval strength abroad—a fact well known to the ambitious and not over-scrupulous English merchants and men of means. They were quite willing to equip semi-buccaneering or privateering expeditions against the declared enemy of their country, provided such enterprises promised to afford profits great enough to recompense for the extra risks involved.

DAMPIER JOINS ROGERS

When Dampier returned to England after his ill-starred attempt to capture the Manila galleon off the coast of Lower California in 1704, as narrated in the preceding chapter, he again tried to enlist London merchants in equipping a squadron to attack and capture a galleon in the Pacific. Failing in London, he went to Bristol and there succeeded in interesting some nineteen merchants and gentlemen in undertaking such an enterprise, for he pointed out that the galleons of Spain still carried their precious cargoes across the seas, and as they had not for some time been harassed by British pirates or privateers, they would not be on guard. But they would not trust Dampier with the command.

The British gentlemen secured a commission in due form from Prince George of Denmark, Lord High Admiral of England, authorizing a squadron to prey upon the commerce of Spain and France in the South Seas. They fitted out two armed ships for this purpose—the *Duke* of three hundred and twenty tons and thirty-six guns, and the *Duchess* of two hundred and sixty tons and twenty-six guns. In command they placed Captain

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Woodes Rogers, an officer of great ability who had suffered at the hands of the French and longed to revenge his wrongs upon them. He was noted for keeping his sailors under strict control at all times, and for his extraordinary resourcefulness in meeting all emergencies.

Rogers was captain of the *Duke*, and over the *Duchess* was Captain Courtney, a gentleman by birth, of considerable fortune and an amiable disposition, who had invested largely in the enterprise and accompanied the expedition to see that his interests were protected. Second to Courtney, was Captain Edward Cooke, who had twice been made prisoner by the French and, desiring both gain and revenge, was now ready to risk his liberty and his whole fortune in the venture. He and also Woodes Rogers wrote accounts of the voyage, both of which were published on their return to England.

As for William Dampier, his fortunes had fallen so low that he was glad to accept even a subordinate position. He accompanied the squadron in the minor yet honorable position of chief pilot. Always at heart an unrepentant buccaneer, he was keen to sail the South Seas again. His fame in these waters made his presence so feared by the Spaniards that he was a valuable addition to the expedition. The report that he was again on mischief bent was carried overseas to Spain, and thence borne to Spanish South America, along whose coast the ships of the squadron found posted the terrifying notice: "Dampier is here again!"

Another noted officer who went along was the celebrated Dover, Doctor of Physic, after whom the well-

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known Dover's Powders were named. The others were mostly desperate adventurers, although some were men of good families who had squandered away their means and eagerly seized this opportunity to acquire new wealth, reestablish their status as gentlemen and keep themselves out of the debtors' prison.

The crew also were a very mixed lot. Over one-third of them were foreigners, and many were not seamen at all, but farm-hands, tailors, fiddlers, tinkers, pedlers and other random gatherings from the hedges of England, enticed by the promise of ample pay, and thirty pounds sterling if they lost a limb in service. The petty officers were carefully chosen and, with one or two exceptions, were a fairly good lot.

Probably with a view to lessening the temptation of the commander's turning pirate and running off with the ships on his own account, it was stipulated that the movements of the ships and all plans for actions should be controlled by a council composed of all the officers of the ships, with Doctor Dover as its head—the council to be convened whenever circumstances seemed to call for it. This remarkable provision divided the responsibility, it is true, but it also at times caused great and vital delays, and many disagreements on crucial occasions. Woodes Rogers deserves all the greater credit for keeping his temper at such crises, making the best of a bad bargain, and eventually bringing the expedition to a more successful conclusion than one might expect from such an absurd and almost impossible arrangement, devised by a lot of merchants, for the handling of a military expedition.

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On August 1, 1708, Rogers set sail from Bristol with his two ships and three hundred and thirty-three men. They came safely to Rio de Janeiro, where the Portuguese staged a notable celebration in honor of the squadron. The entire populace participated in the hospitable festivities. Not to be outdone by their generous hosts, the bold British Protestant tars so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the occasion that they proceeded in a body to a solemn mass in the Catholic church, headed by their noble Captain and his officers, each Englishman with a lighted taper in his hand and a duly pious look on his bronzed countenance.

Captain Rogers gave a gorgeous feast aboard his flag-ship, the *Duke*, in honor of the local dignitaries. At this festival brimming beakers were emptied unanimously and enthusiastically by the Catholic Portuguese and the Protestant English, in toasts to the health of the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury and even—at Rogers' cynical suggestion—to William Penn the Quaker! Rogers, who was much amused, aptly noted in his log: "What a day!"

At their anchorage at Isla Grande, they had trouble with the unruly crew, who plotted to run off with the *Duchess*. Courtney quelled the mutiny by putting eight of the ringleaders in irons. Some of his men ran away to shore, but were nearly scared to death during the night by baboons; and next morning waded out in the sea to their necks and begged to be taken on board ship again, alleging that they had nearly lost their lives from "tygers," for which they were ridiculed by their comrades.

ROGERS AT JUAN FERNANDEZ ISLANDS

The Portuguese Governor told Dover a wonderful story about the marvelous snake they called the *liboya*, which the English called the roebuck-serpent. It was described as thirty feet long, as big around as a barrel, and able to swallow a roebuck whole. Undoubtedly the Brazilians intended to refer to the gigantic anacondas found in their jungles.

Tearing themselves away from these gay scenes and natural marvels, Rogers' squadron sailed on southward, minus their linguist whose services would now have been invaluable, had he not been left ashore at Santa Lucia, on the other side of the Atlantic. He had lingered too long with convivial companions, so, to teach the others a lesson, Rogers had sailed off without him.

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No Spanish vessels were met along the South American coast. On January 1, 1705, Rogers' squadron doubled Cape Horn, and at the end of that month arrived at Juan Fernandez Islands.

These summer isles, of which mention has so often been made in earlier pages, were for centuries a haven of refuge and recuperation for ships and crews worn with toil or stricken with scurvy. Their herds of wild goats, abundant fish, fruit-trees and edible plants brought the sailors back to their former health and gave the pirates new strength for their depredations. Well did Spain call it a thieves' kitchen. Once the Viceroy of Lima and the Governor of Chile had sent hither sundry ships with hunters aboard, under orders to slay the wild goats and

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thus deplete the buccaneers' food supply. But alas! a number of these giddy and wily creatures lived to caper over the hills and furnish fresh food to the freebooters in the years to come.

As Rogers' squadron approached Juan Fernandez in the night, his men saw a light ashore, which caused them much apprehension, "all this stir and apprehension, as we afterwards found out, arising from one poor old man, who passed in our imagination that night for a Spanish garrison, a body of Frenchmen, or a crew of pirates, and it is almost incredible what strange notions some of our people entertained about this light!"

Next morning, Rogers sent off a yawl to investigate, but it did not return; whereon, he despatched a well-armed pinnace after it to see if it had been seized by a possible Spanish garrison. The pinnace delayed its return till Rogers signaled it to come back. It showed up with quantities of huge crayfish, and a wild man, "cloathed all in goatskin, who seemed wilder than the original owners of his apparel," remarks Rogers.

He was, of course, the Scotch sailor, Alexander Selkirk, most famous of all castaways, whose fate inspired Defoe to write *Robinson Crusoe*. It was now four years and four months since he had been left behind by Captain Stradling.* Alone on this island in the midst of the great sea, he had been obliged to resort to primitive methods of living. He had learned to make fire by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together. He had been able to obtain meat only by running down goats on foot and had

*See page 241.

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at last become so agile that he could easily overtake and capture them. In this fashion he had taken as many as five hundred goats.

“Indeed, he could run with wonderful swiftness through woods, over rocks and up hills, as we found out when he caught goats for us. . . . We had a bull dog which we sent along with him and with several of our swiftest runners, but Selkirk outstripped them all, both dog and men, captured the goats, and brought them to us on his back.”

At first, Selkirk had been much “pestered” by rats, and by the hordes of cats which ran wild on the island. The cats stole his meat at night, and the rats gnawed his feet and clothes while he slept. Selkirk made friends with the cats, by feeding them goats’ flesh, and they became so tame that they used to lie beside him at night by hundreds. After that he had no more trouble with the rats.

To relieve his loneliness, Selkirk sang and danced with his cats and the young kids that he caught and taught. As his original clothes soon wore out, he tanned goatskins and made himself a primitive garb. Thus attired he presented the strange picturesque figure that astounded the Englishmen of the *Duke*, especially as his hair and beard had grown so long that he seemed a veritable wild man. The crew called him the “Governor of Juan Fernandez.” He was of great service to the ships, as he daily brought two or three goats for the sick to eat.

Two Spanish ships, having heard that there was an Englishman on the island, had landed, some time before Rogers’ arrival, and tried to catch Selkirk. He knew that

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the Spaniards would either kill him or sentence him to slavery in the mines for life; so he had fled to the woods. They had pursued and fired on him, but he had climbed a tree, under which some of the Spaniards gathered and talked a while before they left.

Rogers took Selkirk into the *Duke* and made him the mate on the advice of Dampier, who had known him in former years. Indeed, Selkirk returned to England on the *Duke*; and "it should here be remarked," said Mavor in 1797, "what indeed few are ignorant of—that when Selkirk came to England, he was advised to put his papers into the hands of the celebrated Daniel Defoe, to arrange for publication. But that ingenious literary pirate, converting the original material, by the aid of a luxurious fancy, into the well-known romance of *Robinson Crusoe*, thus defrauded Selkirk of the emolument which it was reasonable to suppose he might have reaped from his unaffected narrative of his solitary occupations and thoughts."

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On March fifteenth Rogers captured a small Spanish vessel, with a little money aboard, and learned that all the French ships, seven in number, had left the South Seas, six months before, and that no more of them were to venture thither. The Spaniards had conceived a violent aversion for the gay and bibulous Frenchmen. They had killed many in brawls at Callao, and had quarreled with them so constantly that no Frenchman was allowed ashore for some time before they finally sailed away.

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Rogers called this first Spanish prize the *Beginning*. He fitted it out as a cruiser at the Island of Lobos de la Mar, putting Mr. Stratton in command. In three days this new British privateer was stored with provisions and manned with a crew of thirty-two Englishmen, for operations against the Spaniards.

On this island there was a vast number of carrion crows which greatly resembled turkeys in size and shape. "One of our officers rejoiced at this sight, expecting to fare sumptuously, and could not even wait till a boat could put him ashore near them, but leapt into the water . . . and getting near two of them that were sitting on a rock he let fly with his gun at them, and brought them down at once. Judge of his disappointment and the ridicule to which he was exposed when, coming to pick up his game, he found that it stunk most abominably, and the feast that he had promised himself only furnished a jest against him . . . and made us merry at his expense!"

On the twenty-sixth, Rogers took a fifty-ton vessel, bound from Guayaquil to Truxillo, with a cargo of tobacco, cocoanuts and lumber. The tobacco was divided among the ships, and the new prize—which Rogers named the *Increase*—was cleaned and refitted, and the sick from the other ships put aboard her under the care of a surgeon. Selkirk was appointed her captain. They learned from their prisoners that a ship had passed Payta bound for Acapulco with two hundred thousand dollars on board, besides a cargo of provisions.

At Puria, Rogers found a paper, a copy of which had

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been distributed all along the coast, containing the intelligence that Dampier was again in those seas. It was now agreed that they should attack Guayaquil; and Rogers soon arrived at the mouth of the river on which the town was situated. It had about two thousand inhabitants and was reputed to contain great wealth.

Like the bold and able leader that he was, Rogers proposed to capture the town immediately by a surprise attack, but the council hung on to his coat-tails and delayed its consent, without which he could not go into action. The procrastination was almost fatal. He and his men finally left the ships in small boats and arrived opposite the town, at midnight of April twenty-first. The boats lost their way and began to quarrel back and forth about what was to be done next. Their dispute was overheard by some of the Spaniards on watch, who sent for an Englishman living in the town to come and interpret what the privateers said.

This Englishman, who later joined Rogers in Guayaquil, came up too late to be of service, but meantime the Spaniards had spread the alarm and the town was up in arms. A huge bonfire was burning on the top of an adjacent hill, and the lighted streets were full of people. But even now, in the very face of the enemy, Rogers had to wait until Dover and his council again held a consultation and decided how the attack should be conducted!

The council at first opened parley with the town officials, who skilfully prolonged the negotiations until the townsfolk had hidden or carried away most of their valuables, and many had escaped to the near-by forests.

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Rogers could only gnaw his nails in helpless rage at the supreme folly of this Dover's-Powders Council.

Our amateur military medicine-men finally discovered, two days later, that they were merely being hoodwinked by the Spaniards. So they broke off their parley and turned the chafing Rogers loose on the double-dealing enemy. It had now become a desperate enterprise to try to take Guayaquil, but Rogers had moved all his boats up-stream, and was ready for action. Arizabella (whose ship had been seized by Rogers) and other Spanish captives, had been sent to try to persuade the *Corregidor* of the town to surrender—to which the *Corregidor* answered that the English were but boys and not men. Arizabella told him that he “would find us men and braves ones, too, for we had fought him gallantly in our open boats, although he had slain the brother of our commander and others, and he therefore advised him to agree to ransom the town, for even if he had three thousand men, he would not be able to withstand the English—to which the *Corregidor* had replied: ‘My horse is ready!’ ”

The English towed their ships in nearer the shore, with the Union Jack at their topmast heads. For the assault they had available only one hundred and sixty men and a few small cannon. At four o'clock in the afternoon Rogers landed his men, who knelt and opened fire on the town from the beach. Reloading their muskets, they advanced to the charge. Rogers led them forward with such impetuosity that the Spaniards fled after firing only one volley.

The Spanish horse turned in headlong flight before the

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onrushing English. In front of the church, they had posted four guns. Captain Rogers advanced at the head of a small party within pistol-shot of the battery. His dash and resolution so frightened the enemy that they abandoned the guns after a single discharge, all save one Irish gunner who remained at his post until he fell covered with wounds.

The main body of the English now came up, under command of Captains Courtney and Dover. Rogers at once seized and fortified the largest building—the church—and set a guard there. Placing Dampier in charge of the battery with twenty-five men, he turned its guns on the enemy. In half an hour after he had landed, Rogers had secured complete possession of the town.

He at once set systematically to work to loot Guayaquil. His men gathered in food, oil, liquor, clothing, iron-ware, cordage, tar, pitch and two hundred bags of flour, as well as four canoes and some two hundred worthless Spanish muskets.

Meanwhile, he sent his two pinnaces up the river, under command of Lieutenant Connelly, who landed at various houses along the bank and secured from them silver plate and other valuables, after skirmishing with the Spaniards. Connelly found some of these houses crowded with Spanish ladies. One mansion contained over a dozen well-bred young women, from whom they took several gold chains and earrings. “These ladies however had contrived to secrete some of their most valuable chains by fastening them around their waists, legs, and thighs, which being perceived by the sailors, the interpreter was

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desired to inform them that they would have to part with these ornaments, but that no indecent violence would be used." This little predatory excursion netted about a thousand pounds in gold chains, earrings and plate.

In the town itself, Rogers secured some sixteen thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, plate, earrings and gold chains—most of the chains being found hidden on the persons of the Spanish ladies. "The gentle-women in these hot climates being very thinly clad, in silk and fine linen, and their hair dressed with ribbons very neatly, our men by pressing them felt their chains with their hands on the outside of the ladies' apparel, and modestly desired the gentle-women to take them off and surrender them. This I mention as a proof of our sailors' modesty, hoping that the fair sex will make them a fair return when we arrive in Great Britain, on account of their civil behavior here to these charming prisoners."

Having thus carefully felt all the fair ladies of Guayaquil and seen to it that no young Peruvian beauty escaped enchained, the super-modest Pirates of Penzance calmly threatened to burn the town, unless it was ransomed by the Spaniards. Captain Dover kept guard over it all day, on the twenty-fourth, with the English colors streaming from the towers of the church, while Captains Rogers and Courtney transported the loot to the ships. The sentinels had orders to fire on any who failed to answer. A French sentry of Rogers killed one of the sailors who did not understand the language in which he was challenged. This was the only casualty in the remarkable capture of a rich South American town.

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A few days later, the Spanish authorities agreed to pay thirty thousand dollars as a ransom for Guayaquil, and turned over to Rogers some prominent Spaniards as hostages for its certain payment in the future. The hostages were sent aboard one of Rogers' captured prizes, together with a boat-load of brandy; whereupon, as they had agreed with the Spaniards, "we hauled down our Union Jack, hoisted a flag of truce, and fired a signal-gun, that the Spaniards might now come freely into the town . . . the purpose of admitting the Spanish inhabitants being to keep the Indians and Negroes from robbing the town of as much as we had plundered, for we had taken many of these latter loaded with goods that they had stolen."

The English drew off from Guayaquil with drums beating and colors flying, and other demonstrations of victory. Captain Rogers with a small party brought up the rear, to rescue the arms which the sailors threw away out of sheer laziness, so weary had they become of military life ashore. The rear-guard also looked about for a missing member of the crew, a Dutchman named John Gabriel.

This jovial Hollander had lingered behind, got dead drunk and finally gone to sleep in one of the Spanish houses, whose owner, returning, found him peacefully snoring on the floor. With great difficulty the Spaniard aroused him and handed his arms over to him, whereupon the amazed Dutchman seized them, ran off in a panic after the rest of his fellows, and got safely aboard ship. The excellence of the state of discipline maintained by

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Rogers may be judged from the fact that this was the only man who neglected his duty by getting drunk, in the twelve days they were ashore on the foray.

In a few days, twenty thousand dollars of the ransom was sent by the town officials to Rogers, who was still angry with the other worthies in charge of the expedition. He was quite convinced that if he had been allowed to take the town immediately by a surprise attack, as he wished, he would have obtained over two hundred thousand dollars in money alone, not to speak of other plunder.

“We left several ships on the stocks—two of them new ones, each of four hundred tons; and we also gave back four of six barques that we had captured. Our hostages said that, during the parleys with Dover’s Council, eighty thousand dollars in the King’s money besides plate, jewels, etc., of great value had been hidden or sent away.” Guayaquil had not been so poor as it then was for forty years, due to its having been burned down a year and a half before.

The Spaniards had sent out part of the ransom on May second, but Rogers sent back word that he would sail and carry away the hostages, if the balance was not paid at once.

Four days later, the English sailed, because Captain Courtney insisted upon departing. “I endeavored in vain to convince him that we were in no danger here, as Lima could not yet have received word and had time to fit out vessels to attack us,” protests Rogers.

However, they sailed, and next day anchored near Point Arenas; and the following day a Mr. Morel and

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another gentleman of Guayaquil brought them a payment of three thousand five hundred dollars on the ransom; they "also had a gold chain and some other things of value, for which we sold Morel our barque named the *Beginning*, as we had no further use for it. This put us in such a good humor that we released all the prisoners, except the two Morels, three of the hostages, and three other Spaniards."

Rogers notes that the ground around here was "full of the largest toads I ever saw, some of them being as big as an English two-penny loaf." Near Point Arenas, the English saw hundreds of birds floating on the water, killed by eating the manchineel-apple, a poisonous plant brought down by floods from the mountains.

Rogers sailed for Plata Island for water, proposing to leave that coast immediately, as he had heard that two French ships, one of sixty guns and one of forty-six guns, and a Spanish man-of-war were soon to be sent in search of the English squadron. He was anxious therefore to refit his ships and not go near the mainland. The ships were out of order, and the men "weke and sickly."

On May twenty-ninth they took another Spanish bark, which had been built in France, and this, together with the ships that they had taken elsewhere and those ransomed at Guayaquil, made fourteen Spanish prizes that Rogers had taken in the South Seas.

Four days later, they came to Gorgona again, careened their ships, one after the other, so as to have one always on guard; and set up tents ashore for their coopers' and armorers' crews. The sick men were removed to their

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galleon and the sick officers to the French-built ship they had captured and renamed the *Marquis*. When she was rechristened, a decent entertainment was provided for the crews of all the ships. They saluted each other with cannon, and liquor was distributed among the men, and appropriate and loyal toasts were drunk.

When they first captured and rummaged this Spanish ship, they found aboard her five hundred reams of Papal bulls, a free gift from His Holiness the Pope to the King of Spain, valued at from three reals to fifty pieces-of-eight each—part of which the Britons threw overboard, and the rest they used to light their fires or boil their kettles. They found also a large collection of human bones, in boxes ticketed with the names of divers saints, together with an infinite number of rosaries, crucifixes, religious toys made of wax, and many images of saints—with a total weight of thirty tons.

The money now on board the ships, belonging to the owners, was estimated at twenty thousand pounds sterling and the goods at sixty thousand pounds more. While here, they found on the galleon they had captured some gold chains hidden under the clothes of certain Spanish ladies who were their prisoners. A little negro girl first detected them on the person of one of the married women who was with her husband. As this young lady was very handsome, she was allowed a whole cabin; for which she and her husband were so grateful that, after Rogers had freed them and the rest of the Spaniards, she sent her husband back to him with a sum of gold, to buy some goods and a couple of negro slaves.

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A negro on the *Duchess* was bitten at Gorgona by a small brown-speckled snake and died from the bite twelve hours later. Another snake of the same kind was found on the forecastle of the *Duke*, which, as they are often seen in the waters, had apparently crawled up the cable and thus got aboard. Rogers saw also a snake nine feet long and as big around as his leg.

A mutiny came near occurring on August second. The steward told Rogers about a secret agreement entered into by some of the crew. Sixty had signed this paper, according to the ringleaders. "I immediately convened the officers in the cabin," says Rogers, "where we armed ourselves and soon secured four of the principal mutineers, putting the fellow who wrote the paper in irons. By this time, all the crew were on deck, and we had gotten the paper from those who had it." The mutineers had planned to refuse to accept the distribution of plunder, and had agreed not to move from Gorgona until they had what they termed justice. The matter was closed, however, when Rogers agreed to set the offenders at liberty, on condition that they would not offend again.

They sailed from Gorgona on August eleventh; and, says Rogers, "as the ships were thinly manned, I engaged thirty-two of our Negro prisoners to join our company, placing Michael Kendall, a free Jamaica Negro who had deserted from the Spaniards to us, over these Negroes, as their leader, and charging him to exercise them in the use of arms. At the same time I supplied them with clothes, desiring them to now consider themselves as Englishmen, and no longer slaves to the Spaniards."

CAPTURES ALONG THE COAST

A fortnight later, they entered the Bay of Jecames, where they bartered for food with the Indians, who at first were hostile, until a Spanish priest who was one of Rogers' prisoners wrote a letter to the priest in charge of the Indians. The English party fell in with a painted Indian Chief armed with bow and arrows. They offered him a drink, and he promptly tossed off the greater part of a quart of brandy at a draft. He then showed them where they could get good water. The English traded baize and other goods for hogs and cattle, after the Indians had washed off their red war-paint. These aborigines were highly gratified when the English presented them with three large wooden saints from the cargo of the *Marquis*, and promptly set them up in their church.

Putting to sea again, they arrived at the Galapagos Islands, where they had a grand contest to see which crew could capture the largest number of the huge turtles that abounded there. The crew of the *Duchess* got one hundred and fifty land and sea tortoises, but they were not so large as those taken by the *Duke's* men, who captured only sea turtles. The *Marquis* had the worst luck of the three. What surprised the simple-minded sailors more than anything else was the fact that the land turtles actually laid eggs on the decks! The sailors brought many eggs from the land; they were pure white and as large as a goose egg, with a strong thick shell, but exactly round. A mystery that has never been solved, is how the land tortoises ever reached the Galapagos, now so far from the mainland. Scientists suppose that they were

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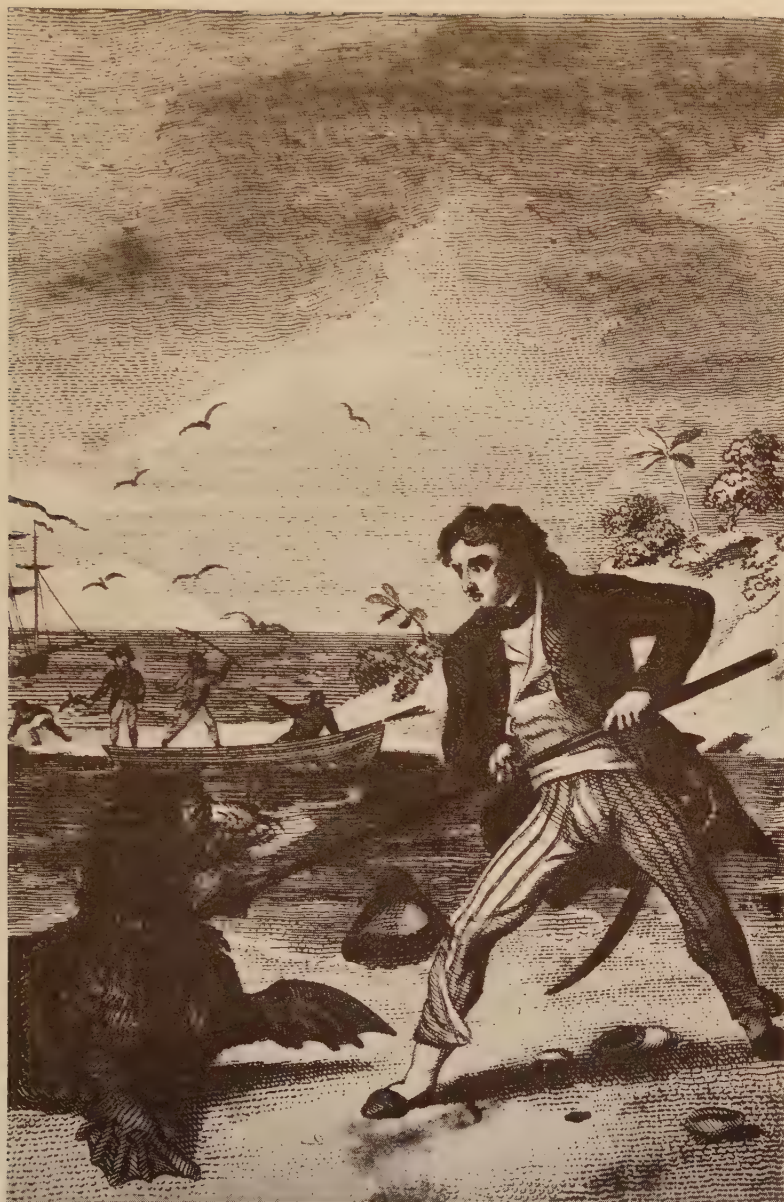
once connected with the continent. The monsters are fast being killed off, but there are still some on the islands, according to Beebe.

Some of them were four feet high and vast in size; and "two of our men once mounted on the back of one of these," says Rogers, "whereupon it easily carried them off at its usual slow pace, not appearing to regard their weight at all."

While walking on the shore of one of these islands, Rogers was attacked by a "seal"—probably a sea lion. "A very large one made at me three times, and if I had not happened to have with me a pike-staff headed with iron, he might have killed me. I was on the level sand, when he came open-mouthed at me from the water, as fierce and quick as an angry dog let loose. All the three times he made at me, I struck the pike into his breast, which at last forced him to retire into the water, snarling with an ugly noise, and showing his long teeth. This animal was as big as a large bear."

At this time, the flourishing trade carried on between the Philippines and Spain, by way of Mexico, had increased to such an extent in bulk and value, that two or more galleons sometimes made the yearly voyage across the Pacific. The treasures of gold, silver, precious stones, rare wares and costly goods amounted to as much as ten million dollars on a single voyage—a noble prize well worth the extended voyage across two oceans and the long and patient wait endured by those tigers of the sea who crouched off the California coast.

On October 1, 1709, they made the mainland of Mexico.



Captain Rogers attacked by a Seal

From an ancient print

CAPTURES ALONG THE COAST

As the men began to fall sick again, Rogers sailed for the Isles of Tres Marias and bore up for the middle isle, where Captain Dampier believed that he and Swan had found water many years before.

On this island they found "raccoons that barked and snarled at us like dogs, but were easily beaten off with sticks. . . . The turtles here are different from any I had ever seen anywhere else," Rogers notes; and, inquisitive as to their laying habits, he had them carefully timed. He found that in twelve hours the eggs were addled; and that in twelve hours more, the young turtles were completely formed and alive! Great numbers of young turtles ran out of the sand every day, at all hours, making directly for the open sea.

In another month they sighted the highlands of California, "which sailors call Cape St. Lucas. . . . It gave the Captains great pleasure to reflect that it was near this very spot where Sir Thomas Cavendish took the Manila ship."

Rogers was much interested in the Indians of Lower California, whom he met ashore near the Cape at the southernmost extremity, and spoke very highly of them in general. He was welcomed by them with a singular kind of music made by rubbing two jagged sticks together and humming a low song. The English guests were regaled with a dinner of broiled fish. Rogers was curious about their diving for pearls, their shooting flying birds with arrows, their astonishing feats of diving into the sea and spearing fish from underneath, and their navigating the ocean on bark logs—"the usual marine vehicle

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along these coasts, as the sea is too rough for a common boat to live in it." Their women had few personal charms, but the men were straight, well limbed and long-haired, and were dark brown in color. They cared more for European knives, nails and scissors than for any amount of gold or silver. Rogers saw them catch a gigantic ray without any weapons after driving it ashore. "These people seemed to have an innate principle of honesty and made free with nothing, unless it was expressly given to them." They were very swift of foot, and of great strength, being able to bear for long distances over broken ground burdens which it required several Englishmen even to lift.

THE CAPTURE OF ONE GALLEON AND THE LOSS OF A SECOND

The British squadron cruised to and fro off Cape San Lucas for nearly two months, waiting for the arrival of the Manila galleons, until their provisions began to run low, and they had barely enough left to last them the voyage westward across the Pacific to the Ladrone Islands, where they intended to reprovision.

In fact, they were just about to give up their quest for the galleons and sail for the west, when about nine o'clock on December twenty-first the sailor at the mast-head of the *Duke*—which was patrolling the sea with the *Duchess* that day, while the *Marquis* remained at anchor near the Cape—suddenly cried out that a strange sail was in the offing!

As practically no other ships save the Manila galleons sailed these waters, Rogers at once guessed correctly that

THE CAPTURE OF ONE GALLEON

his long-looked-for prey was at hand. He immediately hoisted his English ensign and made chase, followed by the equally eager *Duchess*. All that night they pursued the stranger. She had instantly set all sails on sighting them and run for her life from the demon "pyrates," who had appeared, like a bolt from the blue, before the astounded eyes of the Dons. They had thought themselves safe so near their voyage's end and had no idea that any British sea-devil was within ten thousand miles of California.

Hour after hour, the wild chase went on, the *Duke* and the *Duchess* keeping in touch with each other during the night by previously arranged light-signals. Daybreak found the *Duke* quite near the Manila galleon but the *Duchess* far to leeward.

Rogers had made every preparation for the approaching conflict. Having no liquor aboard for the stiff ration of grog customarily given British tars before a fight, he had made a huge cauldron of chocolate, his only drink, and served this to all hands. After they had imbibed copious quantities of this brand-new battle beverage, Rogers called his crew to prayers. They were disturbed by the enemy's fire before the prayers were finished. The indignant Britons rose from their knees and proceeded to give the sons of Belial a thorough thrashing. They would teach the Spanish to respect the orisons of British privateers.

"At eight A. M., we began to engage by ourselves, for the *Duchess* being still to leeward, had not been able to get up, as there was very little wind. At first, the enemy

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fired at us with their stern-chase guns, which we returned with those in our bow, till at length we got close on board each other, whereon we gave her several broadsides, plying our small arms very briskly; which last the enemy returned as thick for a time, but did not fire their great guns half so fast as we did.

“After some time, we shot a little ahead, laying the enemy athwart hawse close aboard, and plied her so warmly that she soon lowered her colors two-thirds down. By this time, the *Duchess* had got up, and fired about five guns with a volley of small arms, but as the enemy had submitted, she made no return.”

During the conflict Rogers was badly wounded by a musket-ball which tore off a large part of his upper jaw and was imbedded in his cheek-bone for over six months, often causing him intense agony.

The galleon carried twenty guns and twenty *pedereros* (swivels or wall-guns), with a crew of one hundred and ninety-three men, and was commanded by a chevalier of France named Sir John Pichberty. The value of her cargo was fully two million dollars. The *Duke*, single-handed, had won a glorious victory.

From the Spanish crew of the galleon Rogers learned that two galleons had left Manila together that year, and that the other not only was larger than the one he had taken, but also had a far more valuable cargo. The two had kept company for the greater part of the voyage. He surmised the larger one could not be very far behind and might soon appear on the horizon.

The council of officers decided to sail out and search the

THE LOSS OF THE SECOND GALLEON

seas for this second galleon. Rogers—the only real, able sea-captain of the lot—advised his comrades to secure the treasure and prisoners they had just captured, and then have all three ships set out to the attack together. However, this did not suit the officers of the *Duchess* and the *Marquis*, none of whom had had a hand in capturing the first galleon. They demanded that their ships be given the first chance at taking the second. To Rogers' intense wrath and seamanly disgust, the Dover's-Powder Doctor and his council gravely debated this matter, and finally decided that Rogers should stay in port, unless his services were imperatively required to win the second and more valuable prize.

One can imagine the indignation of the taciturn, politic, but able Woodes Rogers, as he watched the *Duchess* and the *Marquis* put out to sea, that Christmas Eve of 1709, in all their overweening and vainglorious pride. But he never let his own pride or annoyance interfere with his strict ideas of duty. He took the precaution of posting one of his men as watchman on the top of a high hill near the port, to apprise him immediately if anything unusual occurred within sight. Also, he put part of the prize-goods from the bark into the captured galleon, planning to send the Spanish prisoners off later in the bark. There were still four thousand dollars due on the ransom of Guayaquil, and he sold the bark and the rest of its cargo for two thousand dollars, taking Pichberty's bill for six thousand dollars, payable in London, and giving him a certificate that the chevalier had received a good bargain by this purchase.

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Meantime, the second Manila galleon, the stately *Bignonia*, of nine hundred tons, and carrying double the number of men and guns as the first galleon, came sailing serenely along the California coast, quite unaware of the fate that had befallen its sister ship. It had not passed the port of Aguada Segura near Cape San Lucas, before the *Duchess* and the *Marquis* caught sight of her.

As soon as the *Bignonia* noted the two English sea-tigers, it immediately crowded on all sail and made off as fast as it could. The swifter English ships overhauled it, however, and a running fight ensued.

The *Bignonia* was a strong, heavily-armed, well-manned and ably-commanded ship, far superior in size to any of the British vessels, and its commander had made every possible preparation for the conflict. The galleon fought with the greatest bravery. Many of its crew had once been pirates themselves and were quite accustomed to handling cannon aboard ship and to desperate encounters at close quarters. Incentives to fight to the very last arose from the fact that these pirates had aboard the galleon all the proceeds of their long years of piracy; and also from the action of an heroic gunner, who after arranging everything so that the galleon could fight to the best advantage, calmly proceeded to station himself at the door of the powder magazine and inform the appalled crew that he had just taken a solemn vow that, rather than surrender the galleon, he would blow it into a thousand pieces!

So the crew of the *Bignonia* fought like fiends from Hades, and well did the fierce pirates serve the Span-

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ish guns. The *Duchess* and the *Marquis* received fully as good as they sent. The Spanish cannon-balls were accurately planted in their careering sides of oak, as the three ships plowed madly on through the azure waters.

When his watchman reported that he had seen three ships in the distance, Rogers understood that the chase of the second galleon was on. He therefore put all of his one hundred and seventy Spanish prisoners into the bark, after removing her sails, arms, rudder and boats. He gave them sufficient food and drink and moored the bark a mile away from the captured galleon, leaving two lieutenants and twenty-two men in charge. Possibly scenting a deadly sea-fight ahead, Doctor Dover went aboard the galleon and sent one of his lieutenants with the *Duke*. Rogers immediately stood out to sea at seven that night, although his chief officers and surgeon wished him to remain behind because of his serious wound. "But I would not consent, though very weak, my throat and head being so swelled that I spoke with great pain and hardly now loud enough to be heard."

Rogers sailed on after his consorts, all that night, several times seeing lights that he took to be their false-fire signals.

"At daybreak, we saw three sail to windward, but so far distant from us that it was nine o'clock before we could make out which were our consorts, and which the chase," noted Rogers. "At this time, we could see the *Duchess* and the chase near together, and the *Marquis* standing towards them with all the sail she could carry. We also made all the sail that we could, but being three or

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four leagues to windward, and having a very scant wind, we made little way. At noon, they bore SE from us, being still three leagues right to windward. In the afternoon, we observed the *Marquis* get up with the chase and engage her briskly, but she soon fell to leeward out of cannon-shot, where she lay for a considerable time, which made us conclude that she was somehow disabled.

“I sent away my pinnace well manned, with orders to dog the chase all night; making signals with false-fires, that she might not escape us. But before our boat could get up to them, the *Marquis* again made towards the chase, and went to it briskly for more than four glasses. At this time, we also saw the *Duchess* steer ahead to windward, clear of the enemy, as I supposed to stop her leaks or repair her rigging. Meanwhile, the *Marquis* kept the enemy in play, till the *Duchess* again bore down, when each fired a broadside or two and then quit, because it was [now] dark. They then bore S of us in the *Duke*, which was right to windward, distant about two leagues; and about midnight our boat came to us, having made false-fires, which we answered.

“Our people had been on board both the *Duchess* and the *Marquis*, the former of which had her foremast much disabled, the ring of an anchor shot away, one man killed and several wounded, and having also received several shots in her upper works and one in her powder-room, but all stopt. The *Duchess* had engaged the enemy by herself the night before, which was what we took to be false-fires, we being too distant to hear the guns. At that time, they could perceive the enemy to be in great

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disorder, her guns not being all mounted and neither her nettings nor close-quarters being in order—so that if it had been my own good fortune in the *Duke* to have gone with the *Duchess*, we all believed we might then have carried this great ship by boarding; or if the *Duchess* had taken most of the men out of the *Marquis*, which did not sail well enough to come to her assistance in time, she alone might have taken her by boarding her at once”—a comment fully justified by events.

“Captain Cooke sent me word that he had fired away nearly all his powder and shot, but had escaped well in her masts, rigging, and men. Whereupon I sent him three barrels of powder and a proportion of shot; and I also sent Lieut. Fry to consult with our consorts, how we might best engage the enemy next morning.

“All this day and the ensuing night, the chase made signals to us in the *Duke*, thinking us her consort, which we had already taken; and after dark, she edged down towards us, otherwise I should not have been up to her next day, having very little wind, and that against us.

“On the morning of the twenty-eighth, as soon as it was day, the wind veered at once, on which we put our ship about, and the chase fired first upon the *Duchess*, which was nearest her, in consequence of the change of wind. The *Duchess* returned the fire briskly, and we in the *Duke* stood as near as we possibly could, firing our guns as we could bring them to bear upon the enemy. At this time, the *Duchess* was athwart her hawse, firing very fast, and such of her shot as missed the enemy, flew over us and between our masts, so that we ran the risk of re-

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ceiving more harm from the *Duchess* than the enemy, if we had lain on her quarter and across her stern, which was my intention. We therefore took our station close alongside, where we kept plying her with round shot only, using neither bar-shot nor grape, as her sides were too thick for these, and no men appeared in sight [aboard her].

“She lay driving, as we did also, close aboard her, the enemy keeping to their close quarters, so that we never fired our small-arms unless when we saw a man appear or a port open, and then we fired as quickly as possible. We continued this for four glasses, about which time we received a shot in our mainmast, which much disabled it. Soon after this, the *Duchess* and we, both still firing, came back close under the enemy, and had like to have fallen aboard of her, so that we could make little use of our guns. We then fell astern in our berths alongside, and at this time, the enemy threw a fire-ball from one of her tops into the *Duke*, which blew up a chest of loaded arms and cartouch boxes on our gun-deck and several cartridges in our steerage, by which Mr. Vanbrugh, the agent of our owners, and a Dutchman were very much burnt—and it might have done us much more damage, if it had not so soon been extinguished.

“After getting clear, the *Duchess* stood in for the shore, where she lay braced to, mending her rigging. The *Marquis* fired several shots, but to little purpose, as her guns were small.

“We continued close aboard, for some time after the *Duchess* drew off, till at last we received a second shot in our mainmast, not far from the other, which rent it mis-

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erably, insomuch that the mast settled towards the wound and threatened to come by the board. Our rigging also being much shattered, we sheered off and brought to, making a signal to our consorts for a consultation, and in the interim we got ordinary fishes up to support our mainmast as well as we could." In those days, most masts were built up of two or more pieces; the *Bignonia*, on the contrary, had solid masts, such as are carried by vessels of to-day.

"Captains Courtney and Cooke, with the other officers, came aboard the *Duke*, in obedience to the signal," continues Rogers, "when we took the condition of our three ships under consideration. Their masts and rigging were much damaged, and we had no means of procuring repairs."

The English saw that they could not do any more than they had already done to the *Bignonia*, which had received little harm. Very few of the British shot had penetrated her thick sides to any purpose, and their small-arms had been of little use, as the Spaniards kept under cover. The mainmast of the *Duke* was so badly damaged that the least extra injury would bring it down. The foremast was in about the same parlous condition. The fall of these masts might bring down others, "and we then should lie perfect butts for the enemy to batter at, and his heavy guns might easily sink us. If we tried to board, we would lose many men with little chance of success, as they had treble our number to oppose us." In all his three ships Rogers had only one hundred and twenty men fit for boarding, and these were very weak, as they

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had long been short of provisions. If the British boarded and were beaten off, leaving some of their men behind on the *Bignonia*, the Spaniards would learn from these the weakness of the English, and might sail to Aguada Segura and there retake the galleon Rogers had captured. Also, Rogers' ammunition was very short. He had only enough left to fight a little longer. For all these reasons he resolved to let the *Bignonia* go, keeping her company until dark, and then slipping off in the darkness back to Aguada Segura and the captured galleon.

Thus came to an end a celebrated sea-fight, in which the British were badly worsted for not having followed Rogers' advice. Had all three ships attacked the galleon at once, the chances are they would have captured her while she was still unprepared and most of her guns still unmounted.

In the battle the *Duchess* had twenty men killed and wounded; one of the slain and three of the wounded belonging to the crew of the *Duke*. The *Marquis* had only two men hurt—they were scorched with gunpowder. The *Duke* had eleven men wounded, three of them from gunpowder burns—and Rogers himself was wounded again; part of his heel-bone was shot off, and his foot just under the ankle was cut half through by a splinter, "the wound bleeding very much before it could be stopped, by which I was much weakened. I had to lie on my back in great pain, being unable to stand," notes Rogers, who nevertheless went on fighting. One must admire this brave and able seaman, who displayed, in every engagement and every emergency, the ready re-

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source of the skilled mariner, and the lion-like courage of a great English captain.

The *Bignonia* was “a brave and lofty new ship, the Admiral of Manila, and this her first voyage.” She was calculated to carry sixty guns, but had only forty mounted, as well as forty *pedereros*, all brass; with a crew of four hundred and fifty men, of whom one hundred and fifty were Europeans, and passengers besides. “The gunner was a very expert man, and had provided extraordinarily for the defense, which enabled them to make a desperate resistance, and they had filled all her sides with bales of soft goods to secure their men. During the whole action, she kept the Spanish flag flying from her mast-head. We could see we had shattered her sails and rigging very much, and had slain two men in her tops, besides bringing down her mizzen-yard; but this was the only visible damage we had done, though we had certainly placed five hundred round-shot—six-pdrs—in her hull. . . . These large ships are built in Manila of excellent timber which does not shatter when struck, and their sides are much thicker and stronger than those of ships built in Europe.

“The enemy on this occasion was the better provided against us, having heard at Manila, through our British settlements in India, that two small ships had been fitted out at Bristol for an expedition into the South Seas, and of which Dampier was the pilot. On this account it was, that they had so many Europeans aboard the great ship, most of whom had all their wealth with them, for which they would fight to the utmost; and it having been agreed

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to pay no freight on the gun-deck, they had filled the spaces between the guns with bales of goods to secure the men. . . . The two galleons were to have joined each other, if previously separated, at Cape San Lucas, and expected to meet us off Cape Corrientes or Navidad."

After Rogers drew off, the *Bignonia* did not attempt to pursue him, but kept on her way to Mexico, only too glad to be left alone by the English sea serpents. The latter sailed for Aguada Segura, arriving on New Year's Day, 1710.

The squadron decided to repair the ships and make as soon as possible for the East Indies. They set to work at once mending their rigging, masts and hulls. The Spanish hostages from Guayaquil and the prisoners from the captured galleon were placed in the bark that Rogers had sold to Pichberty, and were provided with provisions and water enough to carry them to Acapulco.

They found that the galleon was not so rich as usual, for the Chinese junks had failed to appear with their cargoes of silks, and so the galleon had been loaded with coarse goods. The prisoners told Rogers that the cargo of the Manila galleon was usually worth ten million dollars; so, if the junks had arrived at Manila on schedule, he would have captured a huge prize.

Rogers laid in wood and water, and his men were delighted to find in the galleon enough bread to last them till they arrived at Guam. The galleon was renamed the *Bachelor*, and Dover was put in nominal command, though Lieutenants Fry and Stratton were to take actual charge and do the navigating. For crew she was given

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men from each of the three English ships, seventy-three in all, "with thirty-six Manila Indians called Lascarrs and some other prisoners still remaining"—making a total of one hundred and sixteen men.

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On January tenth the squadron sailed from the coast of California, directing its course to the Ladrone Islands. The rations allowed the men were one and one-half pounds of flour, a small piece of beef for five men, and thirteen pints of water per man for twenty-four hours, with which to quench their thirst and cook their food. The *Duke* dismounted ten of its guns and lowered them into the hold, to ease the ship during the long voyage. A week later the galleon's crew discovered a new store of bread aboard, and shared it with the other ships—the *Duke* received one thousand pounds as its share.

The squadron steered west-southwest until they got to No. Lat. 13° and then west on that parallel, as they heard that the 14° parallel was dangerous because of shoals and isles. A Spanish ship had been lost some time before, following the 14° line.

They sighted Guam on March eleventh. As they sailed into the harbor under Spanish colors, they met several of the flying proas which ran past them with amazing swiftness. Rogers' provisions were now almost exhausted. He had only enough left for fourteen days on short allowance. It was absolutely necessary to stop and secure a further supply. The English decided to resort to strategy, and tried to entice some of the inhabitants

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aboard their ships, to hold as hostages for any messengers sent to the Governor of the island. "A proa came under our stern with two Spaniards, who came aboard, on our assuring them that we were friends.

"We sent one of these captives ashore with a respectful letter to the Governor," demanding liberty to trade in a peaceful manner for provisions and refreshments. The English promised to pay promptly, and in every respect to acquit themselves as friends—threatening, however, in case of refusal, to open hostilities. To this the Governor returned a civil answer and a generous offer of anything the island could supply. A deputy was sent from each ship, to wait on the Governor and convey to him a gift of two negro boys dressed in rich livery; also, thirty-six yards of scarlet cloth, and six pieces of cambric. He seemed well pleased with all of this, promised to give the English all the assistance in his power, and then elegantly entertained the deputation from the squadron.

History does not disclose the secret thoughts of the Governor when he beheld the Manila galleon that the English had captured and now held as a prize. At any rate, the next day he sent the squadron a large supply of provisions, of which the *Duke* received sixty hogs, ninety-nine fowls, twenty-four baskets of maize, fourteen baskets of rice, forty-two baskets of yams and eight hundred cocoanuts. Fourteen bullocks were also sent to each ship, besides two cows and two calves. In appreciation, the squadron made a handsome present to the Deputy-Governor, who had been very active in collecting the pro-

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visions. Rogers noted the dexterity of the local Indians in slinging oval pieces of clay burned as hard as marbles, with which they were capable of killing a man at a considerable distance.

He put ashore here an old Spaniard, Antonio Gomes Figuero, captured in the South Seas about the beginning of the cruise. The English had thought of taking him to England with them, to establish the legality and facilitate the condemnation of their prizes. However, as Figuero was now in very poor health, Rogers gave him some clothes and necessities, and consigned him to the care of the Deputy-Governor of Guam, after securing a certificate that he had witnessed the capture of several prizes belonging to subjects of King Philip V of Spain.

Leaving Guam, the squadron sailed west, so as to clear some of the small Ladrone Islands, and steered for the southeast part of Mindanao, meaning to go from there to Ternate in the Spice Islands. On April fourteenth, while off Celebes, they saw three waterspouts, one of which came near falling on board the *Marquis*, but the *Duchess* broke it by firing two guns at it. Mariners often speak of meeting waterspouts in these waters, but they are seldom dangerous.

Off Gilolo, the *Duke* grew so leaky that it was kept clear of water only with great difficulty. Dampier had been here once before, but he was so confused now about locations and directions that Rogers often found his information of little value.

They had intended to touch at Amboina for refreshments, but the southeast monsoon had already set in; and

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they gave it up. Instead they went on to Bouton, to secure enough provisions to carry them to Batavia, and traded off cloth, knives, scissors and toys to the Malays for provisions. They bore off, but still needed water and further provisions. On the thirtieth a native noble came off in a proa with a pilot to lead the squadron to the town, bringing to each ship commander a piece of striped Bouton cloth, a bottle of arrack and baskets of rice.

Rogers describes this town of Bouton, with a fort on its summit, and its old stone wall armed with guns and *pedereros*. The King had five wives and several concubines, "and was clad like a Dutch skipper, with a sort of green baize covering, strewed with spangles over his long black hair." He sat in state on a chair covered with red cloth, attended by a body-guard consisting of a sergeant, six men armed with match-locks and three other warriors—one with a head-piece and drawn "scymetar," one with a shield, and one with a fan. When they spoke to the King, the natives lifted their hands joined together to their foreheads. Four slaves sat at his feet, one with his betel-box, one with a lighted match, one with his box of tobacco, and one with his cuspidor. Fifty islands were tributary to this King, who sent his proas once a year to receive from them the stated tribute in the shape of slaves—each island giving him ten out of every one hundred of its people! In the river leading to his capital, there were fifteen hundred boats, fifty of which were war proas, armed with *pedereros* and carrying crews of fifty men each.

At Batavia Rogers found thirty or forty sail. Soon

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trading boats came out to him with ample supplies of provisions, fruit, delicacies and various strong liquors. He comments disgustedly on the behavior of his crew in this sailors' Eden, where for a few cents they could obtain enough native whisky to get highly intoxicated. "After coming in sight of Batavia, and more especially after some sloops had been aboard of us, I found I was quite a stranger to the dispositions and humors of our people, though I had sailed so long with them. A few days before, they were perpetually quarreling, and a disputed lump of sugar was quite sufficient to have occasioned a row. But now, there was nothing but hugging and shaking of hands, blessing their good stars, and questioning if such a Paradise existed on earth—all because they had arrack for eight pence a gallon, and sugar for a penny a pound! Yet, next minute, they were all by the ears, disputing about who should put the ingredients for punch together, for the weather was so hot, and the ingredients so excessively cheap, that a little labor was now a matter of great importance among them. . . ."

There is something delightful about the intense indignation of this old sea-dog, who was so bent on maintaining discipline, and who noted that "instead of finding difficulty in procuring bread and water, it was now the only object of contention, as to who should be at the trouble of preparing their dainty repasts or making their favorite punch."

Rogers refitted his ships, beginning with the *Marquis*, but his carpenters found she was too wormy to be made fit for the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and

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he had to hire another vessel to carry her lading. The Governor-General would not permit the Dutch to bid on the *Marquis*, when she was put up for sale. Rogers had to accept the only English bid made for her and let her go for half her worth.

The Governor forbade Rogers to clean and careen his ships at Umrest (which is all around a bed of guns, in sea-phrase), as the Dutch did; so he had to do it on an island. He hove down the *Duke*, the *Duchess* and the *Bachelor*, whose sheathing was worm-eaten in places. In heaving down the *Duchess*, she sprung her foremast, which had to be replaced by a new one. The obdurate Governor refused to let the Dutch carpenters work on Rogers' ships and he was forced to hire native workmen.

When the ships were refitted, they returned to Batavia Road and were rigged properly. The weather was very hot, and many of the men, including Dampier, became ill of the flux. Rogers himself was not yet well from his wounds, but he had the musket-ball extracted from his cheek-bone, and several splinters taken from his heel.

Rogers says: "The Dutch women have here much greater privileges than in Holland or anywheres else, as on even slight occasions they can procure divorces from their husbands, sharing the estate between them. A lawyer at this place told me he had known, out of fifty-eight cases defending at one time before the Council Chamber, fifty-two of them were for divorces.

"The Governor-General lived in as great splendor as if he were a King—being attended by a troop of horse-guards and a company of halberdiers in uniforms of yel-

THE END OF A PROFITABLE EXPEDITION

low satin, richly adorned with silver lace and fringes, which attend his coach when he appears abroad. His lady also is attended by guards and a splendid retinue. . . . The native women of Java are generally amorous and unfaithful to their husbands, and are apt to deal in poisoning, which they manage with much art."

THE END OF A PROFITABLE EXPEDITION

The squadron sailed from Batavia on October 14, 1710. They made most of the trip home under convoy of the Dutch fleet and arrived at the Downs in England on October 1, 1711, after an absence of over three years. This was a noteworthy circumnavigation of the globe, and a cruise ever memorable in the long list of the brilliant exploits of England's great seamen, among whose names should properly be placed that of the greatly tried, sorely harassed, but always brilliant and efficient Captain Woodes Rogers.

This semi-buccaneering expedition proved most profitable to the Bristol adventurers. The total outfit had not cost over fifteen thousand pounds sterling to start with, and its gross profits were one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling—one-half of which belonged to the owners who had ventured their money in the project—a net profit of five hundred and sixty-six per cent., besides the value of the ships and stores which Rogers brought back—about six thousand pounds sterling more.

CHAPTER XI

JOHN CLIPPERTON AND HIS AFFAIRS WITH A MARQUIS AND A MANDARIN

AN OMINOUS BEGINNING

EARLY in the year 1718, an association of English merchants, recalling the financial success of Woodes Rogers' expedition, formed a company known as The Gentlemen Adventurers, and resolved to equip a squadron to cruise in the South Seas. They fitted out two ships. The *Speedwell*, carrying twenty-four guns and a crew of one hundred and sixty men, was captained by George Shelvocke, a former lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who at first was placed in command of the squadron. The *Success*, with thirty-six guns and a crew of one hundred and eighty, was under Captain John Clipperton, who had formerly sailed with Dampier, as his mate.

Clipperton was a man of rough blunt manners, given to bickering and blustering that led to constant dissension with his officers and frequent trouble with his crew. He was an honest enough fellow, with a strict regard for duty. Cursed with a quick temper, he was, however, almost as quick to get over it and to make amends. He was possessed of much justice and great humanity, but inclined to take to strong drink to drown his sorrows;

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and in one of those crises that test the characters of men, he proved wanting in loyalty.

The orders were to sail from Plymouth, England, for Cape Horn or the Straits of Magellan; and once in the South Seas, to cruise along the coasts of Chile, Peru and Mexico, and endeavor to meet and capture the Manila galleon. The two ships were directed to take pains not to separate; and nothing of importance was to be undertaken until a council of the officers had debated upon it, put its details in writing and also made a written record of their decision, which was to be signed. This was in imitation of the Woodes Rogers expedition, but just as the "plans of mice and men gang aft agley," so these precautions turned out to be worthless.

The squadron had bad luck from the very beginning. They had to remain at Plymouth for three months waiting for a favorable wind. During this wait, the company took the command away from Shelvocke and gave it to Clipperton. Factions were formed, involving all the officers and seamen. Captain Shelvocke was highly affronted. Clipperton, who was a man of quick temper and strong passions, knew this; and frequent quarrels and disputes resulted. As a matter of common sense, the company should have removed one or both of these officers from the squadron.

On February 13, 1719, the two ships sailed from Plymouth, the *Speedwell* having aboard it the whole stock of brandy, wine and liquor belonging to both ships, and intended for the daily rations of spirits served to officers and men. This foolish segregation of the liquor-supply

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caused much trouble later and led to several mutinies aboard the *Success*, whose infuriated sailors were thus deprived of their grog.

During the night of the nineteenth a violent storm arose that forced the ships to take off all their canvas and scud along under bare poles. About midnight, a huge wave smashed in two dead-lights of the *Speedwell*, flooding her with a vast amount of water. The crew thought the ship was about to founder. Shelvocke had steered off abruptly to the northwest—purposely, as some say, to separate himself from Clipperton—and when day dawned next morning, Clipperton found himself and his ship *Success* alone on the Atlantic.

From this time on they never saw each other again, until those two buccaneering rogues met face to face with a laugh, in the Pacific, off the coast of Central America. Each ship had a separate voyage and adventures of its own. Also, each Captain, on his return to England, related his own thrilling adventures in a separate volume.

CLIPPERTON'S CRUISE

Clipperton, we may fancy, was not displeased to part company with Shelvocke. At least he does not seem to have hunted for the *Speedwell*. But he followed the strict letter of his instructions, consulting with his officers and endeavoring to make the expedition a success as far as he was concerned. The orders were that, in case of separation, the ships should make their first rendezvous at the Canary Islands. Clipperton arrived there on March sixth and obtained refreshments.

CLIPPERTON'S CRUISE

According to his orders, he cruised in this vicinity for ten days, waiting for Shelvocke, who seems to have deliberately set out on a voyage of his own. The Canary Islands were discovered in the year 1402 by the Spaniards, who called them the Islands of Dogs, because of the great number of dogs they found there. No one knew where these dogs came from. The Canaries were known to the ancients as the Fortunate Isles, and many a legend was told about them. The famous Peak of Teneriffe was then generally supposed "to be the highest peake in the world, and to be visible for a distance of one hundred and eighty miles." Here was the mystic rain-tree, "always covered by a little cloud that hangs over it, which wets the leaves as with a perpetual dew, so that fine clear water constantly trickles down from it into little pails set below to catch it as it falls, and which comes in such abundant quantities as to supply the inhabitants and also their cattle."

About a hundred leagues to the west is St. Brandon's Isle,—so they said in those days,—an enchanted spot where no one could ever land. Whether it was a mirage or a mere cloud, history saith not.

Clipperton sailed on March fifteenth for the Cape Verde Islands off the coast of Africa, which were appointed as a second rendezvous, in case they did not meet at the Canary Islands. He arrived there a week later and stayed ten days, according to instructions, waiting for Shelvocke. His crew became discouraged and did not wish to proceed farther. Clipperton had hard work to persuade them to go on.

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They sailed across the Atlantic for the Straits of Magellan, and on May twenty-ninth approached the eastern entrance. They remained some time at Queen Elizabeth Island, where they found herbs that helped to heal the crew of scurvy. On June fourteenth they filled their water-casks and obtained many wild plums and shell fish, a welcome change in their sea-fare.

They sailed on westward, but the crew grew very sick. One or more men died every day; a fact that the ignorant sailors attributed to lack of the strong drink to which they were accustomed. Its absence was especially felt in the severe climate. In variable weather they searched for the southern passage; not finding it, they decided to go on through the Straits of Magellan. They finally arrived in the South Seas on August eighteenth; but the seamen were so weak and sickly, and they had been on a short allowance of food for so long that Clipperton deemed it inexpedient to attempt any enterprise.

The third rendezvous appointed by the orders of the company was Juan Fernandez Island; Clipperton therefore proceeded thither, and according to instructions cruised in that vicinity for a month. Here he cut upon a conspicuous tree the words, "Capt. John ——. W. Magee 1719." Magee was a surgeon aboard the *Success*, and well known to Shelvoeke and his crew. The inscription carefully excluded Clipperton's last name, as he had formerly been in the South Seas, had long been a prisoner of the Spaniards in Chile and Peru and did not wish them to know of his return.

Clipperton landed his sick men on Juan Fernandez,

CLIPPERTON'S CRUISE

where they killed, ate and salted many wild goats. They cleaned the bottom of their ship, set it afloat, watered and wooded it. Clipperton told his crew it was plain that Shelvocke and his ship were lost, because they continually cursed him for Shelvocke's running off with all the liquor aboard the *Speedwell*. Four men ran away to the mountains, and Clipperton tried vainly to find them. Finally his goat-hunter captured two of the truants; but two were left behind when he sailed.

At the foot of the tree on which he had cut the inscription, Clipperton buried a bottle containing a message for Shelvocke, appointing another rendezvous and giving him a code of private signals, so the two ships would know each other if they met on the high seas.

Clipperton left the island after a month's stay and steered northward to the parallel of Lima, having already lost thirty men from sickness.

After taking two minor prizes, they managed to capture a ship of four hundred tons, bound from Panama for Lima, which, strangely enough, had been captured by Captain Woodes Rogers at Guayaquil, ten years before. It had many passengers on board and a cargo of considerable value. Four days later, they captured a vessel of seventy tons, containing a large sum of money, the Countess of Laguna, and four hundred jars of wine and brandy. These last were very acceptable to the thirsty buccaneers. Part of the spirits Clipperton sent to his men on the other prizes. He took the Countess aboard his ship, but upon beholding her loveliness, sent her back to her own, with an officer to protect her virtue.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

Over one-third of his men were now in charge of captured prizes, but honest, rough, bluff Clipperton was anxious to take still more. On November twelfth, he captured from the Spaniards a London-built pink of two hundred tons, laden only with wood, yet he added this to his array. It turned out to be a piece of bad judgment, for the Captain of the pink saw that Clipperton had too large a number of prizes, and concluded that he could not take proper charge of another.

Therefore the Captain told his twelve passengers to go below deck and to seize every Englishman who came down. Clipperton sent Lieutenant Sergeantson with eight men to take charge. Once aboard, Sergeantson sent everybody on deck to the large cabins, and ordered the topsails hoisted, so he might draw nearer the *Success*.

His Englishmen then went below to discover the cargo. As soon as they were on the lower deck, the Spanish passengers fell upon and bound them. The Spaniards in the cabins seized the sentries outside their doors, the Spanish crew reappeared on the deck, and the Captain ran his ship ashore, taking with him his English prisoners, who were sent off to Lima. Here, on being questioned by the Viceroy, one of the Englishmen told him about the two runaways who had been left on Juan Fernandez Island. The Spaniards sent out two ships, which captured them. A ship to a man—they were taking no chances!

The unhappy Clipperton saw his prize escape, and was unable to attempt recapture. Knowing that her crew would give the alarm along the South American coast, he sent his Spanish prisoners ashore, in order to save his

CLIPPERTON'S CRUISE

provisions, and also in the hope that his good treatment of his prisoners would improve the Spaniards' treatment of his own captured men.

It was not long before he learned that two Spanish war-ships, one of fifty guns, the other of thirty, were being fitted out to go after him.

He found that he could not ransom his prizes and gave them up to the Spaniards, after taking off all he deemed worth keeping, including the negroes and a Spanish captain.

On January 19, 1720, he anchored at the Duke of York Island, in the Galapagos group, near the equator, and here found good water, careened the *Success*, cleaned her and remained for ten days.

Thence he sailed north, to cruise along the coast of Mexico. After a long chase, he captured the Spanish ship *Prince Eugene*, which had on board the Marquis of Villa Roche, a former President of Panama, now bound for Lima with all his family. By chance, it happened to be the very ship by which Clipperton had been circumvented during his last voyage in these same seas. At that time he had been captured, and rather harshly treated by this Marquis, whom he now had at his mercy. However, he treated the Spaniard decently enough—a generous act greatly to his credit, and quite characteristic of his innate though flawed nobility.

Clipperton allowed a friar and the boatswain of his prize to land at Velas, on condition that they try to persuade the country people to exchange beef cattle for merchandise. They returned a week later with four bullocks,

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and some fruit and fowls which had been sent to the Marquis as a present by some friends of his.

Next day, Clipperton detected Villa Roche in the treacherous act of trying to despatch letters, urging the Spaniards to seize Clipperton's boat and capture the crew while they were ashore. For this he confined the Marquis for some days, but finally permitted him and his wife to depart, holding their child as hostage. He restored his ship to the Spanish Captain.

Later, Villa Roche, his lady and a local *alcalde* came aboard the ship and made an agreement with Clipperton for their ransom. The *Condesa* and her child were allowed to go ashore. The Marquis remained as the sole hostage for his family and thus outmaneuvered Clipperton; who indeed deserved it for reposing confidence again in a man of broken faith. The crew openly protested against Clipperton's trusting Villa Roche, who seems to have been a disgrace to the nobility of Spain—a caste noted for its high sense of honor.

After cruising around, Clipperton arrived, November first, off Concepcion Bay on the coast of Chile; and thence sailed for Coquimbo, and captured en route a ship loaded with tobacco, cloth and sugar.

A week later, the buccaneers were sighted from the harbor of Coquimbo by three Spanish men-of-war, which immediately slipped their cables and set out in pursuit. Clipperton and his prize hauled close to the wind. The best sailor of the Spanish war-ships managed to overtake and capture the prize, and the other two crowded on all sail after Clipperton.

THE MEETING WITH SHELVOCKE

They pursued him through the afternoon, but the larger Spaniard carried away its mizzenmast, due to press of canvas, and then fired a gun and stood in for the shore, which allowed Clipperton to escape.

Clipperton's crew were extremely grouchy over the loss of their prize. On November sixteenth they chased a ship, which exchanged a few shots with them and then bore away. In this they were extremely lucky, for they learned afterward that it was a powerful Spanish warship sent out to capture Captain Shelvocke. Knowing that the *Success* was not Shelvocke's ship, and fearing Clipperton's strength, the Spaniards were glad to give over the chase and disappear.

Such disappointments disheartened the crew. Clipperton took to strong drink, and thereafter was hardly ever quite sober, which led him to commit various errors of both navigation and judgment.

THE MEETING WITH SHELVOCKE

He arrived off the coast of Mexico late in January and had a most extraordinary adventure. He saw a sail in the distance and immediately gave chase. It proved to be an English pinnace. On overhauling and boarding her, he learned that her companion vessel was a Spanish ship named *Jesu Maria*, now a prize of Captain Shelvocke, who had only forty of his men left, all the rest being dead, fled, or made prisoners!

Shelvocke was on his prize, for he had lost the *Speedwell* in a wreck on Juan Fernandez. And thus these two scapegraces met at last, ten thousand miles from home.

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Shelvocke gave Clipperton an account of all that had happened to him since they were parted, the details of which will be related later. Then he asked Clipperton for pitch, tar and copper. Clipperton sent them to him, together with two quarter-deck guns, some round shot and a compass. Shelvocke's crew paid Clipperton's men for clothes, hats and shoes; and Shelvocke's purser, Henrie, joined Clipperton.

Clipperton sailed away to the northwest, along the coast of Mexico, and several times saw Shelvocke's bark. On March thirteenth, the two ships came together again and agreed to make a joint attack on the Manila galleon. Both ships were to board her at once, the only way to capture a vessel so much larger than they were. The entire plan fell through, however, for while they were arguing about the disposal of captured funds the usual time for the galleon's arrival had elapsed. Most of Clipperton's men were now weak and sickly, and he had on hand only enough provisions to last his crew for five months on short allowance. He gave out that he thought they had better sail for the East Indies, in order to save for their owners what they already had on board; but he left Shelvocke in the lurch, and his motives for this act of disloyalty will be discussed when we come to Shelvocke's story.

At any rate, before the end of March, they made for the Ladrone Islands.

THE MARQUIS DOUBLE-CROSSES CLIPPERTON

It was almost two months later when they anchored at

THE MARQUIS DOUBLE-CROSSES CLIPPERTON

Guam to secure provisions. They sent a pinnace ashore with a flag of truce, and Godfrey, the owners' agent, came back with a message from the Governor that they would get provisions if they behaved and paid for them.

Next day, he sent them liquor and sugar, and the day following a launch brought cattle and provisions. The Spanish garrison consisted of three hundred men. Guam was kept up mainly as a port-of-call for the Manila galleon.

An agreement was entered into with the Governor for the ransom of the Marquis of Villa Roche, who was sent ashore on May eighteenth with the agent, doctor and first lieutenant. The *Success* gave him a five-gun salute at parting. For six days they loaded up the ship with water, wood and provisions—for which the Governor asked and obtained twelve fusees, sixty rounds of shot, four pairs of pistols, other arms and a supply of gunpowder.

The Governor later demanded the jewels of the Marquis, some consecrated plate that Clipperton had captured, and two Catholic negroes aboard the ship—also a certificate from Clipperton and his officers that peace had been declared between Great Britain and Spain. He held two of Clipperton's officers prisoners, until these demands should be met.

In reply, Clipperton sent word that the *Soledad*, the last prize he had taken, had told him peace had been declared, and he stated that, if the ransom of the Marquis was not paid and his own crew released, he would bombard and demolish all the houses on shore, burn all the

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ships in the harbor and later do all the mischief he could in the Philippines!

The Governor then sent a letter saying he was willing to pay for the church plate, but demanded more powder and cannon-balls. Clipperton refused. The Spaniards declined to supply more provisions unless they were provided with cannon, powder and shot. Meanwhile they had proceeded to erect a battery on the shore and when it was ready they gave a flat and final refusal.

On this Clipperton, who happened to be unusually drunk, weighed anchor and stood in for the harbor with his ship, sending a pinnace ahead to sound the reefs. The pinnace eventually brought back word that the only possible channel navigable for the *Success* lay within pistol shot of the shore and was absolutely commanded by the new battery. But for all that, bluff old Clipperton rashly drove the *Success* into the harbor, seeking to attack a Spanish ship at anchor. His Spanish pilot lured him into shoal water, where he was fired on from both sides—by the ship and the battery, whose guns were almost overhead.

After a desperate fight, Clipperton at nine o'clock that night carelessly ran his ship on the rocks and lost her anchor trying to get her off. The shot from the new battery pierced his hull and rigging. Three of his men were wounded, and one of his lieutenants. By this time he had got so drunk that he was quite unable to command his ship. His officers decided to escape from the enemy, if they could get the *Success* afloat. They signed a paper agreeing to indemnify Officer Cooke, if he would assume command.

THE MARQUIS DOUBLE-CROSSES CLIPPERTON

Four o'clock next afternoon the Englishmen managed to send away their kedge-anchor. Unfortunately their cable broke in heaving it, and they had to run out an old hawser, with one of their lower-deck guns as a temporary anchor, for they had lost all their regular anchors.

At two o'clock next morning, the Spaniards shouted out to Clipperton's commander that they would give him no quarter. Three hours later, the English carried out another hawser devised from the maintopmast hawser, loaded down with another gun as a temporary anchor. They still kept up their fire on the Spaniards with their great guns and small-arms, though they could do them little damage, while the Spanish guns never missed them at such short range.

By eleven o'clock the English carried out what was left of their best bower cable, loaded with two lower-deck guns. They brought this ahead of the ship in five fathoms of water. They cleared their hold to lighten ship and moved their upper- and lower-deck guns forward to bring her by the head, as she still stuck on the rocks. Meanwhile, they kept two guns constantly firing on the Spanish battery, but its elevation was such that they could not reach it.

During the last twenty-four hours, the *Success* had lost only one man wounded, but her rigging was torn to pieces, she was badly injured between wind and water, and she leaked a great deal.

At six o'clock, they succeeded in getting the ship afloat, although the yawl was sunk by the shot of the Spanish. The English sent their pinnace away to give the ship a

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pull with a tow line. Just then, the Spaniards opened a heavy fire, raking the *Success* between wind and water, killing one of the crew and wounding two more.

The *Success* had now been engaged in a desperate fight for over fifty hours. She had lost both her bower-anchors and cables, her stern- and kedge-anchors, four hawsers, four lower-deck guns, and nineteen barrels of gunpowder expended in action. Two of her crew had been killed and six wounded.

Next morning, they hove to and spliced her rigging, not a rope of which was left undamaged. All her masts and yards were badly injured. The carpenters worked all night stopping cannon-shot holes in her hull. Storing most of their guns in the hold, they then barred up the ports, hoisted in the pinnace and launch and steered west under easy sail. The carpenters managed to brace up the yards and masts; the crew mended the rotten rigging; and thus the *Success* managed to steer westward across the seas of Asia.

This whole misadventure seems to have resulted from Clipperton's allowing the disreputable Marquis to go ashore at Guam, for the wily Spaniard persuaded the Governor to double-cross him. To be sure, Clipperton managed to get particularly drunk in a crisis, but as he was a mere sailor, uneducated but almost always humane, generous and honest, one is tempted to condone his one fault.

This was a madly dangerous run over perilous seas, with a half-starved crew, and a ship riddled through with cannon-shot. Clipperton feared that he would not be

THE SUCCESS BELIES ITS NAME

able to bring his shattered *Success* into China, especially as there was scarcely a whole timber in her, and her after-frame had to be practically strapped together.

A gale arose. Clipperton did not dare carry sail and scudded along under bare poles in a terrible sea. He found that Dampier's charts were much more accurate than all the rest; and guided by them, he made for Amoy, where he arrived July sixth. He and all his crew rejoiced to see solid land again.

THE SUCCESS BELIES ITS NAME

Here the men mutinied, refusing to obey orders or do any work unless Clipperton should pay them their prize money at once. They insisted that the *Success* was in no condition to go to sea again. They even went to the head mandarin of the town, who summoned Clipperton to appear before him and show why the crew should not be paid off. Clipperton exhibited to him the ship's articles, which provided that they were not to get their prize-money until they got to London. But his hand was forced and he had to make the divvy.

A foremast hand received \$419.00; the captain received £1466 10s; the second-captain £733; lieutenants and captain of marines, £488, each.

Clipperton, however, managed to get the mandarin to set apart one-half of the value of the cargo for the benefit of the owners, which amounted to between six and seven thousand pounds sterling.

He was robbed right and left in Amoy; but finally got away and sailed with the *Success* for Macao to have

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her surveyed. He maintained that the crew was wrong in claiming that she was unseaworthy and apparently he was right; he knew that they were only seeking an excuse, to avoid punishment for mutiny when they got back to England.

At Macao Clipperton prevailed on Captain Don Francisco de la Vero, commanding the Portuguese war-ship, *Queen of the Angels*, to carry the owners' money to Brazil and thence transship it to England.

De la Vero kept faith, but unfortunately his ship was burned in the harbor of Rio de Janiero on June 6, 1722; so that the owners, after deducting salvage, secured only eighteen hundred and forty English pounds.

The *Success* was surveyed, condemned against Clipperton's protests and sold for four thousand dollars, which was far below her real value. To prove that he thought his ship still able to sail the seas, he engaged a passage for himself in her for Batavia.

Twenty men of the *Success* immediately deserted and set out for the English factory at Canton, bent on securing passage to England. But en route they were robbed of all their buccaneer money by Chinese river pirates. Lieutenant Taylor and the rest paid twenty dollars each to the Mandarin, in whose private pay these pirates were, to secure them safe arrival in Canton. There they got passage home on English ships.

Clipperton himself obtained passage from Batavia to Europe in a Dutch vessel. In June of 1722, he arrived at Galway in Ireland, where he had left his family. Ill, and broken-hearted over the loss of his ship, he met his

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loved ones again and, within a week, died in the arms of his wife.

Thus passed away a man in whom the qualities of good and evil were strangely mixed; a brave Englishman, yet capable of treachery to other Englishmen, as shall more clearly appear in a later chapter; an excellent navigator, an able and resourceful seaman who had circumnavigated the globe, a commander of many admirable traits—with one weakness, drink, and one great blemish on his record.

This voyage seems to have been his third to the South Seas. Its failure is to be attributed partly to his drinking, but more largely to the insubordination of his crew and the base desertion of his officers who took advantage of the venality of a corrupt and bribable Chinese Mandarin to bring the voyage to an untimely and ignominious end.

CHAPTER XII

GEORGE SHELVOCKE, A VICTIM OF THE JAMAICA DISCIPLINE

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO SHELVOCKE

DURING the terrific storm that separated Clipperton in the *Success* from Shelvocke in the *Speedwell*, it will be recalled that the latter vessel shipped a lot of water, when a midnight sea smashed in two of its dead-lights.

When day dawned, Shelvocke's crew were so terrified that seventy wanted to return to England, saying the ship would never survive the trip to the South Seas. After considerable trouble, her officers managed to quell this semi-mutiny, and they carried on.

They sailed to the Canary Islands, the first rendezvous, arriving on March seventeenth, two days after Clipperton had left, and cruised there for the time set by their instructions. At the Cape Verde Islands, which they reached on April fourteenth, the gunner managed to stir up trouble by proposing a cruise in the Red Sea, saying it was no sin to rob Mohammedans, whereas, after all, the Spaniards were good Christians, and it was a sin to harm them.

Shelvocke ordered him confined, but he escaped and, wild with rage, threatened to blow up the ship. He asked for his discharge. Shelvocke granted it and put him

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ashore, along with the chief mate, who had challenged the First Lieutenant, Brooks.

They had a long hard voyage across the Atlantic, but at last, on June twenty-third, made anchor at St. Catherine's Island, Brazil, where the carpenter was sent ashore with a gang to cut down trees and saw them into planks. The natives supplied fresh provisions, and Shelvocke bought for his men twenty-one beeves, some salt-fish, meal and tobacco. The Portuguese on St. Catherine's were really banditti, who had fled from the officials of the mainland.

Shelvocke noticed, on July second, a large ship at anchor, five miles away, and sent a well-manned and armed launch to see who she was. This ship was a Spanish war-ship, formerly the English man-of-war *Ruby*, now commanded by De la Jonquière, belonging to the squadron under Martinet. She carried four hundred and twenty officers and men, most of whom were French. La Jonquière had no intention of attacking Shelvocke. He had left the South Seas on hearing that friendly relations between his own country, France, and Spain, in whose employ he had been, were at an end, and that war was about to break out between them.

Shelvocke dined with La Jonquière, who did him extremely well, and with good reason. He was afraid the Englishman would learn that he had three million dollars aboard his ship, whose crew was too sick to offer effective resistance if the privateer chose to attack him.

In return, La Jonquière, his officers and passengers dined aboard the *Speedwell* with Shelvocke, in most

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amicable fashion. A few days later, the boatswain of the *Speedwell* raised a mutiny among the crew, but it was quelled with the aid of the Frenchman.

The middle of the month they saw a large ship stand in and then sheer off again. Its approach greatly alarmed La Jonquière, who feared it was the *Success*. So he sailed away, early next morning. After ten days the strange ship returned and proved to be a French privateer, the *Solomon* of St. Malo, forty guns, one hundred men, bound for Chile and Peru.

Shelvocke now had more trouble with his crew. They had heard that the Woodes Rogers' men had been badly treated on returning to England in respect to their share of prize money. Shelvocke and Stewart, the chief mate, drew up an agreement concerning the division of booty, to which Shelvocke felt obliged to agree rather than let his crew seize the ship and turn pirates.

They left St. Catherine's on August ninth and sailed southward along the coast of South America. As they approached the colder weather near the Straits of Magellan, Shelvocke was forced to increase the food allowance, which reduced his stock on hand. He steered for the Straits of Le Maire and on September twenty-third saw Tierra del Fuego. The tide carried him back out of the Straits, and bad weather came on, which forced him to scud along under bare poles over mountainous seas.

However, the *Speedwell* finally managed to get through the Straits and sailed to the northward, after having been driven as far south as 61° So. Lat., cursed with perverse weather, storms followed by long continu-

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO SHELVOCKE

ing calms. Shelvocke's navigation was often disputed by insubordinate Simon Hately, whom Dampier had once given a good character on a former voyage, and who was now acting as second captain (equal to first mate) on the *Speedwell*. Hately had been in the South Seas with Woodes Rogers also and pretended to know more about them than Captain Shelvocke. He tried to tell him just how to conduct the voyage.

This Hately was a most curious chap, resembling certain English mastiffs, in his morose, gloomy and sullen disposition. Once, when he was in his most melancholy mood, and the ship had been driven down beyond the Straits of Le Maire and buffeted about by steady storms of rain and sleet, the crew noticed a solitary black albatross that had apparently lost its way in the midst of the vast ocean. This historic albatross hovered around the ship for many days and accompanied it across the dreary and desolate seas. Its presence aroused a peculiar psychological reflex in the mind of Hately. Either from wanton cruelty or because he looked on it as a breeder of storms and an omen of further misfortune, he shot the strange creature and killed it. This was the deed that gave Samuel Taylor Coleridge the inspiration for *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

“And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow. . . .

.
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!”

However, the storm still pursued them, the waves

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rolled mountain-high, and it was long before they passed into calmer waters.

Shelvocke wanted to go on to Juan Fernandez Island, but his crew forced him to sail for the coast of Chile, as they were short of wood, water and provisions after their long and tedious passage. They went on to Chiloe Island and on November thirtieth entered the harbor of Chacao, but the natives would not give them supplies.

The Spanish officer sent by the Governor came off in a boat to see who they were. "Meaning to pass himself off for a French Captain well known in the South Seas, Shelvocke ordered none of his crew to appear on deck, but such as could speak French or Spanish, and then hoisted French colors." Shelvocke told the Spanish Commander that his ship was the *St. Rose*, homeward-bound, and that his name was Jacques le Breton—whereupon the Spanish officer pretended to believe him and left.

On December fifth two boats filled with armed men approached the *Speedwell*; but, at the last moment, alarmed at the grim looks of the English mariners, they sheered off and went away.

Next day, Shelvocke saw a white flag displayed ashore, so he sent thither a launch completely manned and armed. When his boat landed there was no one near the white flag, but they found a letter from the Governor fastened to a high pole, with a dozen hams lying near by. It stated that he gravely doubted whether the ship was the *St. Rose*, complained of the conduct of the men ashore and requested the visitors to be kind enough to leave!

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To this Shelvocke replied very curtly. The Governor refused to supply him with provisions. Shelvocke therefore decided to change his style, and threatened force, saying he was determined to obtain food by fair means or foul.

Next day, Shelvocke sent an officer ashore with twenty-five armed men in a launch. In the evening they came back triumphantly, with a *piragua* loaded down with sheep, hogs, fowl, barley and green peas. Soon the pinnace also returned, whose crew said they had had a hard time getting through a hostile fleet of Indian canoes. They had been forced to go about three hundred and fifty miles and were so terrified they did not expect to be again fit for service.

This island of Chiloe is one hundred and thirty miles long and thirty-five miles wide. There the English first saw *guanacos*—"the ships of the country"—shaped like miniature camels, that move with a slow and majestic pace. Here also they heard of the wonderful Indians called *Cacahues*—alleged to be "nine and ten feet high"—but really only about six feet tall on an average.

The Chilean Indians built the most extraordinary ships. For want of nails and iron, they sewed the ship's planks together, strangely enough, in the same ingenious fashion as the islanders of Santa Catalina in southern California. The ship was made in three pieces, a bottom and two sides, the planks of the latter overlapping each other and being sewed together through holes drilled in. The same fashion of construction is seen in the double sailing canoe of the South Sea Islanders, a fact which

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might confirm the theory that both the Catalina Islanders and the inhabitants of certain parts of the coast of South America were derived from the Polynesians.

SHELVOCKE'S MUTINOUS CREW TURNS PIRATE

On December twenty-third, they arrived at Concepcion, where events soon showed that Shelvocke had really nothing whatever to say. His crew had turned pirates in earnest. Once in this port, they manned and armed boats and sent them up the bay to surprise and capture any ships there. Shelvocke, who one surmises was at heart really a pirate himself, captured an empty ship of one hundred and fifty tons and left her with Brooks, his First Lieutenant, with orders to bring her down.

Brooks also brought down another prize whose Spanish boatswain said that six miles north of them was anchored still another Spanish ship loaded with wine, brandy and other valuables. So Shelvocke sent his Second Lieutenant, Randall, with twenty-five armed men in the *Mercury* (a name he had given to a small captured bark), with positive orders not to land, but to take the ship. Randall found the vessel ashore and ordered its crew to aid his men in bringing to him what they could find in it and also in trying to get it afloat. Meanwhile, he managed to run the *Mercury* aground.

When his men finally got aboard the Spanish craft, they found the crew had escaped to shore with the cargo. Some of the seamen were ordered to search several houses hard by, and were attacked by the Spaniards in a most peculiar manner.

THE MUTINOUS CREW TURNS PIRATE

Preceded by a band of twenty horses abreast, two-deep and tied together, the cavaliers, flinging lassoes, plunged down upon the luckless English mariners, who stood gazing in amaze at the curious spectacle. Before they could flee to safety, five of them were made prisoners, but the *Mercury* opened fire and drove off the Spaniards, who otherwise would have captured the whole party.

They got the *Mercury* off the rocks and, sailing out to sea, managed to escape. The Spaniards succeeded in lassoing only one more of the Englishmen, whom they dragged to shore "after the rate of ten knots an hour," according to his own account.

This little incident upset the whole crew and made it ugly. But just as dusk fell they saw a large ship coming in, which they surprised and took. It was the *St. Fermin*, with a small cargo and five or six thousand in money and wrought silver plate. They sent Mr. Hendric, the owners' agent, to inspect her cargo, and the ship's company sent along their crew's agent, as they did not trust any one. They brought off the cargo and offered to ransom the ship to its Captain, permitting him to go to Concepcion in his own launch to raise the money. They searched the prize for concealed treasure, going thoroughly through the clothes of every one who came off.

On January 7, 1720, they sailed from Concepcion for the Island of Juan Fernandez. On the way the plunder taken on the *St. Fermin* was sold by the ship's agent at the masthead. It brought extravagant prices; sailors' accounts were taken, and shares calculated, but the crew insisted on the immediate distribution of the spoils—a

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thing Clipperton would not have allowed, but Shelvocke apparently did.

Shelvocke lay off Juan Fernandez for several days. They saw the place where Clipperton had made his mark on the tree, as agreed, but unfortunately the Spaniards had come along and dug up the bottle. So "it was evident that he never meant I should keep him company, or ever join with him again," remarked Shelvocke. By February twenty-second they found themselves off the port of Lima and hastened to furl their sails and get away at night, knowing that if they were discovered by the Spanish war-ships usually stationed there, they would be pursued and possibly captured.

ALBATROSS HATELY DESERTS SHELVOCKE

On the twenty-sixth it was Albatross Hately's turn to command the *Mercury*. Relying on his familiarity with the coast, he thought he might be able to capture some of its rich towns. Shelvocke gave him the pinnace and a month's provisions and a copy of his own commission, so the Spaniards could not charge him with being a pirate if he were captured. The rendezvous was fixed at Lobos Island, one hundred and eighty miles away. Captain Betagh, the Fleming in charge of the marines, who seems to have been a most contentious and disagreeable person, proceeded to stir up a fuss. However, Shelvocke suppressed "this ungovernable fellow," by appealing to the crew, who backed him up; so Hately and Betagh finally went off, the crew of the *Mercury* giving three cheers for Shelvocke and their comrades.



A view of Cumberland Bay at Juan Fernandez Island, Robinson Crusoe's Isle, the general rendezvous for pirates and Buccaneers for centuries

From Walter's Voyage of Anson

ALBATROSS HATELY DESERTS SHELVOCKE

On the fourth day, the *Mercury* captured a two-hundred-ton ship with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on board. Betagh persuaded Hately and the men of the *Mercury* not to rejoin Shelvocke, saying "that now we have enough to appear like gentlemen as long as we live," whereas their share would be small, if the owners' part was taken out of the money, and the rest divided among the entire crew. He counseled that since fortune had been so kind as to place this huge sum of money in their possession, they ought to run off with it to India. They had sufficient provisions aboard for the voyage, and Hately understood navigation and would be able to conduct them across the Pacific to some port of the East Indies.

This plan was adopted and the *Mercury* fell to the leeward of Lobos Island. Hately, however, was still uncertain what to do, for he knew very well the tremendous risk he was running, and the short shrift he would justly receive if his treachery were discovered. Unable to make up his mind, he hovered off the coast, and some of his men finally surrendered to the Spaniards, rather than be mixed up in piracy. Betagh and the rest kept Hately drunk, and at length got him started for India. But just then, up sailed a Spanish man-of-war which captured the *Mercury* and spoiled the grand expedition. The Spaniards treated the crew badly, but Betagh, being a Roman Catholic and also a Fleming, was regarded with great respect and even made an officer in the Spanish service. Indeed this variegated scoundrel seems to have been a first-class time-server, a highly ornate liar and a traitor.

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to the English flag, under which he had hitherto been serving.

FURTHER ENCOUNTERS WITH THE SPANISH

Meanwhile Shelvocke had heard of a rich Spanish vessel at Payta and sailed thither, after losing his anchor when the cable parted. He left a message at Lobos Island, telling Hately—of whose fate he was still ignorant—to follow to Payta.

Shelvocke landed forty-six men and captured Payta without striking a blow, although a large force of Spaniards were visible on the surrounding hills. The Indians told Shelvocke that Clipperton had put in here and sent some prisoners ashore; also, that the inhabitants had just fled with four hundred thousand dollars which Clipperton could have captured if he had had the nerve to take the town.

Here they secured enough provisions for the rest of their voyage and loaded the *Speedwell* with all they needed. Shelvocke demanded ten thousand dollars ransom for Payta and a ship he had taken there—to be delivered to him in twenty-four hours. In the meantime he landed a quarter-deck gun to reenforce his shore party. The Governor sent word that he did not care whether the town was burned or not, as long as the churches were spared. In reply, Shelvocke said he would burn every house and the churches also, if the ransom were not paid. Meanwhile, he proceeded to take out of Payta all the valuables he could get his hands on. The Spaniards promised to return in three hours with the

FURTHER ENCOUNTERS WITH THE SPANISH money, but failed to do so, whereupon Shelvocke burned the entire town.

Just then the *Speedwell* began firing her cannon at a large Spanish man-of-war which had suddenly appeared on the scene. The Spaniard might have taken her, if her Master had not kept this firing up until Shelvocke got all his crew back aboard. The Spaniard was a fine European ship, carrying fifty guns and a crew of four hundred and fifty men, while the *Speedwell* had only twenty guns mounted and a crew of seventy-three.

When the shore party was all back on the *Speedwell*, Shelvocke cut his cable and let his boat slide, for the Spaniards were now within pistol-shot. Unfortunately, the *Speedwell* fell away in the wrong direction, scarcely clearing the Spanish war-ship. The formidable appearance of the much larger vessel so frightened some of the English crew that they jumped overboard and swam ashore. Apparently there was no hope of escape, as the *Speedwell* was under the Spaniard's lee. Shelvocke tried to work into shoal water, but the enemy sails becalmed him for the best part of an hour, during which he was roughly treated by incessant cannon fire.

As soon as Shelvocke could get into position, the Spaniard put his helm to starboard, keeping the wind away from the *Speedwell*; but Shelvocke now returned his fire briskly, although his small-arms had got wet in his flight from the shore. Meanwhile, a great crowd gathered ashore to watch this unequal but desperate battle.

"I was long in despair of getting away from the Span-

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iard, expecting nothing less than to be torn to pieces by its heavy fire, unless we could escape while our masts remained standing," Shelvocke admits. He expected the enemy to board the *Speedwell* at any moment. When her ensign was shot down, the Spaniards hurrahed loudly. Shelvocke ran up another flag and kept on fighting.

The Spaniards clapped their helm a-starboard, to bring their whole broadside to bear, but swung around too far and gave Shelvocke a chance to escape. He took instant advantage of it and made off as fast as he could go.

Shelvocke also managed to escape, later, from the *Brilliant*, the consort of this Spanish man-of-war. On board was Betagh, the double traitor, who sought the privilege of being the first one to board the *Speedwell* and slay his former comrades!

Shelvocke, learning that the Spaniards had laid an embargo on all shipping for six months, saw he had no chance of capturing further prizes. He had abandoned hope of meeting the *Success*; and as he had no boats, and only one anchor left, he gave up a plan of attacking Guayaquil.

A council of his officers decided to water at Juan Fernandez Island; then to cruise off the coast of Chile, in order to supply themselves with anchors and boats; then to capture two towns and proceed to the coast of Mexico. From there they would sail to the Tres Marias and California, and lie in wait for the Manila galleon; if they could not capture the treasure-ship, they would cruise for the ships which brought silver to Acapulco to purchase the Indian and Chinese goods from Manila.

SHIPWRECK AND MUTINY

They therefore set sail while their carpenters started the work of building a small boat aboard the *Speedwell*. She was leaking badly, and while pumping out the water, they noticed that it was as black as ink. On investigation, Shelvocke discovered that water had got into the powder magazine, and only six barrels of good powder remained on board! But for good weather the ship would have gone down. On moving the powder barrels, they found that the leak was caused by a cannon-ball dropping out of the hole made by a Spanish gun during the fight.

Shelvocke therefore brought his ship down by the stern and tried to fix the leak. Fortunately, they had ample provisions. They caught quantities of dolphins and albacore and served fresh meat and a quart of chocolate to the crew every day.

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On May twenty-fifth they anchored at Juan Fernandez Island to secure a supply of fresh water, but a hard gale sprang up, their cable parted, the three masts went by the board and the *Speedwell* was cast ashore and wrecked. All the crew managed to reach shore that evening; and here these castaways remained for over four months.

Shipwreck completed the final demoralization of the crew. The men dispersed all over the island and showed such a disinclination to work that Shelvocke could not gather them together even to save what might have been salvaged. At first they were engaged in building tents and huts to shelter themselves from the weather. They

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missed their chance of obtaining anything from the wreck but a few firearms, and a cask of beef and one of meal that were washed ashore. Thus they lost practically all their provisions, and also all the treasure (which had been placed in the bottom of the bread-room for security) except a thousand dollars' worth belonging to the owners, which Shelvocke had kept in his own chest in his cabin.

The crew spent most of their time bewailing their fate, instead of trying to help themselves. Shelvocke consulted his carpenter about making a boat in which to escape from the island, but the carpenter said he could not make bricks without straw and walked off in a surly manner. However, the armorer of the ship, who seems to have been one of the best men of the whole lot, came up to Shelvocke and promised he would do what he could to make a small vessel. This ingenious mechanic had five Spanish swords as his entire supply of steel. He asked for charcoal and proceeded to set up his forge.

Shelvocke told his crew that they had to get to work and help make the boat, if they ever wanted to leave the island. The sailors promised to work at it, and went to the wreck, hauled its keel ashore and made a bowsprit from it. A topmast washed ashore, and other useful things. The surly ship-carpenter swore he would not do a damned lick, as he was nobody's slave, and now that the ship was wrecked, he was on an equal footing with his Captain.

Shelvocke, who was angry enough to bite an iron nail in two, finally agreed to pay this recalcitrant the sum of one hundred dollars when the vessel was finished. It was

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to be thirty feet long, sixteen feet beam, and have a hold of seven feet.

In two months, the men managed to make a tolerable showing in the construction of this craft, largely owing to the armorer, who succeeded in finishing a serviceable boat of his own. Meanwhile, the crew split into factions and quit work. Discipline was destroyed by the ship's officers becoming overly familiar with some of the surliest of the men, who often refused to obey orders, saying that they were not slaves. "I bethought myself," says Shelvocke, "to safely hide and thus secure my commission in some dry place among the woods or rocks, remembering how Captain Dampier had been served in these seas by a mutinous crew."

To add to poor Shelvocke's troubles, Dodd, his Lieutenant of Marines, for some unknown reason, feigned lunacy!

One afternoon, nearly the whole crew assembled "at the great tree," unknown to Shelvocke; and framed a new set of regulations, excluding the owners from sharing in any future prizes that the crew might take; depriving Shelvocke of his authority as Captain; and establishing aboard their new craft what was called the "Jamaica Discipline," a buccaneering term which meant that all prizes were to be divided among those who captured them according to a certain scale.

The crew backed up a spokesman named Morphey, who told Shelvocke that he carried himself too loftily and arbitrarily for the command of a privateer, and that he ought to have remained a naval officer, aboard a regular

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man-of-war. The First Lieutenant, Brooks, also supported Morpew who had become his confidant aboard the *Speedwell*, for Brooks, having served before the mast before he was made first lieutenant, had "a liking for forecastle conversation." The Second Lieutenant, Randall, was Brooks' brother-in-law, and stood in with these two malcontents. Morpew even went so far as to knock down the Third Lieutenant, La Porte, while Brooks stood by and offered no objection.

The crew told Shelvocke that if he would agree to the "Jamaica Discipline," he could still be Captain of the buccaneers and have six shares of the booty. Believing it was lawful and even necessary to submit to their demands, as the *Speedwell* had been lost, he signed the buccaneering articles along with the rest of the officers.

The crew demanded that all the spoil belonging to the owners, consisting of virgin silver, two hundred and fifty dollars in coin, and a silver dish weighing seventy-five ounces, should be divided among them. They treated Shelvocke very badly, allowed him only the refuse of the fish and took the arms out of his custody. He had only a small amount of ammunition left, but the crew took even that away from him and squandered it "in killing cats or anything else that they could get to fire at."

All this occurred between May twenty-fourth and August fifteenth. On the last date, they saw a large ship near the island. Shelvocke ordered the fires put out and the negroes and Indians confined to prevent their swimming off to the stranger. He urged his men to hasten the work on the boat, because if their presence on the island

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were discovered by the Spaniards, they would certainly be captured and sent to endless labor under cruel task-masters or to speedy death in the silver mines of Peru. Despite this, very often only six or seven men of the crew would work, while the rest loafed around on the shore.

The day after the appearance of the strange ship, however, some of the men who had never done an hour's work on the new vessel, evolved a novel scheme—to wit, to burn the bark and make two large pinnaces. Morpew and Brooks were behind this idiotic plan. Shelvocke said it was absurd, especially as the tools were all worn out. The plan was defeated by a vote of the crew. The carpenter now came forward with a demand for his money immediately, in payment for his work on the boat, although it was not finished. As he was ugly about it, Shelvocke had to pay him.

The next day, another absurd incident occurred. Twelve of the sailors decided to stay on the island for the rest of their lives and separated themselves from the rest of the crew. The next night they prowled in the camp and stole all they could lay their hands on. Shelvocke managed to get hold of all the guns and ammunition, and got their plunder away from these reprobates by threatening to shoot them if they again came within range of the camp. This so disconcerted them that they gave up, and Shelvocke at once set them to work.

It was hard to get planking for the boats. At length it was secured, "but in such a manner that I may safely assert that a similar bottom never before swam on the high seas!"

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Lieutenant Brooks, their only diver, managed to bring up from the wreck of the *Speedwell* one small cannon and two large vases of silver. The armorer's boat was mainly used to fish in.

On September ninth, they launched their main vessel, provisioned with one keg of beef, a little flour, and a wonderful cargo of split, salted and smoked conger-eels that smelled to high heaven. They had succeeded in rigging a mast, but had not been able to calk the crazy craft. When it ran down its ways into the sea, the water rushed into it from every seam in such wholesale fashion that all the sailors cried aloud, "A sieve. A sieve!"

However, Shelvocke managed to secure ship pumps from the wreck of the *Speedwell* and put them into his improvised vessel. After calking her, they launched her again on October fifth, naming her the *Recovery*.

A dozen of the crew, and the same number of negro and Indian prisoners, decided to stay upon the island. They felt easy about food. There were cats galore. These cats, Shelvocke notes in his diary, "were very numerous, but we had a small bitch which could catch any number of them that we wanted, in an hour, and they were very good eating." In fact, they multiplied so rapidly and were so frequently used by buccaneers as a food supply that the Spanish officials later on turned loose on the island a large number of savage dogs, which devoured the cats. The dogs were intended also to destroy the goats which ran wild in vast herds.

The two dozen self-marooned men made themselves wicker boats covered with hides of sea-lions. So, with

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plenty of fish and cats and goats, they had no need to worry about provisions.

“On October sixth, we left Juan Fernandez Island, forty of us crowded into a small boat, lying on top of the bundles of conger-eels, with no means of keeping ourselves clean, so that all our senses were as greatly offended as possible. The only means we had of getting water was by sucking it from the cask, through a gun-barrel. The little unsavory morsels of conger-eel that we daily ate, created incessant quarrels amongst us, as every one was contending for the frying pan, and our only convenience of fire was a tub half filled with dirt, which made cooking so tedious that we had the continuous noise of frying, from morning until night.”

There was only a grating upon the deck, and sixteen inches of freeboard, so that the pumps could hardly keep the weird thing afloat.

At four A. M. on the morning of October tenth, the desperate buccaneers fell in with a large ship.

“I could see by the moon-light that she was European built, but our plight being desperate, we stood boldly towards her, and being ourselves rigged after the fashion of the South Seas, she did not notice us until daylight; when, noticing the brownness of our sails, she became suspicious of us, wore ship, held close upon the wind, and finally crowded on all sail, in haste away from us, going at a great rate of speed.”

It fell calm two hours later, “when we had recourse to our oars and neared her with tolerable speed. In the meantime, we overhauled our muskets and found them in

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bad condition, one-third of them having no flints and thus being unavailable for use, and only three cutlasses, so that we were by no means prepared for boarding her, which was the only way we had of taking the ship. We had only one small cannon, for which we had no carriage and was therefore obliged to fire it as it lay along the deck. We had only two shots for it, a few chain-bolts, a clapper of the *Speedwell's* main bell, and some bags of stones, as ammunition for our only cannon. We came up to her in four hours, and I now saw that she had cannon, a considerable number of seamen, whose arms glittered in the sun, and some *pedereros* and swivel-guns for armament.

“She was the *Marguerite*, carrying forty guns, formerly a privateer from St. Malo, France, and she defied us to board her. At the same time, she gave us a volley of great and small shot, which killed our gunner and almost brought down our foremast by the board. This unexpected reception staggered our people, and they lay on their oars for a while,” but Shelvocke urged them on.

Recovering their spirits, the buccaneers rowed up to the stranger, and opened fire on her with their small-arms, until all their shot was expended. This compelled them to fall astern, melt some lead and proceed to make more bullets!

“In this manner, we made three more attacks upon her without success. All night we were busy in making slugs and providing a large quantity of them before morning, at which time we came to the determination either to carry her by boarding or to surrender to her. At day-

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break, I accordingly ordered twenty men in our yawl to lay athwart her hawse, while I proposed to board her from the *Recovery*. But just as we were on the point of making the attempt, a gale sprang up, and she left us!"

The buccaneers were now worse off than ever, with a high sea running that threatened to swamp their crude vessel. Shelvocke therefore proposed trying to make the town of Coquimbo, but the gale lasted for four days, during which the *Recovery* had to scud along under bare poles. The sailors were so scared that they decided to land at the first place they could find.

Shelvocke remembered Iquique Island, so they sailed thither, sent a landing party ashore, found the leader of the settlement away and broke into his house and plundered it. Here they found "a booty more valuable to us than gold or silver"—to wit, actual food—wheat, corn, beef and pork, also a thousand pounds of cured fish, wine, brandy, fowls and biscuits, and five days' eating of soft bread. One can picture the crew of half-starved buccaneers feasting on this riot of food and drink. "The scene," Shelvocke notes, "was now changed from famine to plenty." They had lived on rank and nauseous conger-eels, stewed in train-oil, for a month; and one does not wonder that their new food seemed to them more precious than golden treasure!

The local Indians were tickled to death to see the Spanish Lieutenant's house robbed, as they had no love for their masters.

Several days later Shelvocke put into Pisco Road and there captured the large ship, of which we have heard be-

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fore, the *Jesu Maria*, of two hundred tons, loaded with naval stores and copper. The Spanish Captain and crew fell on their knees, took off their hats and begged for quarter. The Captain offered sixteen thousand dollars as ransom for his ship, but Shelvocke refused it, as he was delighted to possess a regular vessel again. He abandoned his makeshift craft, put all his remaining stores aboard the *Jesu Maria* and sailed away with her.

"We proceeded along the coast, very cautiously, knowing that we were almost in the mouths of our enemies, and that the least act of indiscretion would throw us into their hands," says Shelvocke.

They were near Payta on November twenty-fifth and planned to attack it, although the size of the crew was greatly diminished. Shelvocke's prize was a Spanish vessel with which the coast people were well acquainted. It deceived them, as he knew it would. While he was tacking about to get into the harbor, the Spaniards sent off a large boat full of men to help him. Much amused, Shelvocke "ordered none of our men to appear on the deck but such as had dark complexions and wore Spanish costumes, standing ready to answer in Spanish any questions that the Spaniards might ask us in hailing us. Some of our men hid themselves under our gunwales, with their muskets ready for use."

This stratagem succeeded. Shelvocke continued on his way in with Spanish colors flying and anchored, sending a lieutenant ashore with twenty-four men. The rowers allowed themselves to be seen, but the rest of the men, under arms, lay flat in the bottom of the boat.

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So complete was the surprise that the children were playing about on the beach when the buccaneers landed. The Spaniards fled and the English seized the town. They found no provisions in Payta, so they reembarked, after capturing a bark which had tried to evade the Spanish embargo, and was laden with wine and brandy. Also they learned that Clipperton had sent a bark full of prisoners into this port.

Shelvocke sailed to Gorgona and obtained wood and water; but left in haste, because of his fear of the Spanish man-of-war that had been sent out to find him. Most of his men wanted to go to India. They tried to make a start, but contrary winds delayed them so long that their provisions ran low, and the water leaked out of their casks. So they gave up that idea.

On January 1, 1721, when these marine hoboes were standing off Quibo Island, they captured *piraguas* containing a temporary hand-out. A fortnight later they sailed for Mariato, and there landed and raided a ranch, whose Spanish owner assisted them in obtaining cattle and food. Some of this meat they salted and jerked, by leaving it three hours in salt, after cutting it into thin strips; and then hanging it up on lines for three days to dry in the sun. They loaded their decks full of fowls and hogs, to complete their food supply.

On the liquor they had recently captured the sailors got drunk as often as they pleased. They split into two factions and engaged in numerous free fights. "I more than once almost had my clothes torn off from my back, endeavoring to quiet them," complained Shelvocke; and, in

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fact, he did not dare to go to sleep while the supply of liquor lasted, as both parties plotted to kill him.

Fortunately for him, the booze soon gave out. They were so short of officers that the land officers as well as the sea officers now had to learn to steer the ship—"Such being the pass to which they had brought themselves by sinking high authority, that they thus had lost their own."

They sighted a sail on January twenty-fifth and chased it, but seeing that she was European built, they feared that she was a Spanish man-of-war and hence sheered off. A calm ensued, and Shelvocke found that the stranger was—the pinnace of the *Success*, Clipperton's ship from which they had been separated in the storm the first night out from England!

CHAPTER XIII

SHELVOCKE'S FINAL TRAGEDIES AND TRIUMPHS

SHELVOCKE'S FLIGHT IGNORED BY CLIPPERTON

ONE can imagine the dramatic meeting, in the South Seas, of these two buccaneering fellows, Shelvocke and Clipperton, who must have laughed in each other's faces, like the augurs of ancient Rome, at this unexpected encounter here, so far from England. One has to smile at the tremendous surprise, the great chagrin and the blank uncertainty that lay behind their laughter.

Shelvocke went aboard the *Success* and met Clipperton and Godfrey, the agent of the company, expecting to find the old compact in force; but these two officers wanted nothing to do with him, now that he had lost the *Speedwell*. Shelvocke asked for necessities, but Clipperton said he would let him know about that the next day. Indeed, Clipperton and the agent seem to have treated Shelvocke and his crew rather basely, and practically deserted them. In justification Clipperton said that Shelvocke was unwilling to share the considerable booty he had amassed, and on that account he declined to aid him.

Next morning Shelvocke sailed toward the *Success*, but she spread all canvas and crowded away from him. Shel-

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vocke fired cannon and made other signals of distress, until Clipperton's officers, indignant at this treatment of fellow-countrymen, exclaimed aloud against his barbarity and made him bring the *Success* to. Shelvocke sent his Lieutenant aboard the *Success* for necessaries, for which he was quite willing to pay. He obtained from Clipperton two quarter-deck guns, sixty round shot, a supply of musket-balls and flints, a compass, two glasses and three hundred pounds of salt, giving in return broadcloth, tar, pitch and copper pigs. He also exchanged a large silver ladle for twelve Spanish swords.

Shelvocke offered Clipperton his services, saying that he had a pretty good ship and cargo, the latter of some value. Clipperton told him that even if his cargo were entirely of gold, he would have no business with him. At this time, two of Shelvocke's officers and the company's agent, Hendric, went aboard the *Success* saying that they were tired of the hard work aboard the *Jesu Maria*. Soon afterward Clipperton sailed away.

Shelvocke's ship was blown by high winds to the coast of Mexico, and here again met the *Success*, which was waiting for the ransom of the Marquis of Villa Roche. He sailed close to her stern and asked how all were, but received no reply. Clipperton went one way and Shelvocke another, like sullen pickpockets.

Shelvocke's provisions now ran low and they lived on turtles for some time, being able to see, from quite a distance away, these creatures floating asleep on the surface of the ocean, "by the sea birds perching on their backs!" Desperate, and threatened with almost certain famine,



Pirates Decoying a Ship

SHELVOCKE'S PLIGHT IGNORED

they planned to plunder some town for food, and chose Guatulco, the nearest. On the way they saw a ship and chased her—only to find that it was the *Success*! Shelvocke made a private signal to Clipperton, who paid no attention. And the crew of the *Jesu Maria* was reduced to eating bilged congers again.

They met the *Success* again near Port Angeles, No. Lat. 15° 50'. They stood so near "that a biscuit might have been chucked aboard"; but received not a word in reply to their hail, as Clipperton had given orders not to converse with Shelvocke's ship, which was now reduced to a most miserable condition.

On March twelfth they were off the Port of Acapulco, and here met the *Success* again. This time Clipperton answered Shelvocke's signal, whereby the latter guessed that Clipperton wanted something from him. "Clipperton sent Captain Cooke with a very obliging letter to me, stating that he was cruising for the home-bound Manila galleon, and desiring my aid in assisting him in this enterprise," says Shelvocke.

The crew of the *Jesu Maria* were quite willing to assist in this enterprise, but Clipperton had acted in such a rotten fashion that they did not feel they could trust him. They therefore wanted an agreement made as to the share they would receive, if the two ships captured the galleon. Clipperton and Shelvocke conferred on this matter and reached an understanding. Shelvocke was to send most of his men on board the *Success*, as soon as the galleon was sighted, retaining only a boat's crew to bring him away, in case the galleon proved too hard for the

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Success and he should have an opportunity to use his own vessel as a fire-ship. "We also determined to board her at once," Shelvocke notes, "otherwise we should have much the worst of the combat, owing to the superior weight of her metal, and her better ability to stand a cannonade."

Clipperton said he was sure the galleon would sail a day or two after Passion Week, now only a fortnight away. Nevertheless, on March twenty-seventh he slipped away at night without giving Shelvocke notice. "I learned afterwards, by some Spaniards from Manila, that the Acapulco galleon actually sailed about a week after we desisted from cruising for her, due to Clipperton's desertion," grieves Shelvocke.

It was exactly what Clipperton seems to have deserved for his treachery to his comrade, since this galleon, the *Santo Christo*, forty brass guns, was exceedingly rich, and the two English pirates should have captured it easily.

Shelvocke later met in China some of Clipperton's officers, who said he had acted in this disloyal fashion absolutely against the repeated remonstrances of his officers. They added that Clipperton's idea was to take the Manila galleon alone, off the Philippine Islands, and thus secure it all for himself.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SACRA FAMILIA

Shelvocke was now in a bad way, two hundred and twenty leagues from land, with no fresh water for his men and practically no food. But he sailed on and found

THE CAPTURE OF THE SACRA FAMILIA

a fair-sized ship anchored at Sonsanate, named the *Sacra Familia*, and sent over to her a yawl full of armed men, who were fired on by the Spaniards.

In the moonlit night the yawl crew saw that she was a stout ship armed with at least one tier of guns; but, "little regarding her apparent strength or our own weakness, as we thought our necessities made us a match for her, we prepared to engage her, and so worked slowly close up to her, the delay being due to the wind; and in the meantime, we received all their fire on every board that we made, but without returning a single shot. Their boat was also engaged in bringing off soldiers from shore to reenforce their ship, and they hung up a jar of about some ten gallons of gunpowder, with a match attached to it, at each main and foreyard-arm, and at the bowsprit end, so as to let them fall on our deck, in case we boarded them—which contrivance, if it had taken effect, would have made an end of their ship and ours, and all that were in them!

"Seeing them so desperate in their preparations, I could not but expect a warm reception, but as our case would not admit of delay, at even so hazardous a rate, we were not to be dismayed. About eleven in the forenoon, the sea breeze set in, and to make our small force as available as might be, I ordered all our three guns to be placed on that side from which we were likely to engage. As the sea breeze freshened, we ran fast towards her, during which our small arms were effectively employed to break these powder-jars before we should board them, which we did without delay, and they surrendered

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after a few shots." None of the buccaneers was killed and only two were wounded.

The *Sacra Familia* was of three hundred tons, carrying six guns and seventy men, also a great many small-arms and hand grenades and much shot. Her capture by Shelvocke was a most daring feat, of which only brave sailors would have been capable. She had been fitted out in war-like manner, and specially commissioned to capture Shelvocke; but his bravery and the boldness of his crew enabled them to capture her instead.

She had only fifty jars of gunpowder left aboard her and as a prize was hardly worth capture; but as she sailed faster, was fairly well armed with guns, and was much better fitted out as a privateersman, Shelvocke took possession and transferred to her all his goods. A merchant aboard her offered to make a profitable business transaction for the *Jesu Maria* and went ashore to secure the money.

Shelvocke turned his prisoners loose, keeping the negroes, and had his men overhaul his new ship. The Spanish Governor ashore conceived the idea of seizing the *Sacra Familia* by force and proclaiming the English pirates. Therefore he sent a letter to Shelvocke saying that peace had been declared between Great Britain and Spain. Shelvocke replied that he wished to know then why the Spanish war-ship had attacked him. The Governor seized the boat crew ashore, though two of them managed to escape in a canoe. He then summoned the English to surrender the *Sacra Familia* and its crew, or he would denounce them as pirates. At the same time

THE CAPTURE OF THE SACRA FAMILIA

Shelvocke received a letter from his First Lieutenant, now a captive of the Spaniards, saying the Governor was trying to bully him. In fact, the Governor proposed to send Shelvocke and his men overland thirteen hundred miles to Vera Cruz, or by sea to Lima.

Shelvocke did not like either of these alternatives, but the Governor would not yield, as he heard the English needed both water and food and were thus in his power. Shelvocke offered to surrender for safe conduct to a British colony, but this was refused; so he left the *Jesu Maria* behind and sailed off in his new ship.

His crew were reduced to one pint of water every twenty-four hours and were so weak that they could not work the heavy sails of the ship without the aid of the negro prisoners, who proved to be very good sailors. The loss of their boat greatly inconvenienced them, but they meant to surrender at Panama, if peace had really been declared between Spain and England.

They steered for Quibo, and about the first of May reached Caño Island, and here obtained seventy gallons of water—and “any one may guess our unspeakable joy on being thus opportunely delivered from the jaws of death,” says Shelvocke. It rained hard that night and they managed to catch a quantity of water in sails.

In the vicinity of Quibo, where they obtained wood and water, Shelvocke notes: “We occasionally observed a large kind of flat fish here, which often leaped a great way out of water, which are said to be very destructive to the divers; for when the latter return to the surface, unless they take great care, these fish wrap themselves

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around the divers, and hold them fast until they are drowned. To guard themselves against this, the divers always carry a sharp pointed knife, and in seeing any of these fish above them in the water, they present the point above their heads, and thus stick it into the fish's belly. They are also subject to great danger from alligators, which swarm in this part of the sea." The fish referred to was the giant ray, which in these southern waters grows to an enormous size.

SHELVOCKE AT PANAMA

They set out with no thought other than to return to Europe after surrendering at Panama. But on May fifteenth they took a small bark, laden with dried beef, live hogs and pork. Her master was much surprised to hear they were bound for Panama, and offered to pilot them, as he was going there. They took the Spaniard in tow at his request, after he told them he had not heard that peace had been declared between Spain and Britain. This supply of food made no change in Shelvocke's plan, as "every one of us was so worn out by a continual want of all necessaries and so disheartened by a perpetual succession of misfortunes, that we were quite tired of the sea, and willing to embrace any opportunity of getting ashore."

Shelvocke anchored some distance from the shores of Panama, to keep out of the hands of the Governor, if he would not grant satisfactory terms.

A few days later another Spanish bark approached Shelvocke, but sheered off when pretty close. Shelvocke

SHELVOCKE AT PANAMA

sent a Lieutenant in a canoe to tell them of his plan of surrender, but the bark hoisted Spanish colors and fired at the Lieutenant. Next morning Shelvocke himself approached the bark, whereupon she opened fire on him; he then sent the Captain of his last prize with a flag of truce, and stated he was going to Panama to surrender to the Spaniards.

Sighting another sail on May nineteenth, they let their prize go, and spread all sails in pursuit; but at night were still some distance away from her. Shelvocke was in favor of lying-to, but the majority of the crew crowded on all sail at night, and at daybreak they were within gun-shot. "I immediately hoisted our colors, fired a gun to leeward, and set a man to wave a white flag on our poop, in token of truce. But the Spaniards continually fired upon us, having their decks full of men who kept cursing and abusing us with the grossest epithets. Still, I made no reply, until I came close to their quarters, and then sent one of their countrymen to our bowsprit-end to inform them that we were bound for Panama, and wished to treat peaceably with them. But the only reply they made was by continuing their fire, calling us *borachos* [drunkards], and *peros Ingleses* [English dogs]—so that I thought it full time to begin upon them.

"I therefore met them with the helm, and soon convinced them of their error, giving the Spaniards so warm a reception, that they soon sheered off. We just missed catching hold of them, and as it fell calm just then, we continued to engage them for two or three hours, at the distance of a musket-shot. At last a breeze sprung up,

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but when we neared them, their cursing subsided. . . . Their Captain encouraged the Spaniards to fight, but he was shot dead and his crew began to beg for quarter."

The prize turned out to be *La Concepcion de Receiva*, from Callao, two hundred tons, laden with flour, sugar and preserved fruits—"being one of the ships the Spaniards had fitted out to pursue and capture our ship—so that she was the second ship that we had captured which the Spaniards had especially fitted out to take us."

Shelvocke had now only twenty-six British sailors left to take care of his eighty Spanish prisoners. After moving the goods from the prize to his own ship, he sailed and met his prize bark. As he came near her, she broached to and then fell off again, with all her sails set. What amazed the buccaneers was the fact that they could not see any living person on her deck!

Shelvocke sent an officer aboard her in a boat, who returned and reported that not a man was to be found on the bark, but that all her decks and quarters were covered with blood. Apparently, the Spanish prisoners had killed the English prize-crew while they slept; but, seeing Shelvocke approaching in his ship, the Spaniards had leapt overboard into the sea and probably all been drowned, for the bark was twelve miles from land, and they had no boat.

This tragic affair spoiled the satisfaction of Shelvocke's crew and "raised a universal melancholy amongst them." On seeing the black looks of the buccaneers, their Spanish prisoners were frightened, especially as Shelvocke locked them all up under strict guard, for he

SHELVOCKE AT PANAMA

had very few Englishmen left. He also sent off all the poorer Spaniards in the *Holy Sacrament* prize, after taking her cargo of jerked beef.

Next day Shelvocke removed from the *Concepcion* everything that could be of any use to him. He took her launch and her negroes to help work his ship; and after putting into her his Spanish prisoners, he let her go.

He now had a good ship armed with fifteen guns, with plenty of ammunition and ample provisions, but needed wood and water; so they made for Caño. One day as they were sailing along, one of the crew complained that he had found a box of marmalade into which his knife would not penetrate. "On opening it," says Shelvocke's narrative, "I found it to contain a cake of virgin silver, molded on purpose so as to fill the box, and worth two hundred and twenty dollars. On examining the rest of these cans, we found four or five more of the same kind. These cakes of silver, being very porous, were nearly the same weight as so much marmalade, and were evidently contrived for the purpose of defrauding the King of Spain of his royal fifth, which he exacted from all silver procured from the mines of Peru. We doubtless had left many such cases behind in the *Concepcion*, so that this contrivance served them both to wrong the King and deceive the enemy."

A similar vexatious affair occurred in a prize taken by the *Success*, Clipperton's ship. There was in it a considerable quantity of *pinna*s or masses of virgin silver, in the form of bricks, artfully plastered over with clay and then dried in the sun. As the Spaniards in Peru never

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burned their bricks in kilns, Clipperton and his crew mistook them for real bricks and threw almost all of them overboard as so much rubbish, without discovering the deception until only four bricks remained!

The booty from the *Concepcion* was divided among Shelvocke's crew, but he himself obtained only six instead of his lawful sixty shares. The buccaneers refused to compensate him for the one hundred pounds sterling of his own money, expended for necessaries of life at St. Catherine's Island in Brazil.

SHELVOCKE'S EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA

Shelvocke had hard work to persuade the crew to go on to California, as they knew very well there was no necessity for sailing farther north than No. Lat. 13°, in order to proceed westward to the East Indies. But he told them that the only place to clean and repair the ships, before proceeding across the Pacific, was at Porto Seguro in California. "I at last brought them to my purpose, and sailed north. In this passage, we were constantly accompanied by vast shoals of fish, as never having seen a ship before, multitudes of dolphins, bonitas, albacores, and angel fish went with us." It must indeed have been one of the most curious sights in the world, these immense quantities of fish following, out of mere curiosity, the wandering English buccaneers, who stared over their weather-beaten bulwarks at the finny hordes of the vast sea!

On August eleventh they fell in with the coast near Cape San Lucas, the southernmost extremity of the

SHELVOCKE'S EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA

peninsula of Lower California. As they approached, the Indians on shore made fires in the evening. Two of them came off on a log, and were induced to come on board, recognizing the English as their friends, for Woodes Rogers had landed here ten years before. Seeing the negroes aboard the ship standing promiscuously among the white Englishmen, the red men angrily separated the blacks from the whites and would hardly permit the negroes to look at the white men!

Shelvocke anchored at Porto Seguro and soon established friendly relations with the Indians. "The Californians, however, appeared very terrible to our Negroes, who greatly feared these Indians." Shelvocke sent a negro cook ashore with a large boiler, some sugar and flour, and had him continually boil Indian pudding, to keep up his friendship with the Indians. This established friendly relations between the Indians and the negroes, and all was well. The Indians would help roll the water-casks down to the beach, if a white man would assist them by even touching a cask with the tip of his fingers.

Indeed, the Indians every day grew more friendly and more attached to Shelvocke's men, but they always grew very excited when they saw the English trying to take snuff or look through a telescope, and would rush up and try to prevent them! They navigated their coastal waters on rafts made of five logs fastened together, using double-bladed paddles to propel them. Their dispositions seemed to be peculiarly affectionate and good-natured; they seldom walked alone anywhere, but went mostly in pairs, arm in arm, or hand in hand. They came out in

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crowds when they visited the ship, and assisted in wooding it. The Chief himself picked up a log and three hundred other Indians followed suit, which greatly shortened the work for the crew. Shelvocke once saw the Indians dive in the sea and catch a gigantic ray, fifteen feet wide, by frightening it and driving it ashore.

Porto Seguro is two leagues northeast from Cape San Lucas and is a good safe port, "and very convenient for privateers who were cruising for the Manila ship," says Shelvocke.

Shelvocke was reported to have found large quantities of gold-dust in the adjacent streams in Lower California, but he himself says: "We endeavored to wash and purify some of this gold, and the more this was done, the more it appeared like gold. In order to be satisfied further as to this, I brought away some of this earth; but it was afterwards lost, during our troubles in China."

Like other navigators of that time, Shelvocke did not know whether California was an island or a peninsula. His map was one of the old type, like that of Dampier and Rogers, showing California to be an island.

TROUBLE IN CHINA

On August 18, 1721, Shelvocke set sail for Canton, China, as he thought it a good place to meet some other English ship, aboard which his crew might return to England. His own ship was in very bad shape, with the hull leaking, the sails and rigging rotten, and his crew weak in numbers and health. He had only thirty white men and some negroes.

TROUBLE IN CHINA

Dropping down to No. Lat. 13°, he sailed westward along the parallel. In a fortnight the scurvy set in, because the crew ate too many sweet things. The ship leaked so badly that the pumps were useless; and when, delayed by contrary winds, he was still eighty leagues from Guam he had only six men fit for duty. During rough weather, the bowsprit broke loose and the mainmast lost its larboard shrouds, so they unlaid their best cable to make heavier ropes. They spliced the old shrouds until they went to pieces. Shelvocke became very ill and was expected to die, but finally recovered.

They passed between Guam and Serpana and steered for Formosa, which they sighted on November third. The crew were all sick, but they sailed on for China and anchored at Macao, near the entrance of Canton River. A pilot took the ship up the river and anchored it near some English ships. One of the sailors, named Griffith, who was anxious to get away like all the rest of the crew, was chased by a Chinese customs-officer trying to collect duty from him. He was drunk and did not want to part with any of the silver booty he had with him, and he shot and killed the Chinaman.

Next morning, the dead body was laid at the door of the English factory, outside which Chinese officers lay in wait to seize the first Englishman who came out. The supercargo of an English ship happened to be the man. He was captured and conveyed in chains to Canton. When news of this was bruited about, however, Griffith, who had been put in irons aboard another English ship, was sent to Canton, and the supercargo released.

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“I had not been here many days,” complained Shelvocke, “when I was deserted by all my officers and men, who were busily engaged in attending to their own affairs, whilst I lay sick and knew nothing about this.” Everybody deserted the ship except Shelvocke, his son and a few negroes. “The officers of the English ships here were willing to help me, but the supercargoes of the East Indiamen treated me like an enemy, rather than a fellow-countryman, even in this neutral port.”

The Captains of these East Indiamen, to whom Shelvocke finally made application, agreed to take him and his crew to England, after he had shown them his commission signed by the King. They grudgingly allowed passage, if they paid for it, but refused to take any part of their cargo, unless it was consigned to the East India Company in London.

Shelvocke now had other serious troubles. He greatly feared that the Chinese would seize his ship, as the head customs-officers had charged him twenty-one hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling for anchorage fees, six times more than the largest English ship had ever paid there. Despairing of other recourse, he sold her for six hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling, and consigned the money to the East India Company, together with all the rest of his effects.

Though he was still very ill, he left in an East India ship, in December of 1721, arriving at London on August 1, 1722. He had taken about three and one-half years in his circumnavigation of the globe.



Ships Attacked by Pirates

ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLEMENT

ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLEMENT

Shelvocke was immediately involved in a lot of trouble because of the maliciousness of Betagh, who had written to the owners of the company from Lima. This double traitor himself came to London in October. He now copiously villified Shelvocke in order to clear his own skirts of the treachery he had displayed in accepting a Spanish commission and sailing out in a ship to attack vessels that were both English and the property of the company that had hired him. He said, among other things, that the *Concepcion de Receiva's* cargo was valued at \$180,636, which Shelvocke had divided among the twenty-three men of his crew. This part of Betagh's account seems to have been true, according to a list which was found on the person of Shelvocke's first mate, Stewart, who arrived at Dover a few days after his Captain.

Shelvocke apparently had said nothing to the owners of the company about the capture of this booty. When he called upon them on his arrival in London, they had him confined in the jail known as the Wood Street Compter.

Shelvocke really seems to have appropriated \$14,325 of this sum. There was question also of six hundred and twenty-seven quadruples of gold. These coins were called double-doubloons and were equal to sixteen dollars each. The total value of this booty, ten thousand and thirty-two dollars, was divided between the two Shelvookes and the Stewarts, after they had hidden the bag of gold quadruples.

Shelvocke was accused not only of embezzling the prop-

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erty of the company, in retaining large sums for his own use, but also of piracy, in having captured the ship *Sacra Familia* after he had been notified that peace was declared between Spain and Britain.

His affairs soon became enmeshed in the mazes of the law-courts; but, by judiciously disgorging some of his plunder in the shape of bribes, he managed to escape from England with a large portion of his ill-gotten gains and thenceforth lived abroad upon the Continent.

CHAPTER XIV

GEORGE ANSON'S DISASTERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

AN OFFICIAL EXPEDITION

“The War of the Merchants,” as Sir Robert Walpole truthfully called it, broke out between Spain and Britain in 1740, largely owing to the desire of the merchants of Spain to retain the monopoly of trade with the Spanish colonies, and the desire of English merchants to break it. In the fall of 1739, the English Government foresaw its approach and planned several naval expeditions against the Spanish possessions overseas, all of which were confidently expected more than to pay for themselves by the booty to be derived from the Spanish ships and towns.

Its ostensible objects were political and solely designed to humble “the power of Spain in her most valuable and vulnerable possessions,” but the actual idea and hidden intent of the ruling politicians of England was simply—loot!

The British officials decided upon Captain George Anson, then commanding a war-ship in African waters, as the leader of one of these expeditions, and a ship was sent to order him to return immediately to England.

Anson had entered the Royal Navy at an early age and

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gradually risen in rank by promotion. He was noted for his coolness and equanimity of temper. Exceedingly taciturn, he introduced an almost Prussian discipline in the British Navy. He "revived that bold and close method of fighting within pistol-shot, formerly so successfully employed by Blake and Shovel." He had a high reputation for duty, for moderation in the use of his powers, and, withal, for the affection his sailors had for him—a most unusual combination.

It is of interest to Americans that in 1723 Anson had been sent in the man-of-war *Scarborough* to South Carolina, to protect the commerce of the colonies from the depredations of pirates; and also to stop all illegal intercourse. Britain, like other countries of that day, had the idea that colonies were designed simply to benefit the mother country and be milked for her profit, regardless of the colonists' own welfare. She forbade her colonies in America to have commercial relations with other nations, while at the same time she tried to bully other powers into allowing their colonies to trade with her subjects.

In that cruise of his off the American coast, Anson was ordered also to watch for the cruisers of Spain, which had been instructed to harass and impede the progress of the British colonies. Spain was particularly jealous of the new colony of Georgia, which bordered the Spanish colony of Florida.

Between 1724 and 1738 Anson made three voyages "to North Carolina, and having acquired considerable wealth, purchased a North Carolina estate, where he

AN OFFICIAL EXPEDITION

erected a small town bearing his own name, which gave the name of Anson County to the surrounding district."

Three weeks after the declaration of war between Spain and Britain, Anson arrived in England. He set to work to prepare for the expedition to the South Seas, but he met difficulties. He was not able to obtain his full complement of sailors. Instead of receiving able-bodied soldiers, he was given a lot of aged, worn-out invalid pensioners of Chelsea College, who had spent the best part of their lives in the service of their country, but were now herded aboard the ships, and perished nearly to a man, during this fateful cruise.

The officials connived at a scheme of the agent-victualers to take a lot of merchandise aboard the war-ships and sell it for their own benefit. Anson partly blocked this plan, although twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods were stowed in the auxiliary vessels accompanying the expedition, under the plea that they could be used to barter for provisions, instead of paying money for them. So many invalids deserted that they shipped, at Portsmouth, two hundred and ten new marines, just recruited, none of whom had yet been taught how to fire a gun!

One delay after another was caused by various events, which eventually forced Anson to round Cape Horn at the very worst season of the year. Moreover, Spain got word of the expedition and sent out a squadron of six war-ships, including four sail-of-the-line, under Admiral Pizarro, to intercept him on his voyage to the Cape.

After waiting for certain merchant-fleets to assemble,

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Anson's squadron sailed from St. Helens on September 18, 1740. It was composed of five men-of-war, a sloop-of-war, and two victualers. These ships were as follows:

Centurion, 60 guns, 400 men, commanded by
Anson himself.

Gloucester, 50 guns, 300 men; Captain Norris.

Severn, 50 guns, 300 men; Captain Hon. Legg.

Pearl, 40 guns, 250 men; Captain Mitchell.

Wager, 28 guns, 160 men; Captain Dandy Kidd.

Tryal, Sloop, 8 guns, 100 men; Hon. John Murray.

The two victualers, the *Industry* and the *Anna*, were pinks, the larger being four hundred tons, and were to carry provisions for the fleet until the war-ships had used up all they had on board; then the pinks were to transfer their cargoes to the war-ships, and be dismissed and sent home.

England expected great things of this expedition. Anson had received a commission as Commodore, but was not to hoist a broad pendant or have a captain to command his flag-ship, the *Centurion*. So well were the Spaniards informed of his movements that Pizarro knew the size, shape and color of the pendant that Anson adopted; and using it, he almost captured the *Pearl* later on.

Anson appointed St. Catherine's Island, Brazil, as the first rendezvous, in case his ships became separated, and then set sail thither across the South Atlantic; stopping at sea three days to transfer the brandy in the *Industry*—whose master wanted her discharged—into the other ships, although they still had many provisions aboard. The other pink, the *Anna*, accompanied the squadron. He



Commodore Anson

From Sir John Barrow's *Life of Lord Anson*, 1839

AN OFFICIAL EXPEDITION

dismissed the *Industry*, which sailed to Barbadoes for a cargo, and thence for England, but was captured en route by the Spaniards (and served her master right!).

With these additional provisions the ships lay so deep in the water that their lower ports could not safely be opened, though their many sick men badly needed fresh air below. Anson had six air-scuttles cut in the ships, which afforded great relief. In spite of this measure, however, a considerable number died at sea from the calenture; and all rejoiced to see Brazil on December eighteenth, when they arrived at St. Catherine's.

The ships needed fresh food badly. Anson hastened to get his sick men ashore; eighty of the *Centurion* alone were very ill. Here they cleaned their ships and scraped them, smoked them between decks, calked their sides and decks, overhauled their rigging, laid in supplies of wood and water, and repaired and secured their rather rotten masts for the passage round Cape Horn. He lowered some of his largest guns into the holds, to stiffen the ships and allow them to carry more sail.

In the days of Shelvocke, St. Catherine's was a refuge for outlaws, who had no money but plenty of food and were most hospitable to the ships of all nations that visited them; trading off provisions for clothes, and refusing money, for which they had no use. These "honest vagabonds" and their ragged and bare-legged Captain now had a regular Portuguese Governor from Brazil with a garrison of soldiers. Sentries prevented the people from selling provisions to Anson, except at exorbitant prices, which he could not afford to pay.

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This reprehensible Portuguese official was secretly engaged in exchanging gold for the silver of the Spaniards, which was a contraband trade, designed to cheat the Kings of Spain and Portugal out of their royal fifths. Although England was an old and traditional friend of Portugal, the treacherous Governor sent word to Buenos Aires, where Admiral Pizarro lay with his fleet, concerning Anson's arrival and the number and strength of his ships.

Anson was told that in the old days the Indians near Rio de Janeiro had used gold fish-hooks. The Portuguese noticed this and found out where they got the gold, with the result that the Brazilian placers now annually produced ten million dollars' worth of gold. In the gold washings, many diamonds had been thrown away, because no one recognized them in the rough. In 1720 some one there said that the supposed pebbles were really diamonds. The Governor of Brazil heard of this, before the fact was surely known, and collected a large number, pretending to use them as markers in his card games. Specimens were sent to European jewelers, who declared them fine diamonds; whereupon the King of Portugal formed an exclusive company, with control of all diamonds found in Brazil. Such was the power of this company that the six thousand inhabitants of a large town and district were bodily deported elsewhere, to prevent them from securing any of the diamonds. The Paulists were conquered and expelled for the same reason.

Anson finally secured fresh meat and full allowance for his men, using the provisions on board the pink *Anna*.

AN OFFICIAL EXPEDITION

All were glad to leave St. Catherine's Island, on January 18, 1741, after appointing various rendezvous in the South Seas and at Macao. The squadron ran into a bad storm, and the *Pearl* became separated from it. The *Tryal* lost its mast. But the squadron sailed on, and on February seventeenth anchored at San Julian on the coast of Patagonia. Next day, the *Pearl* joined up, cleared for action, reporting that a week before it had seen five large ships, of which the flag-ship carried a broad red pendant exactly like that of Anson's on the *Centurion*. The *Pearl* had therefore approached to within gun-shot, before she saw her mistake, and then made all sail away. The strangers pursued her but did not dare cross a tide-ripple near the shore through which the *Pearl* had fled. The Spaniards had chased her all day, but the *Pearl* had out-sailed them, and now brought word that Pizarro's squadron included two seventy-gun ships, two of fifty guns and one of forty guns.

On hearing this, Anson ordered the guns raised from the holds and remounted, and also directed that part of the provisons aboard the war-ships should be loaded on the pink *Anna*, so as to clear their guns for action. Hitherto, the *Tryal* had been towed by the *Gloucester*, but her lost mast was now replaced.

With all his careful preparation Anson did not fail to note the vast packs of wild dogs which coursed over the Patagonian plains, the descendants of the dogs from the Spanish settlements. In his account of the expedition he comments also on the huge herds of wild horses and cattle, and the lassoes with which the natives caught

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them. And he smiled at the penguins which, as Sir John Narborough had said on his voyage thither, resembled "little children standing up in white aprons."

Anson held a council, which agreed to capture Valdivia, the principal town in Southern Chile, as his instructions from his sovereign ordered him to secure a port in the South Seas where ships could be careened and refitted. New rendezvous were fixed, and his ships were ordered to keep within two miles of the *Centurion*, the watch-officers "to answer at their peril."

They sailed from San Julian on February twenty-seventh, although the *Gloucester* could not get her best bower-anchor loose from the sea-bottom and had to cut the cable.

They now daily expected to meet Pizarro, but sailed on, with only a little wind, until March fourth, which found them twenty-one miles from the Straits of Magellan. Three days later, they opened Le Maire Straits, where a swift tide carried them through in two hours, though the passage is twenty-one miles long. Rejoicing at this unexpected good luck, the English deemed they already held in their hands "the gold of Chile and the silver of Peru." But they had counted their chickens before they were hatched. Fierce squalls soon bore down on them, and as the tide turned, it swept them back again through the straits with prodigious rapidity.

GREAT DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY STORMS

During the next three months the squadron met an endless succession of troubles, as storm followed storm.

GREAT DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY STORMS

The tempests raged with incredible violence. Even the oldest seamen swore they had never seen such short and mountainous waves, any one of which would have sunk a ship if it had boarded her. The continual gales kept the men in a state of terror; and some indeed were killed or wounded by falling as the ships rolled. The rigging often gave way, the upper works got loose, and all were wet, both day and night; even the officers had to lie down in wet beds. The sails were so badly ripped that they often had to lie to under bare poles to make repairs. The mainyard of the *Gloucester* was broken in the slings—a grievous misfortune; the *Tryal* leaked, and a sea broke in on her larboard corner, stove in the quarter galley and rushed into the ship like a deluge. Her shrouds gave way, and the straps of the main dead-eyes broke. The *Wager* lost her mizzenmast and her maintopsail-yard, and all the chain-plates to windward gave way. The pink *Anna* broke her forestay and part of her bowsprit.

About the end of March they were ten leagues west of Tierra del Fuego; and a fortnight later were about one degree south of the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan. Here they expected to find the Pacific really tranquil, but were forced to steer south, with many of their men sick and dying. They had lost sight of the *Pearl* and the *Severn*, and although they beat about, looking for them, “we never saw them more!” Full of gloomy forebodings, they sailed away to the southwest, quite convinced that they had taken the wrong season to round the Horn.

During a tremendous storm in April, the topsails of

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the *Centurion* split; the maintopsail shook so that it carried away the top lanthorn; and next day found her alone on the vast ocean. Her consorts were nowhere to be seen.

At the end of April, the *Centurion* was to the north of the Straits of Magellan, and Anson hoped they were now in the South Seas; but May only brought worse storms and sufferings. The scurvy, which had cost forty-three lives in April, grew even worse and during May cost eighty more. They had lost over two hundred men and now had only six foremast men to a watch capable of doing duty.

They were off the Isle of Socorro early in May and cruised about for some days, looking for the other ships and meeting with terrible storms along that savage and formidable coast. At one time "a sudden electric ball of fire darted along their deck, splitting in two with a loud report, and wounding many officers and men, and leaving strange markings on different parts of their bodies."

On the twenty-second all previous storms seemed to combine into an awful hurricane that split all the sails and broke the greater part of the standing rigging. At eight P. M. a huge wave struck the starboard quarter, giving the ship a tremendous shock. Some of the shrouds broke, and the masts nearly went overboard. The ballast and stores shifted so strangely that the *Centurion* heeled over two streaks to port, filling all with the utmost consternation, for they thought she would founder instantly. After nearly driving ashore on the Island of Chiloe, they cruised about for a fortnight. Meeting none of the other ships and concluding that they must indeed be lost, they

REUNION OF THE FLEET AT JUAN FERNANDEZ

decided to ignore Valdivia and sail to Juan Fernandez Island.

The *Centurion* was in bad shape, and five or six men died daily, as she sailed westward. On May twenty-eighth they thought they saw Juan Fernandez, but later decided that it must have been only a cloud. Because of the crude methods of navigation then in use, they found it necessary to make a landfall by turning about and sailing eastward, to get a new departure. Two days later, they saw Chiloe thirteen leagues to the east; and then went about and stood to the westward again.

REUNION OF THE FLEET AT JUAN FERNANDEZ

They finally reached Juan Fernandez on June ninth, having lost many men during this unnecessary detour. There were now only two hundred men left alive, and most of these were sick. Even with their officers, servants and boys, they could not muster enough hands to work so large a war-ship properly. They had only two quartermasters and six foremast hands left that were able to be about—and this on a sixty-gun ship, which three months earlier had passed through Le Maire Straits with between four and five hundred men, most of them fairly well!

Anson at once put up tents on the island for his sick. He landed one hundred and sixty-seven of them, fourteen of whom died while being carried in the small-boats. The Commodore himself helped to move these poor wretches ashore in hammocks, and made his officers lend a hand.

Anson had some garden seed and fruit-pits with him.

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He proceeded to plant a vegetable garden for their own use and for the benefit of such British as might land on the island in the future. All these grew and thrive mightily, as Spanish navigators later reported to London.

Anson verified the tale of our old friend, Alexander Selkirk, who had lived on Juan Fernandez thirty-two years before, about his marking the goats that he did not care to eat. Anson wrote: "It happened that the first goat killed by our people, after they landed, had its ears slit, whence we concluded that it had formerly been caught by Selkirk. This was an animal of most venerable aspect, and bearing many marks of great age. During our stay, we met with others marked in the same manner, all the males being distinguished by exuberant beards, with every other characteristic of extreme age."

The huge packs of dogs, which, as we have seen, were brought hither by the Spaniards to exterminate the wild goats and cats, had now killed off all but about two hundred of the goats and almost all the cats. They annoyed Anson's men by stealing food out of their tents at night, and they devoured the remains of the seals on which the crew now mostly lived. Among the huge sea-lions infesting the beaches was one of great size, always surrounded by a large flock of females. Hence the sailors named it the Bashaw. One sailor, who was skinning a young seal he had killed, was suddenly set upon by its mother, which seized his head in her jaws and so grievously wounded him that he died.

The sloop *Tryal* sailed in on the eighteenth, having



A Sea-Lion and Lioness
From Walter's Voyage of Anson, 1748

REUNION OF THE FLEET AT JUAN FERNANDEZ

been to Juan Fernandez before, looking for Anson. After waiting a fortnight and more, when they despaired of ever again meeting any of the other ships, a sail appeared close to the island, and to their great joy they saw that it was the *Gloucester*.

Suspecting her condition, Anson at once sent off to her water, fish and vegetables. The *Gloucester* had buried two-thirds of her crew, and now only its officers and the servants were able to work. The wind and current prevented her coming near enough to anchor; so Anson despatched another boat loaded with supplies, and the captain of the *Gloucester* had to retain its crew to work his ship. Indeed, incredible as it may seem, it was over a month before a favorable wind enabled the *Gloucester* to sail in and anchor alongside the *Centurion*. She had by this time lost three-fourths of her crew through sickness. Only eighty skeletons of men were left of all that gallant company who had sailed from England aboard her.

About the middle of August, the pink *Anna*, the victualer, joined the three other ships at Juan Fernandez, after spending two months, for some unknown reason, in a landlocked harbor in southernmost and uninhabited Chile, instead of searching for her comrades.

Lacking ropes with which to repair their rigging, the sailors unlayed a cable to obtain temporary cordage. The *Centurion* had but one suit of sails left, having lost all the rest in the storms about Cape Horn. All the men were busy, some trying out oil from sea-lions for their lamps, others repairing the ship; while still others payed the sides of the vessels with the oil mixed with wood

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ashes, a substitute for tallow. Two Newfoundlanders in the crew salted large quantities of the huge cod found off the island. As soon as the *Anna* joined them, all rejoiced in full rations of bread and plenty of other provisions; and presently the decimated survivors of this scurvy-blighted cruise began to get well again.

About the end of December, they unloaded the pink and found that much of her provisions had spoiled, as she leaked badly. When Anson dismissed her from the service of his squadron, her Captain said that she needed thorough repairs before she would be fit to return to England. The carpenters made a survey and reported that she could not be repaired here; so her Captain sold her, for her owners, to Anson for three hundred pounds sterling. Anson had her broken up after he had taken off her rigging, stores and anchors, and sent all her crew to the undermanned *Gloucester*.

These ships had left England with nine hundred and sixty-one men, of whom now six hundred and twenty-six had died, leaving only three hundred and thirty-five alive! One can gather from these significant and appalling figures what a dread scourge was scurvy to the sailor on long voyages, even at that comparatively late day.

The fighting strength of the ships was so reduced that they were in no shape to wage offensive warfare against the Spanish power in the South Seas, and their original plans had to be almost wholly abandoned. All they could do now was to take such prizes at sea as they were able, before their presence was discovered by the Spanish authorities; and then take to flight across the Pacific and

IN PURSUIT OF PRIZES

make for home, deeming themselves fortunate if they ever saw merry England again!

IN PURSUIT OF PRIZES

While still at Juan Fernandez, they saw the sails of a ship bearing down upon the *Centurion*, showing Spanish colors and signaling. It evidently took fright, for it hauled close to the wind and stood off to the south. Anson briskly chased the big stranger, which he thought might be a war-ship of Pizarro. He had all the officers' cabins knocked down, and they were thrown overboard with some provisions and water that were stored between the guns of the lower tier. The *Centurion* was cleared ready for action, and when it was close upon the enemy, Anson fired four shot into its rigging. At that the Spaniard "lowered its topsails and bore down upon the *Centurion*, with its staysails and topgallantsails fluttering in the wind, having let them run, and no one would venture aloft to take them in"—for fear of being shot by the English.

The prize turned out to be the *Nuestra Señora del Monte Carmelo*, whose twenty-five terrified passengers made abject submission to Anson. It was laden with merchandise, some trunks full of wrought silver plate, and twenty-three packages of dollars each weighing two hundred pounds, amounting in value to eighty thousand dollars. This ship was bound from Callao to Valparaiso with two other Spanish ships, one of which Anson had chased the day before.

From these prisoners and some papers aboard their

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ship, Anson first learned certainly about the mission of Pizarro's squadron, and its design to capture him. The fate of this Spanish squadron in its attempt to round the Horn and pursue Anson was almost as disastrous as that which had overtaken the English. Pizarro had been driven far to the eastward by a storm and had lost two of his largest ships. One of them foundered at sea, and the other was wrecked on the coast of Brazil. Pizarro then put into the Rio de la Plata. In the end, only the *Asia* of all his powerful squadron returned to Spain!

Anson took on board the *Centurion* the silver and passengers from this prize and then sailed with the *Carmelo* to Juan Fernandez. His Spanish prisoners could not believe that the little *Tryal* had come all the way from England around the Horn, when the best war-ships of Spain had been driven back from the stormy cape.

Anson sent the *Tryal* to cruise off Valparaiso; and the guns of the pink *Anna* were transferred and mounted on the prize. Anson put twenty-three of the captured sailors on the *Gloucester*, to help work her; and ordered her Captain to proceed at once toward Payta and cruise around out of sight of the land. The *Centurion*, accompanied by the *Carmelo*, left Juan Fernandez on September nineteenth to join the *Tryal* off Valparaiso.

A few days later, Anson descried two sails, one of them a large ship, into which the *Centurion* was about to pour a broadside when he found it to be a prize made by the *Tryal*, which also came up now, with its masts disabled as usual.

This prize was the *Arranzazu*, six hundred tons, thirty-

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two guns, one of the largest ships in the South Seas and often employed by the Viceroy of Peru as a man-of-war. She was a prime sailer, but “the Spaniards were at first alarmed by seeing nothing but a cloud of sail in pursuit of them, as the hull of the *Tryal* lay so low in the water, that no part of it could be seen” from a distance. The *Arranzazu* fled as fast as she could, altering her course at night, after shutting the cabin windows to keep their lights from being seen by the enemy. Unluckily, a crevice allowed a ray to escape, and this the *Tryal* pursued. She finally got within gun-shot of the Spanish ship and gave her a broadside, just as the latter was congratulating herself on having escaped. The *Arranzazu* kept on, and the *Tryal* was about to give her another broadside, when the Spaniards crept up from below, lowered their sails and surrendered. The *Tryal* captured twenty-five thousand dollars in silver on this prize.

The *Tryal* had sprung its mainmast, and its maintopmast had gone by the board. To make matters worse, a fresh gale sprang up just as she came up to the *Centurion*, and now she sprung her foremast, so that she had no masts left on which to carry sail, especially as there was a fierce wind and “a very hollow sea.” The *Centurion* therefore had to lie to alongside the *Tryal*, which was in great distress. The captain of the latter told Anson that his ship was not only dismasted but leaked so badly that even the officers had to pump, and the water was gaining on them. They had no means of fixing her, so Anson decided to take off her crew and destroy her.

The Commodore thereupon appointed the *Carmelo*,

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which he renamed the *Tryal's Prize*, as a frigate in H. M. service, sending the crew of the *Tryal* aboard her, and issuing commissions to her Captain and officers. The guns of both the *Tryal* and the *Anna* were mounted on her, giving her twenty guns. Everything of value having been taken off the *Tryal*, she was scuttled and sunk.

Sailing to the northward, Anson was off the headland of Barranca, when he sighted a ship and chased her. He lost her during the night, but in the morning saw her making out to sea. He therefore put his helm a-weather, stood toward her and gave her fourteen shots, whereupon she surrendered.

Anson sent the third lieutenant and sixteen men aboard the prize, which was the *Santa Teresa de Jesus*, three hundred tons, bound from Guayaquil to Callao. She carried a cargo of local merchandise which would have been of great value, if the British could have sold it on the spot; but the Spaniards had strict orders not to ransom their ships when captured, so all the goods that the English took in the South Seas were of no cash value to them. "Yet, it was some satisfaction, that it was so much real loss to the enemy, and that despoiling them was no contemptible part of the service in which we were employed, and so far was beneficial to our country."

Besides a crew of forty-five men this prize had aboard ten Spanish passengers, one of whom was a young girl of great beauty. She feared lest sailors who had not seen a woman for twelve months might attempt her virtue. The Lieutenant, however, reassured her, and the Commodore ordered the women kept apart in the ship, under guard.

THE CAPTURE AND SACK OF PAYTA

They were off the Lobos Islands on November tenth, when they tried to chase a sail but as there was no wind, the barge and pinnace, well manned and armed, went after and captured this prize. She was the *Nuestra Señora del Carmen*, two hundred and seventy tons, with a cargo of steel, iron, wax, pepper, cedar, European goods, cinnamon, rosaries and papal indulgences. The indulgences were of little value to the English, but of much to the Spaniards, who had paid four hundred thousand dollars for them. The ship was bound from Panama to Callao. Aboard her was one John Williams, an Irish papist, who had made some money in Mexico, but had been stripped of it there. He was now in rags, lately released from the Payta jail, and was delighted to see his countrymen again. Williams said that a Spanish vessel had lately been chased into Payta by a very large ship, which apparently was the *Gloucester*. He also informed Anson that there was a considerable sum of money in the Payta custom-house, belonging to Lima merchants, which was to be shipped aboard a vessel then at Payta to the Bay of Sansonatte on the Mexican coast, in order to purchase part of the cargo of the incoming Manila galleon.

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Anson therefore made up his mind to proceed toward Payta. Rain almost never falls on that town, but in 1728 it had actually rained, and a number of the buildings had “moldered away and melted as it were,” being made mostly of fragile materials.

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Anson planned a night attack to be made in the boats only (as the approach of ships would alarm the town)—the eighteen-oared barge and two pinnaces, with fifty-eight well-armed men, directed by two of their captured Spanish pilots. Anson told his prisoners they would be set free ashore, if the pilots acted in good faith; if not, they would be taken to England, and shot there.

At ten P. M. Lieutenant Brett set off with the armed boats and entered the mouth of the bay, but the Spaniards aboard an anchored ship perceived his approach, rowed ashore in their boat and ran toward the fort, shouting—"The English! The English!"

The whole town was instantly alarmed. Lights began to appear in the fort. But the English boats pulled briskly in, though the fort fired on them before they could land, and one cannon-ball passed just over their heads. Under this stirring incentive, the Britishers lost no time in getting ashore. One of the Spanish pilots led them through a narrow street, which protected them from the fire of the fort, to the central square of the town, of which the fort formed one side, and the house of the Governor the other.

The shouts and clamor of threescore sailors landing at night, after being so long confined aboard ship, carried terror to the hearts of the Spaniards. They were as joyous and boisterous as seamen always are when they land, and were further animated by the hope of immense pillage. Their loud yells convinced the astounded Spaniards that there were at least three hundred of them.

Thus intimidated, the townsmen thought more of flight,

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that night, than of resistance. The merchants who owned the treasure stored in Payta gathered on the gallery of the Governor's house and fired a volley at the English, but fled on receiving a volley in return.

Lieutenant Brett divided his forces. One party he ordered to surround the house of the Governor and capture him if possible. He took command of the other party himself and sped off to seize the fort, whose defenders jumped over the walls and ran away at sight of the English. The fort fell into Brett's hands without resistance.

Most of the inhabitants were abed when the town was surprised and made off in such haste that they did not even take time to put on their clothes. "The governor was not the last to secure himself in the general rout, for he fled betimes half-naked, leaving his wife behind him, a young lady of seventeen, to whom he had only been married three days. Yet, she also was carried off half-naked, by a couple of Spanish sentries, just as our detachment came to surprise the house."

The town was mastered in less than a quarter of an hour after the landing, with loss to the English of only one killed and two wounded. The Honorable Mr. Keppell, son of the Earl of Albemarle, had a narrow escape, as the jockey-cap he wore had its visor shaved off close to his temple. Brett placed a guard at the fort, one at the Governor's house, and sentinels at the ends of the streets, to prevent the town being surprised by the enemy, and its plunder "from being embezzled." He seized the custom-house in which the treasure was lodged and put into a church, under guard, all the people left except some

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stout negroes. These he employed under guard, that night, in removing treasure from the custom-house and other places to the fort.

The escape of the Governor was a serious calamity. Anson had urged on Brett the importance of his capture, for he wished to treat with him for the ransom of Payta.

The Jack-tars were now chiefly engaged in transporting treasure, yet they could not be entirely prevented from entering houses in search of private pillage. The first to do so saw the fine clothes left by the fleeing Spaniards, embroidered and profusely laced. They seized upon this glittering dress and put it on over their dirty trousers and jackets, not forgetting to don also the tye or bag-wigs and laced hats of the absent owners.

“When this had once begun, there was no possibility of preventing the whole detachment from imitating their example; but those who came last into this fashion, were forced to take up with women’s gowns and petticoats, which, providing they were fine enough, they made no scruple of putting on and blending with their greasy dress. So that, when a party of them first made their appearance in that guise before Lieutenant Brett, he was extremely surprised at their grotesque exhibition, and could hardly believe that they were his own men.”

Next morning, Commodore Anson stood in to shore, and with much joy saw the English flag floating over the fort. He entered the bay, and soon the pinnace came out to the *Centurion*, loaded with silver dollars and the plate of which they had robbed the church—a remarkable exploit indeed for Her Majesty’s Royal Navy!

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Brett went on collecting treasure, plundering private as well as public buildings, while the local Spaniards assembled on the adjacent hill in a military array that did not at all alarm the English.

At night, Anson sent more men ashore, to guard the streets, whose entrances he had protected by erecting barricades six feet high.

In Payta, they found many warehouses full of valuable goods, but they had no room for them aboard their ships. The Governor had become so inflated by the number of Spaniards who had flocked in and put themselves under his direction, that he was extremely loath to give up his new military command, and did not seem to care about the fate of the town. Anson offered to ransom it, but the Governor made no reply, although informed that the town would be burned, if it was not ransomed.

The second day, the English carried on, collecting dollars, church plate and other valuables and taking them off to the ships. As the number of armed Spaniards was steadily increasing, Anson sent more men to shore that night for guard duty, but all was quiet.

The next day also was spent in carrying the most valuable plunder to the ships. The prisoners were put ashore in the church under guard. Pitch and tar were placed in the houses and some on the windward side of the town were set afire. Thus Payta and all its rich goods were totally destroyed.

After spiking the cannon in the fort, the English re-embarked without loss and proceeded to destroy the ships taken in the harbor, comprising four vessels and two row-

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galleys of thirty-six oars each, which had been built to attack the English, in case they tried to capture Callao and Lima. The *Solidad*, a good sailer, was kept, but the rest were towed out to deep water and their masts cut by the board, after which they were scuttled and sunk.

After weighing anchor, Anson sailed out with six ships—the *Centurion*, the *Tryal* frigate, the *Carmelo*, the *Teresa*, the *Carmen* and the *Solidad*—the last having been given a crew of ten Englishmen, under command of Lieutenant Hughes of the *Tryal*. Anson carried off from Payta wrought plate, dollars and coin to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides rings, jewelry and bracelets. In addition, there was a great deal of plunder taken by the sailors personally, which they claimed as private property. The goods burned were of the richest and most expensive kinds, such as broadcloths, silks, cambrics and velvets. The Spaniards reported to Madrid that they suffered a loss of one million five hundred thousand dollars.

A hot dispute concerning the private plunder taken by the sailors was stirred up by the men who had been cut off from opportunity by not being sent ashore. To quell this disturbance, Anson called all hands to the quarter-deck and made the shore men produce their loot and divide it with the whole crew. Anson gave up his own share to the shore party, and his tact brought peace.

Two days later, he found the *Gloucester* towing a small prize; she had taken only two small ships on her whole cruise—one a snow, laden with wine, brandy and thirty-five thousand dollars in specie, the other a launch, whose



The Burning of the Town of Payta on the Coast of Santa Fee in the South Sea

From Walter's Voyage of Anson, 1748

ANSON FAILS TO MEET THE MANILA GALLEON

crew put on a poor mouth, pretending to have nothing, but—strangely enough—they were caught in the act of eating “pidgeon-pye” served up on silver dishes! The crew said their cargo consisted of cotton, in jars, and the English Lieutenant who opened some of them believed his prisoners. However, when the jars were examined more closely on the *Gloucester*, the English were agreeably surprised “to find the whole a very extraordinary piece of deception, as in every jar there were a considerable number of double-doubloons and dollars concealed amongst the cotton, and amounting in value to £12,000.” “A remarkable case of false package,” Walter calls it.

ANSON FAILS TO MEET THE MANILA GALLEON

As the Spaniards had laid a general embargo on their ships in the South Seas, “the only feasible measure that now remained was to steer as soon as possible for the southern parts of California, or the adjacent coast of Mexico, and cruise there for the Manila galleon, which was now known to be at sea on her voyage eastward to Acapulco from Manila.”

It was only the middle of November, and the huge lumbering galleon usually did not arrive at Acapulco until the middle of January. Anson thought that it would take him only a month to get to a station at which he could intercept her on her course. So he devoted himself to cruising about in search of other prizes and thus made a fatal mistake.

They anchored off Quibo Island on December fifth, watered their ships and viewed with astonishment sev-

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eral marvels of nature near by. One of these was the flying snake, a most mischievous serpent, the Spaniards said. From its lurking place in the boughs of trees it darts out on man or beast that comes within its reach, and its sting means sure death to its victim.

The English captured lots of turtles, some of them weighing two hundred pounds each, while these monsters were sleeping on the surface of the sea. Divers would jump into the ocean and climb up on the hind end of their backs. This would raise their front flippers in the air and make them easier to capture.

Intent now on getting to a place where they could capture the galleon, Anson told all the ships to sail north of Acapulco and cruise off Cape Corrientes. For a month they were baffled by calms or western storms. On Christmas Day, they saw Cocos Island—that famous haunt of the old buccaneers and reputed hiding place of pirate-plunder. Adventurous craft are still fitted out in California to seek the treasure alleged to be buried on this lonely isle, three hundred miles from the mainland.

By January 9, 1742, they had run only three hundred miles farther; and as their hope of falling in with an eastern trade-wind failed them, they made little progress. Every day lost meant a lessening of their chances. The season for the galleon's arrival at Acapulco was soon past, but they hoped she might have been delayed in her voyage across the Pacific. So they sailed landward, and on January twenty-sixth were north of Acapulco.

Two nights later, they saw something which they mistook for the lights of the galleon. They sped toward it,

ANSON FAILS TO MEET THE MANILA GALLEON

loading their great guns with two round-shot and a stand of grape for their first broadside. All hands were kept at their quarters, and Anson ordered that no gun should be fired at the foe until he was within pistol-shot of the galleon and gave the orders. However, when morning came, they perceived their "mortifying delusion"; they had been chasing only a gigantic will-o'-the-wisp, in the shape of a forest fire on the mountain ashore.

It was now the end of January. They were in the direct track of the Manila galleon, and Anson still did not know for certain whether it had arrived at Acapulco. The Spaniards said the galleon sometimes did not get in until the middle of February. Anson resolved to send a small boat into the harbor of Acapulco at night, to find out the truth. The boat returned in two days, saying that there was no "Acapulco" in that particular locality! Anson had gone to the wrong place, through the mistake of his Spanish pilot!

On February twelfth he sailed eastward and sent off his barge to hunt for Acapulco. The barge reported that it lay one hundred and fifty miles to the southeast. Anson soon captured some men in a canoe, who told him that the galleon had arrived at Acapulco twenty days before. She had unloaded her cargo and was now taking in water and provisions for her return trip to Manila. Her departure was set for March fourteenth. The English rejoiced at this news, as her west-bound cargo was mainly silver coin and bullion, which she had received from the sale of her east-bound cargo—and accordingly was double in value.

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"Thus we were for a second time engaged in an eager expectation of meeting with this Manila ship, which by the fame of its wealth, we had been taught to consider as the most desirable prize to be met with in any part of the world"—a naive and significant confession of one of the main objects of this semi-buccaneering expedition.

Anson finally arrived off Acapulco on March first, and kept seventy-five miles out at sea, spreading his squadron out fan-wise, and covering a sweep of seventy-two miles with his five ships so as to be sure to catch the galleon on her coming out. He reenforced the crews of the *Centurion* and the *Gloucester* from the English seamen aboard his prizes. His amateur negro sailors had been trained for two months in the handling of the great guns and were promised their freedom, if they behaved well.

Anson waited for the galleon for some time, but his cutter reported she was still at Acapulco. As a matter of fact, the Spaniards had discovered he was lying in wait for her, and the Viceroy had laid an embargo on her departure until the following year, although the Spanish merchants said that her crew of six hundred men could easily beat off Anson's small force of three hundred.

Anson, therefore, planned to take Acapulco and so capture the treasure aboard the galleon in its harbor. But he discovered that, in addition to the garrison of the harbor fort and the crew of the galleon, there were in the city at least a thousand well-armed soldiers who had come here with the treasure, when it was brought down from the City of Mexico. To succeed in the daring enterprise, it would be necessary to surprise the place.

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This meant a night attack, which was impossible. Near the shore there was always a dead calm at night, which would prevent the ships from approaching. Even when a breeze sprang up toward morning, it always blew off the land. And Anson had to keep well out at sea during the daytime.

Calms ensued, and as they had water for only ten days, they sailed away to obtain more, after taking the most valuable parts of the cargoes off the *Carmelo* and the *Carmen* and loading it on the other ships. The cutter was left to cruise off Acapulco for a while. At Dampier's port of Chequetan they obtained water, but a foraging party sent out to secure provisions did not succeed in getting any, either by force or by offering to pay for them. Lieutenant Brett, however, brought back several specimens of the torpedo-fish. It was flat, like the fiddle-fish, and evidently charged with electricity, for "whoever handles this or even puts a foot upon it, is presently seized with a numbness all over him, especially in the limb touching it." Chaplain Walter said he touched one with a cane, with the result that his arm "became quite numb, which sensation lasted until the next day"; but the mysterious power of this fish disappeared when it died.

Anson now had only enough men left to form the crew of a fourth-grade man-of-war, which was not enough to handle three ships properly in such rough weather as he might expect off the coast of China, whither he intended to proceed. He therefore resolved to destroy the frigate and the two other prizes and concentrate all of his English seamen in the *Centurion* and the *Gloucester*.

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While he was ashore at Chequetan, a curious accident happened, which resulted in news concerning his being brought to England. His cook, Leger, who went ashore to get some limes for Anson's table, sneaked past the English sentry set to prevent the sailors wandering afield, and was captured by some Indians, who stripped him naked and carried him through the broiling sun to Acapulco, whence he was eventually sent as a prisoner to Vera Cruz. From there he was shipped to Spain, but escaped ashore at Lisbon, where his ship had put in. The English consul at this port sent him to England, where he informed the world of the doings of the Commodore in the South Seas.

THE FATE OF THE WAGER

After its separation from the rest of Anson's ships, in the great storm in April, 1741, the *Wager* bore to the north, toward Valdivia, making land in 47° So. Lat. Captain Cheap fell down the after ladder and dislocated his shoulder, and thus had trouble taking care of his ship, which was in a deplorable condition and in no shape to keep the sea—being, in fact, little better than a wreck.

On May fifteenth she struck on a sunken rock, and soon bilged and grounded between two small islands situated about a musket-shot from shore. For a long time she remained intact, and all the crew might easily have got ashore; but in the general confusion they fell to pillaging the *Wager*, breaking into the liquor stores, arming themselves with the first weapons they found, and threatening to kill all who sought to oppose them. Many became “ex-

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cessively intoxicated''; and some, dead drunk, rolled into the water-filled hold while asleep and were drowned before they awakened from their stupor. The Captain did his best to get the mutineers ashore; but finally was obliged to leave them and go off with his officers and the few men who would obey his orders.

Next day, a storm sprang up, and the *Wager* was in imminent danger of going to pieces. The mutineers in a madness of terror, "as the boat did not come to fetch them off as soon as they wished, pointed a four-pdr. from the quarter-deck at the Captain's hut, and fired two shots just over its roof!"

Once they were ashore, anarchy and confusion reigned supreme, as the men said that, with the ship lost, the officers no longer had any authority over them. Though they all were now cast away on a barren island, many of them even refused to go and secure provisions from the wreck, upon which to subsist; and thefts of food, hiding it out, and frequent quarrels were the order of the day.

There had been one hundred and thirty men alive on the *Wager* when she was wrecked, of whom thirty had since died. But they still were a hundred strong, and as they had some firearms with them, Captain Cheap wanted to cruise up the Chile coast in the small-boats, capture a Spanish bark near Chiloe or Valdivia and then sail to the rendezvous at Juan Fernandez Islands. If they could take no bark, they could sail in their boats to those islands, and there meet the rest of Anson's ships.

The mutineers turned this plan down. Their idea was to lengthen the long-boat, embark in her and the other

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boats, pass through the Straits of Magellan and sail up the eastern coast of South America until they came to Brazil—where, they had no doubt, they would be well received and whence they could obtain passage home to England. This was a longer and far more dangerous voyage than that proposed by the Captain, but it sounded attractive to the men to be on the homeward way; and they stuck to the notion with an “unsurmountable obstinacy.”

Perforce Captain Cheap gave in, but he hampered them as much as possible in their work of lengthening the long-boat; and so increased their hatred. Midshipman Cozens was the ringleader in many of these mutinous proceedings; abusing the Captain and quarreling with the other officers; and as he openly counseled violence, the officers had to remain constantly on guard.

One day Cozens was cursing the purser for stopping the rations of certain shirkers who refused to work. The angry purser shouted: “A mutiny! A mutiny!”—adding: “The dog has pistols!” Whereupon the purser fired on Cozens.

Thinking it was Cozens who had fired, and a worse mutiny had begun, Captain Cheap rushed out of his hut with a pistol in his hand and shot Cozens in the head. This bold action awed the crew for a while, but they soon resumed their general recalcitrance.

The mutineers got the long-boat made over into a schooner about the middle of October. Fearing Captain Cheap might seduce some of them into siding with him and thus thwart their plans, they had confined him under

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guard, saying they were going to take him to England to be tried for murdering Cozens—although they well knew that they did not dare do so, for, once there, it was they who would be tried for mutiny! Instead, they left him behind and, packing themselves and their scant provisions into the converted long-boat and the cutter, they set sail on October thirteenth, giving three farewell cheers for the Captain and his officers and heading their tiny craft toward the Straits of Magellan.

Almost incredible as it seems, some of them succeeded in accomplishing this long and extraordinary voyage. En route to Brazil many died of famine, and about twenty were left ashore at different places along the coast. The cutter was staved in and abandoned. But thirty actually arrived at Rio Grande on the Brazil coast in the long-boat on January 29, 1742.

Captain Cheap and his nineteen comrades in misery found themselves deserted on a barren reef with very little food. Often they suffered from hunger, as the island afforded only shell-fish and a few herbs. The mutineers had indeed left them the yawl and the barge; but for two months the weather was so bad that they did not dare put to sea in such small boats. Curiously enough, they several times heard the evening gun of the pink *Anna*, which was comparatively near them, although neither her crew nor the forlorn castaways knew it at the time. Cheap feared that the gun was on a Spanish ship and did nothing.

The weather moderating, they embarked on December 14, 1741, but the rising wind so stirred up the sea, that

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afternoon, that they had to heave overboard their few remaining provisions, in order to lighten their boats and save them from being swamped. This terrible misfortune was followed by a worse one, a fortnight later, when the yawl sank at anchor, drowning one of the men. As the barge could not hold them all, they were forced to leave four marines behind on the desolate coast.

They sailed on northward in the barge, searching the savage shores for food, but ill-luck still pursued them. Three desperate attempts to double the bold headland of Cape Tres Montes failed; and about the end of January, 1742, they resolved to sail back to Wager Island, as they called the isle near the wreck of the ill-fated ship. They got back there about the middle of February, almost dead with hunger, fatigue and exposure in an open boat; and were delighted to find several pieces of beef that had been washed out of the wreck and were floating about in the sea.

Presently two Indians in canoes came along. Cheap bargained with them to pilot him to Chiloe, on condition that he give them the barge. On March sixth he and the ten other survivors sailed away for ever from Wager Island.

His troubles were far from over, however. A few days later, while he and his four chief officers were ashore, the six men who were in the barge, along with one of the Indians, shoved off from shore, put out to sea and never returned to their comrades!

Captain Cheap, Midshipman Campbell, Surgeon Elliot, the Honorable Mr. Byron and Lieutenant of Marines

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Hamilton were thus abandoned on a desert coast without a bite of food, and far from the haunts of even savages. To make matters worse, their firearms and weapons were in the barge, and they had no means either of protecting themselves or of shooting wild game. Naught was left to these five famished men but the ragged clothes in which they stood. The other Indian threatened them with retaliation for the supposed death of his fellow, when he returned to the white men and found his comrade vanished from sight.

Finally they got to Chiloe, although Elliot died on the way. The Spaniards on this island received them warmly and hastened to assuage the hunger and sufferings of the four survivors, who otherwise would have expired in a few days more.

The Spaniards sent them on to Valparaiso; and at Santiago they remained for a year. Here the Honorable Mr. Byron and the others were regaled at dinner by the President of Chile, who had invited them to meet Admiral Pizarro and his officers. The Spanish officers treated the British officers both courteously and generously; the Spanish Flag-Lieutenant giving them two thousand dollars with which to produce clothing and meet their living expenses.

By a cartel between Spain and Great Britain, Captain Cheap, the Honorable Mr. Byron, and Lieutenant Hamilton were allowed to return to Europe on board a French ship. Mr. Campbell changed his religion, became a Catholic, and later went across the continent on land with Admiral Pizarro. He embarked with the Admiral on the

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Spanish man-of-war *Asia* and returned in it to Spain. The Court refused to give him a commission in the Spanish Navy; so he went back to England and sought reinstatement in the British Navy. His application was curtly refused by the Admiralty; whereupon, like many other malcontents, he sat himself down in a grouch and wrote a book. In it he magnified the ill-treatment he had received; much as that other turncoat, Betagh, had done previously.

However, of all the lamentable fates met by Anson's various ships on this unfortunate voyage, that of the *Wager* and its officers established a record for the number and variety of misfortunes. Worn out by the sufferings and hardships to which he had so long been exposed on the desolate and formidable coast of southernmost Chile, poor Captain Cheap died soon after reaching England, amid universal sympathy. *Requiescat in pace!*

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST OF THE GREAT SOUTH SEA ROVERS

ANSON SAILS FOR THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

ABANDONING all hope of plunder at Acapulco, Anson struck the trade-winds and his ships pointed their prows westward for the Ladrões. The *Centurion* was often obliged to lie to, to wait for the *Gloucester*, which had lost its mainmast and hence sailed slowly. This caused the voyage to take a month longer than it otherwise would have.

Near Guam Anson decided to abandon the *Gloucester* in her disabled condition. She rolled so, and her crew was so weak, that they had great difficulty in removing the prize-money aboard her to the *Centurion*. Her prize-goods and all her provisions were lost. Anson took off her crew on August fifteenth and set her on fire.

She burned all night; her shotted guns went off, one by one, as the fire reached them; and when she was twelve miles distant from the *Centurion*, the flames set off her magazines, and she blew up. Thus perished H. M. Ship *Gloucester*, in untimely fashion. Commodore Anson's once proud and powerful squadron was reduced to a single ship, on which were the sole survivors of all those who had sailed from England with such high hopes and

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had melted away in the ravages of sea diseases and the vicissitudes of naval warfare!

A storm drove the *Centurion* to No. Lat. 4°, and the scurvy was raging so aboard her that they buried daily from eight to twelve of her crew. Moreover, the ship leaked badly, but for all that they reached Tinian in the Ladrone Islands on August twenty-third.

This earthly paradise of a South Sea isle, with its large lawns, stately woods and picturesque vistas, seemed like the great, magnificently landscaped estate of some prince, laid out with such skill as to give the most striking effects. As it abounded in fresh food, fruits and animals brought by the Spanish soldiers of Guam, it was a veritable haven of joy for the sick crew of the *Centurion*.

Amid the great variety of pleasing prospects to be seen were herds of thousands of cattle feeding together in lush meadows, great droves of hogs, and large numbers of poultry. The cattle were all milk-white in color, except their ears, which were coal black. As there were fully ten thousand of them which were quite tame, the beef-eating English found themselves in heaven.

Of the wild hogs the navigator says: "As they were a very fierce animal, we were obliged to either shoot them or else to hunt them with large dogs, which we found on the island upon our landing here, and which belonged to the detachment which was then on the island, amassing provisions for the garrison of Guam. As these dogs had been previously trained for the killing of wild hogs, they followed us very readily and hunted for us, but though they were a large bold breed, the hogs fight with so much

MAROONED ON AN ISLAND

fury that they often destroyed them, so that we by degrees lost the greatest part of them.”

The English greatly enjoyed the breadfruit, which they used instead of their ship bread. They found also cocoanuts, guavas, limes, sweet and sour oranges, and—not so pleasant—“a vast number of muscatos . . . also an insect called a tick, which though principally attached to the cattle,” fastened themselves also to the limbs and bodies of the English.

The sick were lodged in the huts already built at Tinian by the Spaniards. The acid fruit they ate started them promptly on the road to recovery. Meanwhile, the able-bodied endeavored to mend the leak in the *Centurion* by shifting the guns and calking the seams. But their work was in vain, as they could not cut the inner lining lest the ship fill with water and go down. Anson himself, who had been taken ill, lived ashore in a tent.

A tremendous gale blew up on September twenty-second, during which the small bower-anchor cable parted, the best bower-cable speedily followed suit, and although the sheet-anchor—the only one left—was also let go, it could not reach bottom in sixty fathoms. The *Centurion* was driven far out to sea by tremendous waves that even broke the transom of the Commodore’s gallery and stove in the small-boat.

MAROONED ON AN ISLAND

The next morning, Anson and those of his crew who were ashore, saw, with the utmost consternation, that the *Centurion* had vanished from view. To the despairing

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sailors there seemed no chance of ever getting off the island, which was fully eighteen hundred miles from Macao. They now had only a small Spanish bark of fifteen tons, which Anson had captured from the Spanish sergeant, when the *Centurion* arrived, and this small craft would only hold a quarter of them.

The chance of their being taken off was small, for it was unlikely that any other European ship had ever anchored here before. If the Spanish Governor of Guam heard of their plight, he would send a force of soldiers to capture them. The best they could hope for then would be detention in Guam as prisoners for life; or, as often happened, the Governor might make their lack of regular commissions (all of which were on the *Centurion*) a pretext for treating them as pirates, and hanging them forthwith.

Anson, however, preserved his usual composure and conceived a scheme to help them out of the dilemma. He cheered up his men by saying that the *Centurion* might reach Macao and send them help; but his plan was to hale the Spanish bark on shore, saw her asunder, lengthen her by twelve feet, and make her into a forty-tonner, able to carry them all to China. He said he was willing to do his share, and it was best to get to work at once—for his real opinion was that the *Centurion* would never get back to the island, due to its condition and the fact that there were so few men aboard when she was blown out to sea.

His men set to work on the bark and were toiling away when—a few days later—one of his sailors cried out: “A Sail! A Sail!”



A View of the Watering Place at Tenian

From Walter's Voyage of Anson, 1748

MAROONED ON AN ISLAND

Anson took up his glass and saw two boats approaching the island. He thought they must be the boats of the *Centurion* with the survivors. For the first and only time in his long life at sea, he was overcome by emotion. He stepped inside his tent to hide his grief at the loss of all chance to distinguish his expedition by some great naval exploit. The boats turned out to be Indian proas, which soon disappeared from view, and Anson's men went on with their labor. They met many obstacles, chief of which was lack of tools. They made some by the aid of the smith and his forge, for which they had no bellows until they killed cattle and tanned the hides. They used a gun-barrel as a pipe for the bellows.

The men cut down trees, sawed them into planks, and with the aid of the ship's carpenters, who fortunately had been left ashore, they proceeded with the work. Even Anson himself helped to saw the boards. The smith made the iron-work for this novel craft, and they used the trunks of cocoanut trees as rollers. Part of the men killed and prepared provisions for the rest. Others used the tents and spare cordage left by the *Centurion* to make sails and rigging. All hands were busy as beavers. In place of pitch, they used tallow and lime, mixed together, to pay the bottom; and great progress was made.

No grain or bread had been left ashore. Only one charge of powder apiece was available for their firelocks. They had no compass or quadrant, to navigate their strange vessel to safety; but they found a toy compass on the Spanish bark and treasured it above gold and precious stones. Part of a quadrant was found ashore, and vanes

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for it came to light in the drawer of an old table that had been washed ashore—assuredly a miracle of fortuity! Knowing the latitude of the island, Anson tested the quadrant and found that it sufficiently answered the purpose.

THE RETURN OF THE CENTURION

Almost three weeks after the storm, some of the sailors on a hill saw the *Centurion* approaching the island, and ran down to their fellows, yelling: “The Ship! The Ship!”

At this happy news, the Commodore “threw down his axe with which he was then at work, and by his joy broke through, for the first time, the equable and unvaried character which he had hitherto preserved,”—the first time visibly, but not the first time actually that his equanimity had been disturbed, as we have seen. Next day, the *Centurion* anchored again at the island, after an absence of nineteen days, during which its crew had been buffeted about by the furious gale “in a leaky ship, with three cables in our hawses, to one of which hung our only remaining anchor, with not a gun lashed nor a port barred in, and the yards had been struck down at the island, so we could set no sails except on the mizzen.”

When she was forced to sea, there had been only one hundred and eight men aboard, or one-fourth of her regular crew, and the greater part of these were boys, or men weakened by the scurvy. Water poured into her so, from her hawse-holes, ports and scuppers, that all hands had to take to the pumps. They could not heave up the

THE RETURN OF THE CENTURION

fore or main-yards and had to make use of their lower canvas to dodge another island on which they were fast driving. After three hours of effort, the jeers broke, one man was killed, and the rest were in sore distress.

The storm lasted for three days, but on September twenty-sixth they tried to heave up the sheet-anchor, which was still out with two cables attached to it. It was the only anchor left and was dangerous to the ship, as it might catch on a rock or reef. After twelve hours' hard work, the weakened sailors managed to heave it up far enough to get it in sight; and the following morning they hung it from the bows. They got up the main-yard, set the courses, and on October second sighted the Island of Guam. They were so done in they could hardly put the ship about, but by sheer pluck and British doggedness they at last succeeded in making Tinian again, greatly to their own joy and the unbounded relief of the castaways of the old *Centurion*.

On October twentieth Anson sailed for the southern end of Formosa but soon he found himself off the coast of China, surrounded by a swarm of Chinese fishing-boats. He secured a pilot and, on November 9, 1742, anchored in Macao roadstead, the first friendly port he had encountered in this long and perilous voyage.

Here Anson had a most entertaining but vexatious lot of experiences with the Chinese authorities, who were enjoying their first contact with a regular European man-of-war.

He was required to furnish an order from the Viceroy at Canton before the Governor would permit him to ob-

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tain stores. So to Canton he went for this license and from the English ship there had news of the *Pearl* and the *Severn*, which had been separated from his squadron off Cape Noir. With great joy he heard that the two ships had returned safely to Rio de Janeiro. "The *Severn* had been, with us, very sickly, and this extraordinary sickness was by many imputed to the ship, which was new, and on that account believed to be more unhealthy. Her captain, Honorable Legge, was remarkable for his exemplary punctuality in keeping his station, till for the last ten days before our separation, his crew was so feeble [from scurvy] that he could not keep it."

Anson had trouble securing enough provisions, until the visit to the *Centurion* of a sleek Chinese mandarin, who was shown over the ship and was greatly surprised at the size of the guns and the weight of the shot. Blandly Anson explained to him the inborn hesitation of his British tars at turning cannibals, but said if they had to so do, they would much prefer the plump Chinese to their own emaciated comrades. Then he gave this official a dinner, at which the mandarin surprised even the British naval officers by stowing away, unperturbed, in his capacious stomach four bottles of Frontinac. The abstemious Anson excused himself early from the ensuing revel, which, in the end, gained him what he sought.

The Commodore sent some of his people on to England by a Swedish ship that bore his despatches to the home government, and some of his officers returned to London on a British East Indiaman. The *Centurion* put to sea, April nineteenth, with twenty-three Lascars and some Dutch sailors recruited at Macao added to her crew.

THE TAKING OF THE MANILA GALLEON

THE TAKING OF THE MANILA GALLEON

On sailing, she gave out that she was bound for Batavia, and thence for England. Anson knew, however, that there would be two galleons coming from Acapulco to Manila this year, since his presence on the Mexican coast had prevented the regular one from sailing the year before. He designed to cruise for the treasure-ships off Cape Espiritu Santo (the northwest headland of Samar Island), which was the first land made by galleons on approaching the Philippines.

This had been Anson's plan ever since leaving Mexico, and his chief concern in China was lest delays might let the galleons escape him again. He had had to keep the design a secret, while at Macao, because of the close connection of interests between Macao and Manila. Of course, if word of his intentions got to Manila, the Spaniards would take measures to forestall him. But now that he was out at sea, he summoned all hands to the quarter-deck of the *Centurion* and told them that he was going to cruise for the two Manila galleons, of whose wealth they were not ignorant. He admitted that they were stout ships and fully manned, yet if his crew behaved with their accustomed spirit he was certain that he would prove too hard for them both, and that one of them at least should not fail to become his prize. Ridiculous tales, he went on to say, had been told about the strength of the galleons' sides, and their being impenetrable by cannon-shot, but these fictions had been principally invented to palliate the cowardice of those who had en-

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gaged them. For his own part, he assured them on his word that whenever he met the galleons, he would fight them so near that they should find that his bullets, instead of being stopped by one of their sides, would go through them both.

The speech was received with great joy. No sooner had Anson ended than the mariners expressed their approbation, according to the naval custom, "by three strenuous cheers"; and all vowed to succeed or perish. They hoped they would be repaid for all their fatigues, and at last return home rich—for they considered the galleons as good as taken. Anson was much amused when his butler told him that he was keeping the last two sheep for the entertainment of the General of the galleon!

The *Centurion* stood to the south and then to the southwest, sighting Cape Espiritu Santo on May twentieth. As Anson knew that the Spaniards kept sentinels posted on the headland, to signal to the galleons whether all was well or not, he at once tacked about and took down his topgallantsails, to keep from being discovered.

Anson's usual careful preparations were made aboard the *Centurion* for the coming combat. The long-boat was hoisted out and lashed alongside, that the ship might be ready to engage at once, if it should fall in with the galleons at night. As the month of June passed by, the impatience and expectancy of the crew increased day by day, for "the treasure of the galleons had engrossed their whole imaginations."

At long last, at sunrise of June twentieth, they saw from the masthead a sail bearing off the southeast quar-

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ter. A general joy filled the sailors, for they had no doubt that it was one of the galleons, and they expected soon to see the other. Anson at once stood toward her; and at half past seven, he was near enough to see her from the deck.

The galleon fired a gun and took in her topgallant-sails, which Anson assumed to be a signal to her consort to hasten up to her. He was surprised to see that she did not change her course but continued to bear down on him, for he could not believe that she knew the *Centurion* to be a war-ship and was actually resolved to fight him—though he later found this to be the fact!

At noon, the *Centurion* was only a league distant from the galleon, could fetch her wake and knew that she could not escape. As no second galleon appeared, Anson concluded that she must have become separated from her consort. Soon the galleon haled up her foresail and brought to under topsails, with her head to the northwest, hoisting Spanish colors, and flying the royal standard at her topgallant-masthead, as she was a King's ship.

Meantime, Anson took all possible pains to dispose his small force most effectively, avoid confusion and prevent the disorder so frequent in such actions. He picked out thirty of his crack marksmen and posted them in the tops, where they fully answered his expectations by the splendid service they rendered during the conflict. "As he had not hands enough," says Walter, "to quarter a sufficient number of men at each gun in the customary manner, he therefore on his lower tire fixed only two men to each gun, to be wholly employed in loading it, whilst

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the rest of the men were divided into different gangs of ten or twelve men each, who were constantly moving about the decks, to run out and fire such guns as were loaded. By this management, he was enabled to make use of all of her guns, and instead of firing broadsides, with intervals between them, he kept up a constant fire without intermission, whence he doubted not to procure very signal advantages." For the Spaniards were wont to fall down flat on their decks when they saw their enemy preparing to fire a broadside at them, and when it had been fired, they would rise up and work their own guns—a plan that Anson prevented by his firing at them gun by gun.

The *Centurion* steadily neared the galleon, which was resolutely lying to and awaiting her approach. At one p. m., the *Centurion* hoisted her colors and broad pendant, being then within gun-shot of the enemy. Anson had given orders not to fire until within pistol-shot, but he now saw that the galleon was belatedly clearing ship by throwing lumber and cattle overboard; he therefore ordered the chase-guns to fire and embarrass the Spaniards in this necessary preparation for battle, which they should have made on first sighting the *Centurion*.

The galleon returned the fire from two of her stern-chasers, while the *Centurion* set her spritsail-yard fore and aft, in case she should board the galleon, and seeing this, the Spaniard did likewise in a spirit of bravado. And now the *Centurion* came abreast and within pistol-shot of the galleon, keeping to leeward of her, so as to prevent her putting before the wind and escaping to the port of Jalapa, seven leagues distant.

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The engagement began in earnest. For the first half-hour Anson overreached the galleon and lay on her bow, where by the great width of his gun-ports he could direct almost all his guns on the galleon, while she could bring only part of hers to bear on the *Centurion*. The galleon had stuffed her boarding-nettings with mats. These were set afire by wads from the *Centurion's* guns and blazed up furiously. The flames mounted as high as the mizzentop, throwing the enemy into confusion and alarming Anson lest the galleon should be burned and her treasure lost. Finally the Spaniards cut away the whole netting and let the burning mass fall into the sea. Meantime, the *Centurion* retained the position of advantage, firing her heavy guns with great regularity and speed.

The galleon decks were wide open to the fire of the English topmen. They drove the Spaniards from the tops with their first volley and then made "prodigious havock" with their small-arms, killing or wounding every officer but one who appeared on the quarter-deck, and wounding the General of the galleon himself.

After a half-hour the *Centurion* lost her first position and drifted close alongside the galleon. For an hour longer the Spaniards continued to fire briskly, but the grape-shot of the *Centurion* swept her decks so effectually, and her losses in killed and wounded were so great, that she fell into disorder. Her General, who was the life of the action aboard her, was no longer capable of directing affairs, owing to his wound.

Those aboard the *Centurion* quickly perceived this state of affairs, as the ships were so near each other that

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the English could see the Spanish officers running around in a desperate attempt to keep their men from deserting their posts at the guns. But their efforts were in vain. The galleon fired five or six guns more, with better aim than usual—probably due to the fact they were being pointed by the officers, who stuck to their posts to the last. But she was forced to give up the contest.

Her colors had been “singed off the ensign-staff” at the beginning of the fight; so she struck the royal standard on her maintopgallant-masthead, Anson giving orders to cease firing, so that a Spanish sailor could lower the standard in safety. “Thus was the *Centurion* possessed of this rich prize, amounting in value to near a million and a half dollars.”

The galleon turned out to be the *Nuestra Señora de Covadonga*, commanded by General Don Jeronimo de Montero, a Portuguese by birth, and the officer most approved for skill and courage of all employed in the galleon service. The galleon was much larger than the *Centurion*, had a crew of five hundred and fifty men, and thirty-six guns mounted for action; with twenty-eight *pedereros* mounted on her gunwales, tops and quarters, and carrying a four-pound ball. She was very well supplied with small-arms, and especially provided against boarding, both by her close-quarters and a strong network made of two-inch ropes, laced over her waist, and defended by half-pikes.

In this action the *Centurion* lost two men killed, and had a lieutenant and sixteen men wounded, all but one of whom recovered. In estimating the character of the vic-



Fight between H. M. S. *Centurion* commanded by Anson and the Manila Galleon *Coradonga*

From Walter's Voyage of Anson, 1748

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tory it must be remembered that the *Centurion* was a professional war-ship carrying fifty guns, of much greater caliber than those of the galleon. Her officers and crew were highly trained in the use and aiming of cannon, and, as professional fighters, they had every advantage over the crew of a merchantman.

The masts and rigging of the *Covadonga* had been shot to pieces and one hundred and fifty cannon-shot had passed through her hull, many of them between wind and water. But as she was built of a native Philippine wood that would not splinter when pierced by a cannon-ball, none of her crew suffered from splinter-wounds, as sailors usually did in sea-fights.

“The treasure having been for eighteen months the object of the *Centurion’s* hopes, it is impossible to describe the transports of joy on board.” But now an appalling danger threatened. Hardly had the galleon struck her flag when a lieutenant, pretending to come up to Anson to congratulate him on the victory, whispered in his ear that the *Centurion* was on fire dangerously near her powder magazine!

Commodore Anson received this dreadful news without apparent emotion and took care not to alarm the crew, while he gave the necessary orders to extinguish the fire. This was accomplished in a short time, although at first the outlook was terrible, and the ship seemed likely to be blown up at any moment. It appears that some cartridges had exploded between decks, setting fire to a quantity of oakum, in the after hatchway near the after powder-room, which emitted great clouds of smoke and fright-

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ened every one. At the same moment, the galleon fell against the *Centurion* on the starboard quarter but was cleared without giving or receiving any considerable damage.

Anson sent a prize crew aboard the galleon, appointing her a post-ship in His Majesty's service, and putting First Lieutenant Saumarez in her as captain. Before night, Saumarez sent aboard the *Centurion* all the Spaniards from the galleon, except a few who were kept to assist in navigating her.

Next day, Anson was busy securing these prisoners and removing the treasure to the *Centurion*. It consisted of 1,313,843 pieces-of-eight and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver. Usually on the westward voyage the galleon carried only silver or other coin, the return from the sales of the east-bound cargoes, which were made up of "all sorts of Chinese silks and manufactures, particularly silk stockings, of which I have heard that no less than 50,000 pairs were the usual number shipped." The value of these Manila-to-Mexico cargoes then averaged about three million dollars.

Anson learned from his Spanish prisoners that the galleon which he had prevented from leaving Acapulco the year before, had sailed alone this year, much earlier than usual, without waiting for the *Covadonga*, and thus probably had arrived at Manila before the *Centurion* reached Cape Espiritu Santo. This made Anson regret the time he had lost at Macao, which had cost him a rich prize.

He prepared now to sail to Canton. As bad weather

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prevailed at this time of year in these little known waters, he felt that the treasure was safer on the *Centurion*. His Spanish prisoners numbered twice as many as his own crew. This alarmed him, especially as some of the Spaniards, when brought aboard, noticed how slenderly the *Centurion* was manned, and how many of the crew were youths. They could not help expressing themselves in great indignation at being beaten and captured by "a handful of boys."

To keep the prisoners from rising against his crew, Anson put all of them but the officers and the wounded down in the hold, with two hatchways left open to give them all the air possible. He built a square partition of planks over each hatchway reaching from the lower deck to the hatchway on the upper deck, like a funnel seven or eight feet high, up which the Spaniards could not climb. Four small guns were loaded with musket-balls and planted at the mouth of each funnel, and a sentinel was stationed over them with a lighted match, so as to fire on the prisoners instantly in case they attempted anything. Anson took the wounded General of the galleon into his own cabin and left him there under sentry. The Spanish officers were confined in the first lieutenant's cabin with a guard of six men. All the crew of the *Centurion* went about armed with pistols and cutlasses, and the small-arms were kept loaded in their racks. No officer took off his clothes, or slept without his arms beside him.

In that torrid climate, the sufferings of the poor prisoners in the hold were fearful, especially as Anson could give them only a pint of water a day (his own men were

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limited to a pint and a half). Wonderful to relate, none of the Spaniards died; but when they were released, after being in there a month, "from being sightly and robust fellows, they were reduced to mere skeletons; and their air and looks corresponded much more to the conception formed of ghosts and specters, than to the appearance of real men."

IN PORT AT CANTON

The ships stood off for Canton and on July eighth anchored off the city of Macao. Anson took aboard a pilot for the River of Canton, anchored soon off the Boca Tigris and proposed to go on to Tiger Island. The Mandarin commanding the forts at Boca Tigris came aboard to see what ships they were and where they came from. Anson told him that the *Centurion* was a war-ship of the King of Great Britain, and the other vessel his prize; that he was going into Canton River for shelter from the approaching hurricanes; and that as soon as the monsoon shifted, he meant to return to England.

At the Mandarin's request, Anson gave him a list of his men, guns and ammunition, including four hundred firelocks and about four hundred barrels of powder. The terrified Mandarin shrugged his shoulders and said that no ships armed like this had ever come up to the Canton River, and that he durst not tell the Regent about Anson's armament, lest it alarm him. He wanted to leave a couple of custom-house officers on board of the *Centurion*, but Anson insisted that his ship was a man-of-war, prohibited from trading and therefore had nothing

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to do with duties or customs. The amazed Mandarin replied that the Emperor's duty must be paid by all ships that came into his port, and he gave orders to the Chinese pilot not to take Anson's ships through the Boca Tigris.

The entrance to this narrow passage was only a musket-shot wide. On one side it was defended by a water-battery of twelve iron six-pounders; and on the other by a castle situated on a high rock and armed with eight six-pounders. As Anson had to get through before bad weather overtook him, he boldly weighed anchor and compelled the Chinese pilot to carry him by the forts, saying that if he ran the ships aground, he would be instantly hanged at the yard-arm. Thus encouraged, the Chinaman safely piloted them through the Boca Tigris, and the forts did nothing to oppose them.

When the pilot got ashore, he was promptly seized by the Mandarin and bastinadoed. He later approached Anson, requesting compensation for this bamboozing, of which he carried very significant marks about his person, whereupon Anson "gave him such a sum of money as would at any time have enticed a Chinese to have undergone a dozen bastinadoings!" The Mandarin of the forts was degraded and punished for letting Anson through, although Anson protested and said that the forts could not possibly have stopped him.

He sent a lieutenant to Canton with a letter to the Viceroy, giving the reason for the *Centurion's* putting in there, and proposing to pay the Viceroy a visit. Some of the Spanish officers of the galleon he permitted to visit the city on parole. They were examined by the Chinese

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Regent, who asked them how they had got into Anson's power. The Spaniards were honest enough to say that as the Kings of Spain and Great Britain were at war, they of the *Covadonga* had proposed to capture the *Centurion*, but things had gone the other way, and they themselves were captured.

They acknowledged also that Anson had treated them better than they probably would have treated him. This had great weight with the Chinese officials, who until then, though they "revered his power, had not respected his morals and had considered him rather as a lawless freebooter than as one commissioned by his state for the revenge of public injury." They now came to regard him as a really important personage. Perhaps the vast treasure of his prizes contributed to this respect not a little.

On July twentieth, three mandarins with a vast revenue embarked in a great number of boats, came aboard the *Centurion* and delivered the Viceroy's order for a daily supply of food for the British, and for pilots to take the ships up the river. They also brought a message from the Viceroy, excusing himself from Anson's visit during hot weather, because of the trouble in assembling the mandarins and soldiers of his court, but adding that he would be glad to receive him in September. The head Mandarin again raised the question about the duty to be paid by Anson's ships, but Anson stuck to his guns that he would not pay any, as he had brought no merchandise to a Chinese port and did not intend to take any away, and was not therefore within the scope of the Emperor's or-

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ders, which were meant only for trading vessels. He told the surprised official that no duties were ever demanded of men-of-war by civilized nations accustomed to receive them in their ports, and he added that his Sovereign's orders expressly forbade his ever paying any duties to any nation.

The mandarins then requested of Anson the release of his Spanish prisoners, for the Viceroy feared lest the Emperor be displeased if he heard that persons who were his allies and carried on a great commerce with his subjects, were under confinement in his domain. Anson had really been anxious to be rid of these Spaniards. He had sent one hundred to Macao, on his first arrival at Canton, and the remaining four hundred were only an encumbrance to him. But he dissembled, and hemmed and hawed over the mandarin's request, and finally granted it (as if he were doing them a great favor) on condition that they would send boats to take the Spanish away. On July twenty-eighth two Chinese junks came out from Canton, and Anson despatched his prisoners in them to Macao, with eight days' provisions.

Meanwhile, the *Centurion* and the galleon were moored above the second bar, to remain until the monsoon shifted. Many difficulties were experienced in obtaining sea-biscuits and other provisions for the return voyage to England.

All sorts of fraud were practised on Anson by the Chinese purveyors of food. Fowls and ducks brought aboard and sold to him, quickly died, and their craws were found stuffed with stones to increase their weight. Some had

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as much as ten ounces of stones inside them. The slaughtered hogs had water injected into them; and when the English ordered live ones, they discovered that they had been given salt and then allowed to drink quantities of water. Baskets of rice purchased proved to be both under-weight and of poor quality. And every other trick known to Chinese chicanery was played upon the English.

October first, Anson went up to Canton to call on the Viceroy. About the time he arrived a fire broke out which did enormous damage in the city, until the British sailors, upon being appealed to by the local officials, succeeded in stopping its progress by the simple expedient of tearing down the fragile Chinese buildings in the path of the flames.

Grateful for this timely aid, the Viceroy admitted Anson to an audience and was most affable to him in this stately ceremony. He thanked him for saving the town, granted him a license to obtain all the provisions he wanted for his voyage home, and wished him a pleasant journey. Anson returned through the great parade before the Emperor's palace, with its guard of ten thousand Chinese soldiers newly uniformed for the state occasion, and was honored with a salute of three guns, which was the limit for even the loftiest personages.

He sailed down the Canton River on December 7, 1743, and passed through the Boca Tigris three days later, finding the forts now manned by many soldiers, armed with pikes and matchlocks. They had a number of flags and made a great show to impress him. Heaps of large

EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND

stones were gathered on the castle, and a gigantic Chinese soldier dressed in imposing armor (not made of steel, but only of glittering paper, as it appeared on closer view!) stalked about the parapet with a huge battle-axe in his hand, endeavoring to put on as important and martial an air as possible!

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Anson anchored before Macao and sold the galleon there for six thousand dollars—which was much under its real value. He had to go to sea immediately, as the merchant buyers very well knew, hence they would not pay more. For his part, Anson knew that war was still going on between Spain and Britain, and he thought France might join Spain before he could get to England. Therefore it seemed necessary to return as quickly as possible with his load of valuable treasure before the enemy could plan to intercept him.

On December 15, 1743, he sailed for England; and six months later to a day he anchored at Spitzhead—having actually, in a heavy fog, run through a whole French fleet of considerable force, which was cruising in the English channel!

Thus ended Commodore Anson's famous cruise around the world that had taken three years and nine months. On this voyage, the last great feat of a distinguished British sea-captain in vexing Spanish rule in the South Seas, Anson had taken altogether two million dollars' worth of treasure, and had burned or destroyed ships and merchandise amounting in value to over three million dollars

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more; although the Spaniards set their total loss at five million dollars on the western coast of South America alone. To the Spanish loss should be added the huge expense of equipping Pizarro's powerful and ill-fated squadron, all of which was lost except the *Asia*, besides the other charges that were incurred in America to repel Anson's expedition—the total of which amounted to an enormous sum.

An important service to nautical science accrued in Anson's capture of the *Covadonga*. He found on board her and later published to the world the complete Spanish chart of the north and central Pacific, showing the northern and southern courses of the Manila galleons—which the Spaniards had hidden for centuries.

ANSON'S LATER HISTORY

What later became of this sea-captain who closed the chapter of English buccaneering and privateering in the South Seas, is a familiar story. Anson was soon made a Rear-Admiral of the Blue; then a Vice-Admiral in 1746; and then Commander of the Channel Fleet. In May, 1747, off Cape Finisterre, he captured six French ships-of-the-line under Admiral Jonquière—a name familiar in the stories of Shelvocke and Betagh—who had been sent for the protection of French merchant ships destined for the East and West Indies. For this victory he was created a Peer of the Realm, with the title of Lord Anson. In 1749 he was made Vice-Admiral of England; and in 1751, First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. He was censured, probably justly, for the disgraceful affair of the

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loss of Minorea, where Admiral Byng was beaten by Admiral La Galissonnière in 1756.

British clamor unjustly accused Byng of treason; and he was tried by a packed court-martial, which had him shot on the deck of his ship—"pour encourager les autres" (the other British admirals), as Voltaire sarcastically remarked about this judicial murder, in which Anson played a thoroughly discreditable part—for had he done his duty to Byng, the latter's life would have been saved. The Portland Committee later whitewashed Anson, and he was reinstated in the service; yet the world looked at him askance, and he died in gloomy mood on June 6, 1762.

His raid into the South Seas was essentially a booty-bagging one, marked by barbarous destruction of ships and property; and hence it was a semi-buccaneering one. The fact that he and his ships belonged to the Royal Navy not only did not redeem his expedition from this freebooting character, but also rather tended to discredit his country in the eyes of the world. Even in England, his burning of Payta was severely condemned; although this was but part of the barbarous military and naval traditions of an England that, even as late as our own War of 1812 with her, perpetrated their act wantonly burning our own National Capitol at Washington.

However, as regards this cruise of his to the South Seas, his remarkable steadfastness in carrying-on, despite the continual losses of his ships, and his perseverance in sticking to it until he bagged a treasure galleon and thus satisfied the craving of loot for himself

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and the Admiralty, awaken the admiration of the go-getters among Anglo-Saxons, even if his conduct does show how little marine morals had changed in the course of centuries. Drake had played the courteous Robin Hood of the South Seas, afloat and ashore; but Anson was a reversion to a primitive Viking type. Both were as one, however, in their main intention—to loot the Spaniard by land and sea, largely for the benefit of their own pockets. Between Prince of Buccaneers and Baron of British Booty-Baggers—what difference? As for Don, he was between the devil and the deep blue sea; and as to the Manila galleon, what odds of woe to it, whether it be taken by Cavendish off California, or by Anson off the Philippines?

Vae victis! was the last word for them, in any event.

THE END

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